



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



32101 064070988







R  
C  
T  
W  
E

1  
CO

LONGWORTH'S EDITION.

THE  
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN  
STAGE.

---

VOLUME XX.

CONTAINS

RIVALS . . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
CRITIC . . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
WHISTLE FOR IT . . . . .	<i>G Lamb.</i>
FARM HOUSE ( <i>from C. Johnson</i> )	<i>C. Kemble.</i>

---

complete table of contents is placed at the end of every  
ten volumes

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,  
At the Dramatic Repository,  
*Shakspeare-Gallery.*

---

1808.

Digitized by Google

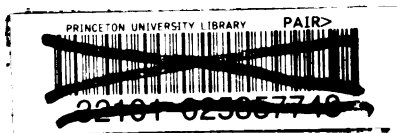
(RECAP)

~~(1000 A)~~

3593

.3253

vol 2



CONTENTS  
OF THE SECOND TEN VOLUMES.

---

VOL. XI.

Ways and Means . . . . .	Colman, junr.
Delinquent . . . . .	Reynolds.
School for Friends . . . . .	Chambers.
Blue Beard . . . . .	Colman, junr.

VOL. XII.

Child of Nature . . . . .	Inchbald.
Antonio . . . . .	Godwin.
School for Arrogance . . . . .	Holcroft.
Caravan . . . . .	Reynolds.
Lock and Key . . . . .	Hoare.

VOL. XIII.

Mountaineers . . . . .	Colman, junr.
Inkle and Yarico . . . . .	Colman, junr.
First Floor . . . . .	Cobb.
Will for the Deed . . . . .	Dibdin.
Quaker . . . . .	Dibdin, senr.

VOL. XIV.

Road to Ruin . . . . .	Holcroft.
Wild Oats . . . . .	O'Keeffe.
Matrimony . . . . .	Kenney.
Paul and Virginia . . . . .	Cobb
Romp . . . . .	Bickerstaff.

VOL. XV.

Country Girl . . . . .	Wycherly & Garrick.
Revenge . . . . .	Young.
Rule a Wife & have a Wife . . . . .	Beaumont & Fletcher.
Love laughs at Locksmiths . . . . .	Colman junr.
Weathercock . . . . .	Allingham.
Songs in "Glory of Columbia" . . . . .	Dunlap.

# CONTENTS.

## VOL. XVI.

More ways than one . . . . .	<i>Cowley.</i>
Douglas . . . . .	<i>Home.</i>
Deserted Daughter . . . . .	<i>Holcroft.</i>
Five miles off . . . . .	<i>Dibdin.</i>
Honest Thieves . . . . .	<i>Knight.</i>

## VOL. XVII.

Cato . . . . .	<i>Addison.</i>
Gamester . . . . .	<i>Moore.</i>
George Barnwell . . . . .	<i>Lillo.</i>
Of age to-morrow	
Prize . . . . .	<i>Hoare.</i>

## VOL. XVIII.

Othello ( <i>from Shakspeare</i> ) . . . . .	<i>J. P. Kemble.</i>
She stoops to conquer . . . . .	<i>Goldsmith.</i>
False alarms . . . . .	<i>Kenney.</i>
Lady of the Rock . . . . .	<i>Holcroft.</i>
Cinderella . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>

## VOL. XIX.

Curfew . . . . .	<i>Tobin.</i>
Tekeli . . . . .	<i>Hooke.</i>
Adrian and Orrila . . . . .	<i>Dimond.</i>
Town and Country . . . . .	<i>Morton.</i>
Man of Fortitude . . . . .	<i>Hodgkinson.</i>

## VOL. XX.

Rivals . . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
Critic . . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
Trip to Scarborough . . . . .	<i>Sheridan.</i>
Whistle for it . . . . .	<i>G. Lamb.</i>
Farm House ( <i>from C. Johnson</i> ) . . . . .	<i>C. Kemble.</i>

THE

# RIVALS:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

---

BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

---

*As performed at the*  
THEATRE ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE.

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,  
At the Dramatic Repository,  
Shakspeare Gallery.

1807

## MANUSCRIPT

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

BY THE AUTHOR.

.....

*Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a paper.*

*Serj.* What's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see  
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee. (*aside*)  
Nay, mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. (*gives money*)

*Serj.* The scrawl improves [*more*] o come, tis pretty  
plain.

Hey! how's this?—*Dibble!*—sure it cannot be!  
A poet's brief? a poet and a fee!

*Att.* Yea sir!—though you without reward, I know,  
Would gladly plead the muses cause. *Serj.* So—s!

*Att.* And if the fee offends—your wrath should fall  
On me. *Serj.* Dear *Dibble* no offence at all—

*Att.* Some sons of Phœbus—in the courts we meet,

*Serj.* And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

*Att.* Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig  
Of bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

*Serj.* Full-bottom'd heroes thus, on signs, uncurl  
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your client, that in adverse days,  
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

*Att.* Do you then, sir, my client's place supply,  
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,

And wonted bashful hesitating grace,

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [*Exit*

*Serj.* For practice then suppose—this brief will show  
it—

Me, Serjeant *Woodward*—counsel for the poet.

Used to the ground—I know tis hard to deal

With this dread court, from whence there's no appeal;



## PROLOGUE

---

No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *law*,  
Or, damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw* ;  
But *judgment* given—*your sentence* must remain ;  
—No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury Lane* !  
Yet when so kind you seem—is past dispute,  
We gain some favor, if not *costs of suit*.  
No spleen is here ' I see no hoarded fury ;  
—I think I never faced a milder jury !  
Sad *eke* our plight !—where frowns are *transportation*,  
A hiss the gallows—and a groan, *damnation* !  
But such the public candor, without fear  
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.  
No newsmen from *our session* is dismiss'd,  
Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the list ;  
His faults can never hurt another's ease,  
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please ;  
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,  
And by the general voice will *stand or fall*.

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

BY THE AUTHOR.

Granted our cause, our suit and trial o'er,  
The worthy Serjeant need appear no more :  
In pleasing I a different client choose,  
He served the poet—I would serve the muse :  
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,  
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form\*—where humor quaint and sly,  
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye ;  
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles  
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles ;  
While her light masks or covers satire's strokes,  
All hides the conscious blush, her wit provokes.

---

\* Pointing to the figure of Comedy.

—Look on her well—does she seem'd form'd to teach ?  
Should you *expect* to hear this lady—preach ?  
Is grey experience suited to her youth ?  
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth ?  
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove  
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet thus adorn'd with every graceful art  
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—  
Must we displace her ? and instead advance  
The goddess of the woeful countenance—  
The sentimental muse—her emblems view  
The pilgrim's progress, and a sprig of rue !  
View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—  
Primly portrayed on emblematic wood !  
There fixt in usurpation should she stand,  
She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand :  
And having made her votaries *weep a flood*,  
Good heaven ! she'll end her comedies in blood—  
Bid *Harry Woodward* break poor *Dunstal's* crown !  
Imprison *Quick*—and knock *Ned Shuter* down ;  
While sad *Barsanti*—weeping o'er the scene,  
Shall stab herself—or poison *mrs Green*.—

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,  
Demands the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme.  
Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws !  
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause :  
Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask ;  
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.  
For here their favorite stands\*, whose brow—severe  
And sad—claims youth's respect, and pity's tear ;  
Who—when oppress'd by foes her worth creates—  
Can point a poignard at the guilt she hates.

\* *Pointing to Tragedy.*

---

---

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

Sir Anthony Absolute,	.	Mr. SHUTER
Captain Absolute,	.	Mr. WOODWARD
Faulkland,	.	Mr. LEWIS
Acres,	.	Mr. QUICK
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	.	Mr. CLINCH
Fag,	.	Mr. LEE-LEWES
David,	.	Mr. DUNSTAL
Coachman,	.	Mr. FEARON
Mrs. Malaprop,	.	Mrs. GREEN
Lydia Languish,	.	Miss BARSANTI
Julia,	.	Mrs. BULKLEY
Lucy,	.	Mrs. LESSINGHAM

Maid, boy, servants, &c.

SCENE, *Bath.*

Time of action, within one day.

---

---

---

THE  
R I V A L S.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I—*a street in Bath.*

COACHMAN crosses the stage—*enter Fag, looking after him.*

*Fag.* What; Thomas! sure tis he?—What—Thomas, Thomas!

*Coach.* Hey; odd's life—mr. Fag—give us your hand, my old fellow servant.

*Fag.* Excuse my glove, Thomas; I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

*Coach.* Sure, master, madam Julia, Harry, mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come,

*Fag.* Indeed.

*Coach.* Ay, master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip; we were all off at an hour's warning.

*Fag.* Ay, ay; hasty in every thing, or it would not be sir Anthony Absolute.

*Coach.* But tell us. Mr. Fag, how does young master? odd; sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here.

*Fag.* I do not serve captain Absolute now.

*Coach.* Why, sure.

*Fag.* At present I am employed by ensign Beverly.

*Coach.* I doubt, mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

*Fag.* I have not changed, Thomas.

*Coach.* No ; why didn't you say you had left young master.

*Fag.* No—well, honest Thomas ; I must puzzle you no farther ; briefly then ; captain Absolute and ensign Beverly are one and the same person.

*Coach.* The devil they are.

*Fag.* So it is indeed, Thomas ; and the *ensign*—half of my master being on guard at present ; the *captain* has nothing to do with me.

*Coach.* So, so ! what, this is some freak, I warrant—Do tell us, mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

*Fag.* You'll be secret, Thomas ?

*Coach.* As a coach-horse.

*Fag.* Why then the cause of all this is—*love*—love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

*Coach.* Ay, ay ;—I guessed there was a lady in the case : but pray, why does your master pass only for *ensign* ? now if he had shamm'd *general* indeed—

*Fag.* Ah, Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste : a lady who likes him better as a *half pay ensign*, than if she knew he was son and heir to sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

*Coach.* That is an odd taste indeed : but has she got the stuff, mr. Fag ; is she rich, hey ?

*Fag.* Rich—why, I believe she owns half the stocks—Z—ds ; Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman ! She has a lap dog that eats out of gold : she feeds her parrot with small pearls ; and all her thread papers are made of bank notes.

*Coach.* Bravo—faith—odd ! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least : but does she draw kindly with 'he captain ?

*Fag.* As fond as pigeons.

*Coach.* May one hear her name?

*Fag.* Miss Lydia Languish—but there is an old tough aunt in the way; though by the bye, she has never seen my master, for he got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

*Coach.* Well; I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath? I ha' heard a deal of it.—here's a mort o'merry-making—hey?

*Fag.* Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well; 'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters) after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance: but d—n the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me; not a fiddle nor a card after eleven—however, mr Faulklands gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties; I'll introduce you there, Thomas; you'll like him much.

*Coach.* Sure I know mr Du-Peigne—you know his master is to marry madam Julia.

*Fag.* I had forgot; but Thomas you must polish a little, indeed you must. ——— Here now, this wig! what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas? none of the London whips of any degree of ton wear wigs now.

*Coach.* More's the pity! more's the pity, I say—odd's life; when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how twould go next: odd rabbit it; when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guess'd twould mount to the box—but tis all out of character, believe me, mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine; the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

*Fag.* Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

*Coach.* Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind; for in our village now tho'ff Jack Guage, the exciseman has ta'en to his carrols,

there's little Dick the farrier, swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

*Fag* Indeed! well said Dick; but hold—mark, mark! Thomas.

*Coach*. Zooks! 'tis the captain—is that the lady with him?

*Fag*. No, no! that is madam Lucy; my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house; but I must after him to tell him the news.

*Coach*. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, mr. *Fag*—

*Fag*. Good bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. *[exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—a dressing-room in mrs. MALAPROP'S lodgings.

LYDIA sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.—  
LUCY, as just returned from a message.

*Lucy*. Indeed, ma'am, I travers'd half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath, I ha'n't been at.

*Lydia*. And could not you get 'The Reward of Constancy'?

*Lucy*. No indeed, ma'am.

*Lydia*. Nor 'The Fatal Connexion'?

*Lucy*. No indeed, ma'am.

*Lydia*. Nor 'The Mistakes of the Heart'?

*Lucy*. Ma'am as ill-luck would have it, mr. Bull said miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

*Lydia*. Heigh ho! did you inquire for 'The Delicate Distress'?

*Lucy*.———Or 'The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?' yes indeed, ma'am. I ask'd every where for it; and I might have brought it from mr. Frederick's, but lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home,

had so soiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

*Lydia.* Heigh-ho ! Yes, I always know when lady Slattern has been before me. \* She has a most observing thumb ; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me ?

*Lucy.* Oh, here ma'am.

[*taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets*]

This is 'The Gordian Knot'—and this 'Peregrine Pickle.' Here are 'The Tears of Sensibility,' and 'Humphrey Clinker.' This is 'The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself,'—and here the second volume of 'The Sentimental Journey.'

*Lydia.* Heigh ho !—what are those books by the glass ?

*Lucy.* The great one is only 'The whole Duty of Man,' where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

*Lydia.* Very well—give me the *sal volatile*.

*Lucy.* Is it in a blue cover, ma'am ?

*Lydia.* My smelling bottle, you simpleton !

*Lucy.* O, the drops ; here ma'am.

*Lydia.* Hold ; here's some one coming, quick, see who it is.———

[*exit Lucy*]

Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice !

*re-enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Lud, ma'am, here is miss Melville.

*Lydia.* Is it possible ?———

*enter JULIA*

*Lydia.* My dearest Julia, how delighted am I ! (*embrace*) how unexpected was this happiness !

*Julia.* True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater ; but what has been the matter ?—you were denied to me at first !

*Lydia.* Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you ; but first inform me, what has conjur'd you to Bath ?—is sir Anthony here ?

*Julia.* He is ; we are arrived within this hour ; and



I suppose he will be here to wait on mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

*Lydia.* Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress: I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your prudence may condemn me! my letters have inform'd you of my whole connexion with Beverly; but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discover'd our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since—yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at lady Macshuffle's rout.

*Julia.* You jest, Lydia!

*Lydia.* No, upon my word. She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him; but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you.

*Julia.* Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

*Lydia.* Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague—that odious *Acres* is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits.

*Julia.* Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best—sir Anthony shall use his interest with mrs. Malaprop.

*Lydia.* But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrell'd with my poor Beverly, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up.

*Julia.* What was his offence?

*Lydia.* Nothing at all—but, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel—and somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverly was at that time paying his addresses to another woman. I sign'd it, *your friend unknown*, show'd it to Beverly, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, I vow'd I'd never see him more.

*Julia.* And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

*Lydia.* 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out; I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

*Julia.* If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

*Lydia.* But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

*Julia.* Nay, this is caprice.

*Lydia.* What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it.

*Julia.* I do not love even *his* faults.

*Lydia.* But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

*Julia.* Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

*Lydia.* Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (tho' under the protection of sir Anthony) yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

*Julia.* Nay, you are wrong intirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous to trifle on such a point. And for his character you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, tis without dessembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the pas-

sion. his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.— Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough: this temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learn'd to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardor of his attachment.

*Lydia.* Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.— But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attacht to him as you are? believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

*Julia.* Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient—

*Lydia.* Obligation!—why a water-spaniel would have done as much. Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

*Julia.* Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

*Lydia.* Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

*enter LUCY, in a hurry.*

*Lucy.* O Ma'am, here is sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

*Lydia.* They'll not come here. Lucy do you watch. [*exit Lucy*]

*Julia.* Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

*re-enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* O lud, ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

*Lydia.* Well, I'll not detain you, coz. Adieu, my dear Julia; I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland — There, through my room you'll find another stair-case.

*Julia.* Adieu. (*embrace*)

[*exit Julia*]

*Lydia.* Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.— Quick, quick Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet — throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there, put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *mrs. Champne* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table—

*Lucy.* O burn it, ma'am, the hairdresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

*Lydia.* Never mind—open at *Sobriety*. Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*. Now for 'em.

*enter mrs. MALAPROP and sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

*Mrs Mal.* There, sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

*Lydia.* Madam, I thought you once—

*Mrs. Mal.* You thought, miss—I dont know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

*Lydia.* Ah, madam, our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

*Mrs Mal.* But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget*, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories dont become a young woman.

*Sir Anth.* Why, sure she wont pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—ay, this comes of her reading.

*Lydia.* What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

*Mrs. Mal.* Now dont attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

*Lydia.* Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

*Mrs. Mal.* What business have you, miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? they dont become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made—and when it pleased heaven to release me from him, tis' unknown what tears I shed—but suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverly?

*Lydia.* Could I belie my thoughts so far, as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

*Mrs. Mal.* Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

*Lydia.* Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit Lydia]

*Mrs. Mal.* There's a little intricate hussy for you.

*Sir Anth.* It is not to be wonder'd at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet.

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, nay, sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthrophy.

*Sir Anth.* In my way hither, mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library. She had a book in each hand; they were half bound volumes, with marble covers! from that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress.

*Mrs. Mal.* Those are vile places, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen of diabolical knowledge—it blossoms through the year: and depend on it, mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

*Mrs. Mal.* Fie, fie, sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

*Sir Anth.* Why, mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

*Mrs. Mal.* Observe me, sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think, so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance—I would never let her meddle with greek, or hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments:—but, sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying—This, sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

*Sir Anth.* Well, well, mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question.—But, mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say, you have no objection to my proposition.

*Mrs. Mal.* None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so ob-

stinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

*Sir Anth.* Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

*Mrs. Mal.* We have never seen your son, sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

*Sir Anth.* Objection! let him object if he dare!—no, no, mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days twas 'Jack do this;' if he demurr'd, I knock'd him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, sir Anthony, I shall give mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent *her* to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

*Sir Anth.* Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you—and let me beg you, mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl; take my advice, keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key: and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*exit* sir Anth.]

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get *her* from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me! no, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. Lucy, Lucy! (*calls*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

*enter LUCY.*

*Lucy* Did you call, ma'am?

*Mrs. Mal.* Yes, girl. Did you see sir Lucius while you was out?

*Lucy.* No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd—

*Lucy.* O gemini, I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

*Lucy.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to sir Lucius: but mind, Lucy, if ever you betray what you are intrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever: and your being a simpiton shall be no excuse for your locality. [exit mrs. Mal.]

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, ha! so, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—(altering her manner) let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it. Let me see to what account have I turn'd my *simplicity* lately—(looks at a paper)

For abetting miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign!—in money—sundry times—twelve pounds twelve—gowns five—hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c.—numberless! From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half. About a quarter's pay!—Item, from mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black padu-soy. Item, from mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never deliver'd—two guineas, and a pair of buckles. Item, from sir Lucius O'Trigger—three crowns—two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, *simplicity*!—yet I was forced to make my hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece: for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [exit]

END OF ACT I.



## A C T , II.

*Captain Absolute's lodgings.**Captain ABSOLUTE and FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, while I was there, sir Anthony came in : I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

*Abs.* And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath ?

*Fag.* Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished. He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectural oaths, and asked what the devil had brought you here.

*Abs.* Well, sir, and what did you say ?

*Fag.* O, I lied, sir—I forgot the precise lie, but you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

*Abs.* You have said nothing to them—— ?

*Fag.* O, not a word, sir—not a word ——Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman, whom I take to be the discreetest of whips——

*Abs.* 'Sdeath, you rascal, you have not trusted him !

*Fag.* O, *no*, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity. He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly. “ My master,” said I, “ honest Thomas,” (you know, sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors) “ is come to Bath to *recruit*.” Yes, sir, I said to *recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

*Abs.* Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so—

*Fag.* O, sir, *recruit* will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas that your honor had already inlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

*Abs.* You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

*Fag.* I beg pardon, sir, I beg pardon——But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

*Abs.* Well, take care you dont hurt your credit, by offering too much security. Is mr. Faulkland returned?

*Fag.* He is above, sir, changing his dress.

*Abs.* Can you tell whether he has been informed of sir Anthony's and miss Melville's arrival?

*Fag.* I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol. I think, sir, I hear mr. Faulkland coming down.

*Abs.* Go tell him I am here.

*Fag.* Yes, sir (*going*) I beg pardon, sir, but should sir Anthony call, you will do me the favor to remember that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

*Abs.* Well, well.

*Fag.* And in tenderness to my character, if your honor could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*exit*

*Abs.* Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

*enter FAULKLAND.*

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return,

*Faulk.* Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? how stand matters between you and Lydia?

*Abs.* Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

*Faulk.* Why dont you persuade her to go off with you at once?

*Abs.* What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? you forget that, my friend—no, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

*Faulk.* Nay, then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to sir Anthony for his consent.

*Abs.* Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as ensign Beverly, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side; no, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it. Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

*Faulk.* Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

*Abs.* By heavens, I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover! do love like a man.

*Faulk.* I own I am unfit for company.

*Abs.* Am not I a lover; ay, and a romantic one too? yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain!

*Faulk.* Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake and throw again; but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

*Abs.* But for heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

*Faulk.* What grounds for apprehension did you say? heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life. My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? if it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! if the

wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her ! the heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O, Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension.

*Abs.* Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not. So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be intirely content.

*Faulk.* I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

*Abs.* Then to cure your anxiety at once—miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

*Faulk.* Nay, Jack—dont trifle with me.

*Abs.* She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

*Faulk.* Can you be serious?

*Abs.* I thought you knew sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind. Seriously, then, it is as I tell you—upon my honor.

*Faulk.* My dear friend!—hollo, Du Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

*enter FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

*Abs.* Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up.

[*exit Fag*]

*Faulk.* What, is he much acquainted in the family?

*Abs.* O very intimate: I insist on your not going; besides, his character will divert you.

*Faulk.* Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

*Abs.* He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my other self's, for he does not think his friend captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous

enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverly*, a concealed sculking rival, who——

*Faulk.* Hush—he's here.

*enter ACRES.*

*Acres.* Hah, my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived faith, as you see. Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

*Abs.* Ah, Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither; give me leave to introduce mr. Faulkland to you; mr. Faulkland, mr. Acres

*Acres.* Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connections. Hey Jack, what this is mr. Faulkland, who——

*Abs.* Ay, Bob, miss Melville's mr. Faulkland.

*Acres.* Od'so, she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them. Ah, mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

*Faulk.* I have not seen miss Melville yet, sir—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire.

*Acres.* Never knew her better in my life, sir—never better. Odd's blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the german spa.

*Faulk.* Indeed—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

*Acres.* False, false, sir; only said to vex you: quite the reverse I assure you.

*Faulk.* There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

*Abs.* Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

*Faulk.* No, no, you misunderstand me: yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love. Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

*Abs.* O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure !

*Acres.* Good apartments, Jack.

*Faulk.* Well sir, but you was saying that miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then, she has been merry and gay I suppose ? always in spirits, hey ?

*Acres.* Merry, odds crickets, she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining ! so full of wit and humor !

*Faulk.* There, Jack, there. O, by my soul, there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome. What, happy and I away ?

*Abs.* Have done: how foolish this is ! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress' *spirits*.

*Faulk.* Why Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company ?

*Abs.* No indeed, you have not.

*Faulk.* Have I been lively and entertaining ?

*Abs.* O upon my word, I acquit you.

*Faulk.* Have I been full of wit and humor ?

*Abs.* No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

*Acres.* What's the matter with the gentleman ?

*Abs.* He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all ; hey, Faulkland ?

*Faulk.* Oh, I am rejoiced to hear it ; yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition.

*Acres.* I hat she has indeed ; then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice, so expert at her harpsichord, such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante ! there was this time month—odds minims and crotchets ! how she did chirup at mrs. Piano's concert.

*Faulk.* There again, what say you to this ? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me.

*Abs.* Pho, man, is not music the food of love ?

*Faulk.* Well, well, it may so. Pray mr.— what's

his d——d name—do you remember what songs miss Melville sung ?

*Acres* Not I indeed.

*Abs.* Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy, purling stream airs, I warrant ; perhaps you may recollect ;—did she sing—*'When absent from my soul's delight ?'*

*Acres.* No, that wa'n't it.

*Abs.* Or,——*'Go, gentle gales !'*——*'Go, gentle gales !'* (sings)

*Acres.* O no, nothing like it. Odds, now I recollect one of them—*'My heart's my own, my will is free.'* (sings)

*Faulk.* Fool, fool that I am, to fix all my happiness on such a trifle ! s'death, to make herself the pipe and ballad monger of a circle ; to sooth her light heart with catches and glees—what can you say to this, sir ?

*Abs.* Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *sir*.

*Faulk.* Nay, nay, nay ; I am not sorry that she has been happy ; no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick ; yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay ;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not !

*Acres.* What does the gentleman say about dancing ?

*Abs.* He says the lady we speak of, dances as well as she sings.

*Acres.* Ay, truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

*Faulk.* Hell and the devil ! there, there, I told you so ! I told you so ! oh, she thrives in my absence !—dancing !—but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine ? I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary ; my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health, spirit, laugh, song, dance !——oh, d——n'd, d——n'd levity !

*Abs.* For heaven's sake, Faulkland, dont expose your-

self so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

*Faulk.* Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, mr. Acres, you were praising miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*, hey?

*Acres.* O, I dare insure her for that; but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—odds swimnings, she has such an air with her!—

*Faulk.* Now disappointment on her—defend this, Absolute, why dont you defend this?—Countra dances, jigs and reels! am I to blame now? a minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a minuet; but *countra-dances*! z—ds! had she made one in a *cotillon*—I believe I could have forgiven even that; but to be monkey led for a night! to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies! to show paces like a managed filly!—o Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *countra-dance*; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

*Abs.* Ay, to be sure—grandfathers and grandmothers!

*Faulk.* If there be but one vicious mind in the set, twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious moment of the jig—their quivering, warm breath'd sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! I must leave you; I own I am somewhat flurried; and that confounded booby has perceived it. (*going*)

*Abs.* Nay, but stay Faulkland, and thank mr. Acres for his good news.

*Faulk.* D—n his news!

[*exit* Faulkland.]

*Abs.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—'nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.'



*Acres.* The gentleman 'wa'nt angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

*Abs.* A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

*Acres.* You dont say so? ha, ha, jealous of me—that's a good joke.

*Abs.* There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of your's will do some mischief among the girls here.

*Acres.* Ah, you joke—ha, ha, mischief! ha, ha, but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly; but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here—now ancient madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable. My hair has been in training for some time.

*Abs.* Indeed!

*Acres.* Ay; and tho'ff the side-curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes to it very kindly.

*Abs.* O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

*Acres.* Absolutely I propose so; then if I can find out this ensign Beverly, odds triggers and flints, I'll make him know the difference o't.

*Abs.* Spoke like a man; but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

*Acres.* Ha, ha, you've taken notice of it; tis genteel, isn't it? I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you; says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove, or by Bacchus, or by Mars, or by Venus, or by Pallas! according to the sentiment; so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense;' and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha, ha, ha! tis genteel, isn't it?

*Abs.* Very genteel, and very new indeed; and I dare y will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

*Acres.* Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete—  
damns have had their day.

*enter FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, there is a gentleman below, desires to see  
you ; shall I show him into the parlor ?

*Abs.* Ay, you may.

*Acres.* Well, I must be gone——

*Abs.* Stay ; who is it, *Fag* ?

*Fag.* Your father, sir.

*Abs.* You puppy, why didn't you show him up di-  
rectly ? *[exit Fag]*

*Acres.* You have business with sir Anthony.——I ex-  
pect a message from mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings—I  
have sent also to my dear friend sir Lucius O'Trigger.  
Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall  
give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

*Abs.* That I will, with all my heart. *[exit Acres]*  
Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard noth-  
ing of the business that has brought me here. I wish  
the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my  
soul.

*enter sir ANTHONY.*

I am delighted to see you here ; and looking so well ;  
your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for  
your health.

*Sir Anth.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.  
What, you are recruiting here, hey ?

*Abs.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir Anth.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I  
did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a  
little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering  
that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trou-  
ble you long.

*Abs.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more  
strong and hearty ; and I pray frequently that you may  
continue so.

*Sir Anth.* I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Abs.* Sir, you are very good.

*Sir Anth.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

*Abs.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

*Sir Anth.* I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

*Abs.* Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude: I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

*Sir Anth.* O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Abs.* My wife, sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you?

*Abs.* A wife, sir, did you say?

*Sir Anth.* Ay, a wife—why; did not I mention her before?

*Abs.* Not a word of her, sir.

*Sir Anth.* Odd so—I mustn't forget *her* though—yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

*Abs.* Sir, sir! you amaze me!

*Sir Anth.* Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? just now you were all gratitude and duty.

*Abs.* I was, sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

*Sir Anth.* Why—what difference does that make? odd's life, sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live-stock on it, as it stands.

*Abs.* If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

*Sir Anth.* What's that to you, sir?—come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

*Abs.* Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

*Sir Anth.* I am sure, sir, tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

*Abs.* Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixt on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

*Sir Anth.* Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

*Abs.* But my vows are pledged to her.

*Sir Anth.* Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

*Abs.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Hark'ee Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but dont put me in a phrenzy.

*Abs.* Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Now, d—n me, if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

*Abs.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I wont hear a word—not a word, not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you dont by—

*Abs.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—

*Sir Anth* Z—— is! sirrah: the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a jew—she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Abs.* This is reason and moderation indeed!

*Sir Anth.* None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth, in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve. I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

*Abs.* Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir Anth.* None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please.—It wont do with me, I promise you.

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart. I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it wont do.

*Abs.* Nay, sir, upon my word.

*Sir Anth.* So you will fly out! cant you be cool, like me? what the devil good can *passion* do! passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! there you sneer again—dont provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last—but mark! I give you six hours and a halt to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you—if not, z——ds! dont enter the same hemisphere with me! dont dare to breath the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on

the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me; if ever I call you Jack again!

[*exit sir Anthony*]

ABSOLUTE, *solus*.

*Abs.* Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands. What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth—I wonder what old, wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me! yet he married himself for love; and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion.

*enter FAG.*

*Fag.* Assuredly, sir, our father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way: I, and the cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate—upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

*Abs.* Cease your impertinence, sir, at present. Did you come in for nothing more?—stand out of the way.

[*pushes him aside and exit*]

*Fag.* Soh! sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag: When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice: ah, it shows the worst temper—the basest—

*enter ERRAND BOY.*

*Boy.* Mr. Fag, mr. Fag, your master calls you.

*Fag.* Well, you little dirty puppy, you need, not bawl so!—the meanest disposition! the—

*Boy.* Quick, quick, mr. Fag.

*Fag.* Quick, quick! you impudent Jackanapes! and

I to be commanded by you, too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-breed——

[*exit, kicking and beating him*]

SCENE II—the north parade.

*enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—captain Absolute.——However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverly was here before him. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Delia*, as he calls her; I wonder he's not here. I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; though I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

*enter sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.*

*Sir Luc.* Hah! my little embassadress—upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the south parade this half hour.

*Lucy. (speaking simply)* O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the north.

*Sir Luc.* Faith!—may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the parade coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

*Lucy.* My stars! now I'd wager a six-pence I went by while you were asleep.

*Sir Luc.* Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

*Lucy.* Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

*Sir Luc.* O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-

handed—well, let me see what the dear creature says:

*Lucy.* There, sir Lucius. (*gives him a letter*)

*Sir Luc.* (*reads*) "*Sir, there is often a sudden inventive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of sir Lucius O'Trigger.*" Very pretty, upon my word. "*Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.*"

DELIA."

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary! for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

*Lucy.* Ay, sir, a lady of her experience

*Sir Luc.* Experience! what, at seventeen?

*Lucy.* O true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand.

*Sir Luc.* Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in christendom

*Lucy.* Ah, sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you.

*Sir Luc.* O, tell her, I'll make her the best husband in the world, and lady O'Trigger into the bargain. But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent, and do every thing fairly.

*Lucy.* Nay, sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice.

*Sir Luc.* Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it: I am so poor that I cant afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure—however, my pretty girl, (*gives her money*) here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss before-hand, to put you in mind. (*kisses her*)



*Lucy.* O Lud: sir Lucius—I never seed such a gentleman! my lady wont like you if you're so impudent.

*Sir Luc.* Faith, she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty—my dear.

*Lucy.* What, would you have me tell her a lie?

*Sir Luc.* Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

*Lucy.* For shame now; here is some one coming.

*Sir Luc.* O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*sees Fag—exit humming a tune*

*enter FAG.*

*Fag.* So, so, ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

*Lucy.* O Lud!—now, mr. Fag—you hurry one so.

*Fag.* Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us madam.—I saw you give the baronet a letter.—My master shall know this—and if he dont call him out, I will.

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, ha! you gentleman's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with sir Lucius's address.

*Fag.* How, what tastes some people have!—why, I suppose I have walkt by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

*Lucy.* Sad news, mr. Fag. A worse rival than Acres—sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

*Fag.* What, captain Absolute?

*Lucy.* Even so.—I overheard it all.

*Fag.* Ha, ha, ha! very good, faith—good-bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

*Lucy.* Well—you may laugh; but it is true, I assure you. (*going*) But, mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

*Fag.* O, he'll be so disconsolate!

*Lucy.* And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

*Fag.* Never fear—never fear!

*Lucy.* Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

*Fag.* We will—we will. [*exeunt severally*]

---

## A C T III.

### SCENE I--the north parade.

*enter ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! my father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—he must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly — My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so—here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. (*steps aside*)

*enter sir ANTHONY.*

*Sir Anth.* No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper —An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! who can he take after? this is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, beside his pay ever since—but I have done with him; he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never—never.

*Abs.* Now for a penitential face.

*Sir Anth.* Fellow, get out of my way.

D

*Abs.* Sir, you see a penitent before you.

*Sir Anth.* I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

*Abs.* A sincere penitent.—I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit intirely to your will.

*Sir Anth.* What's that?

*Abs.* I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

*Sir Anth.* Well, sir?

*Abs.* I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

*Sir Anth.* Well, puppy?

*Abs.* Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own, to your satisfaction.

*Sir Anth.* Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life—Confound you; you shall be Jack again.

*Abs.* I am happy in the appellation.

*Sir Anth.* Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of miss Lydia Languish?

*Abs.* Languish? what, the Languishes of Worcester-shire?

*Sir Anth.* Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet mrs. Malaprop and her niece, miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment.

*Abs.* Malaprop! Languish! I dont remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* she squints, dont she?—a little red-haired girl?

*Sir Anth.* Squints?—a red-haired girl—zounds, no.

*Abs.* Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

*Sir Anth.* Jack, Jack ! what think you of blooming, love breathing seventeen.

*Abs.* As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent — If I can please you in the matter, tis all I desire.

*Sir Anth.* Nay, but Jack, such eyes ! such eyes ! so innocently wild ! so bashfully irresolute ! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love ! then, Jack, her cheeks, her cheeks, Jack ! so deeply brushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes ! then, Jack, her lips ! o Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion ; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting ; more lovely in sullenness !

*Abs.* That's she indeed. Well done, old gentleman !  
(*aside*)

*Sir Anth.* Then, Jack, her neck, — (O Jack, Jack !

*Abs.* And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt ?

*Sir Anth.* Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket ! the aunt, indeed ! odds life ! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire

*Abs.* Not to please your father, sir ?

*Sir Anth.* To please my father ! — zounds, not to please — o, my father — odso ! — yes, yes ; if my father indeed had desired — that's quite another matter. — Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

*Abs.* I dare say not, sir.

*Sir Anth.* But Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful.

*Abs.* Sir, I repeat it ; if I please you in this affair, tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome ; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind — now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quan-

tity of back : and though *one eye* may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

*Sir Anth.* What a phlegmatic sot it is ! why, sirrah, you're an anchorite !—a vile insensible stock.—You a soldier !—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on—odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself.

*Abs.* I am intirely at your disposal, sir ; if you should think of addressing miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt* ; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—tis the same to me—I'll marry the *niece*

*Sir Anth.* Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face ! come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you ? you have been playing the hypocrite, hey ! I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

*Abs.* I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

*Sir Anth.* Hang your respect and duty ! but, come along with me, I'll write a note to mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you dont come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you dont, egad, I'll marry the girl myself !

[*exeunt*]

---

SCENE II—*Julia's dressing-room.*

*FAULKLAND solus.*

*Faulk.* They told me Julia would return directly ; I wonder she is not yet come. How mean does this capitious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment ; yet I know not that I indulge it in any other

point, but on this one subject; and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! what tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! how delicate was the warmth of her expressions! I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence preven'ed my proposed expostulations: yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She is coming.—Yes—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

*enter JULIA.*

*Julia.* I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

*Faulk.* Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

*Julia.* O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

*Faulk.* 'Twas but your fancy, Julia—I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health—sure I had no cause for coldness?

*Julia.* Nay then, I see you have taken something ill. You must not conceal from me what it is.

*Faulk.* Well then—shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbor Acres, was somewhat damped, by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what. For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy: the mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

*Julia.* Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice? can the idle reports of a

silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection ?

*Faulk.* They have no weight with me, Julia : no, no—I am happy if you have been so ; yet only say that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

*Julia.* I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. If I seem'd sad, it were to make malice triumph ; and say, that I had fixt my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

*Faulk.* You were ever all goodness to me. O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy.

*Julia.* If ever, without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

*Faulk.* Ah, Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude* ! search your heart, Julia ; perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too mistaken heart.

*Julia.* For what quality must I love you ?

*Faulk.* For no quality. To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owe no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

*Julia.* Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in this vain article, perhaps might rank above you ; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

*Faulk.* Now this is not well from *you*, Julia—I despise no person in a man. Yet if you loved me as I wish, tho'

I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

*Julia.* I see you are determined to be unkind. The contract which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

*Faulk.* Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. I would not have been more free—no, I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

*Julia.* Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: my heart will not feel more liberty.

*Faulk.* There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—if your love for me were fixt and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even though I wish'd it.

*Julia.* O, you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

*Faulk.* I do not mean to distress you—If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment. But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this—women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person or character, to found dislike on; my fortune, such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match. O Julia, when *love* receives such countenance from *prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

*Julia.* I know not whither your insinuations would tend: but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so. I have given you no cause for this. *[Exit in tears]*

*Faulk.* In tears! stay, Julia; stay but for a moment. The door is fastened.—Julia;—my soul—but for one moment. I hear her sobbing!—death, what a brute am I to use her thus! yet stay.—Ay—she is coming



now :—how little resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them!—no, faith, she is *not* coming either. Why, Julia, my love, say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now, this is being *too* resentful: stay; she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it. I'll affect indifference. (*hums a tune*) —No,—zounds! she's *not* coming—nor don't intend it, I suppose. This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy*! yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness! twas barbarous and unmanly. I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated, and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long-hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the night. [*exit*]

---

SCENE III—*mrs. Malaprop's lodgings.*

*mrs. MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand, and captain ABSOLUTE.*

*Mrs Mal.* Your being sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

*Abs.* Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honor of being allied to *mrs. Malaprop*; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir, you do me infinite honor. I beg, captain, you'll be seated. (*they sit*) Ah, few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes

a gentlewoman. Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty.

*Abs.* It is but too true, indeed, ma'am ; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robb'd them of the more specious blossom. Few like mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding. He is the very pine-apple of politeness (*aside*) You not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eve's-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

*Abs.* O, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are very good, and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair ; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again : I have since laid sir Anthony's preposition before her ; but I am sorry to say she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

*Abs.* It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh ! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree ; I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him ; but behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow ; I believe I have it in my pocket.

*Abs.* O the devil ! my last note. (*aside*)

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, here it is

*Abs.* Ay, my note, indeed ! o the little traitress, Lucy. (*aside*)

*Mrs. Mal.* There, perhaps you may know the writing (*gives him the letter*)

*Abs.* I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, but read it, captain.

*Abs* (reads) "*My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*"  
—Very tender indeed!

*Mrs. Mal.* Tender! ay, and prophane too, o' my conscience.

*Abs.* "*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*"——

*Mrs. Mal.* That's you, sir.

*Abs.* "*Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honor*"——Well, that's handsome enough.

*Mrs. Mal.* O, the fellow has some design in writing so——

*Abs.* That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

*Abs.* "*As for the old weather beaten she-dragon who guards you*"——Who can he mean by that?

*Mrs. Mal.* Me, sir, *me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?——but go on a little further.

*Abs.* Impudent scoundrel! —— "*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words, which she dont understand*"——

*Mrs. Mal.* There, sir! an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! sure if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epithets.

*Abs.* He deserves to be hang'd and quartered.—Let me see—— "*same ridiculous vanity*"——

*Mrs. Mal.* You need not read it again, sir.

∴ *Abs.* I beg pardon, ma'am. "*does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*"——an impudent coxcomb——"*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old haridan's consent, and even to make her a go between in our interviews*"——Was ever such assurance!

*Mrs. Mal.* Did you ever hear any thing like it? he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes—ha, ha! he's ve-

ry likely to enter these doors ! we'll try who can plot best.

*Abs.* So we will, ma'am—so we will—Ha, ha, ha ! a conceited puppy, ha, ha, ha—well, but mrs Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him ; then do you connive at her escape ; while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am delighted with the scheme, never was any thing better perpetrated.

*Abs.* But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now ? I should like to try her temper a little.

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, I dont know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

*Abs.* O lord, she won't mind me—only tell her Beverly—

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir !

*Abs.* Gently, good tongue. (*aside*)

*Mrs. Mal.* What did you say of Beverly ?

*Abs.* O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverly who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha, ha, ha ?

*Mrs. Mal.* 'T would be a trick she well deserves ; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha, ha, ha ! let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here ! (*calling*) He'll make me a go-between in their interviews ! ha, ha, ha ! come down I say, Lydia I dont wonder at your laughing, ha, ha, ha ! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

*Abs.* 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha, ha, ha !

*Mrs. Mal.* The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

*Abs.* As you please, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* For the present, captain, your servant. Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see—*clude my vigilance!* yes, yes, ha, ha, ha! [*exit*

*Abs.* Ha, ha, ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me. (*walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures*)

*enter* LYDIA.

*Lydia.* What a scene am I now to go through? surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favored lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it?—there stands the hated rival—an officer too; but o how unlike my Beverly!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer! quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first.—Mr. Absolute!

*Abs.* Ma'am.

*Lydia.* O heavens! Beverly!

*Abs.* Hush, hush, my life! softly—be not surprised.

*Lydia.* I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed. For heaven's sake, how came you here?

*Abs.* Briefly—I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for captain Absolute.

*Abs.* O, charming! and she really takes you for young Absolute?

*Abs.* O, she's convinced of it.

*Lydia.* Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached

*Abs.* But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let ~~me~~ now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecu-

tion, and with a licensed warmth to plead for my reward.

*Lydia.* Will you then, Beverly, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth? that burden on the wings of love?

*Abs.* O, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness—bring no portion to me but thy love—twilt be generous in you, Lydia; for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverly can repay.

*Lydia.* How persuasive are his words—how charming will poverty be with him. (*aside*)

*Abs.* Ah, my soul, what a life, will we then live? love shall be our idol and support: we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By heavens, I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here—(*embracing her*)

If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*aside*]

*Lydia.* Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. [*aside*]

*enter Mrs. MALAPROP, listening.*

*Mrs. Mal.* I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*aside.*]

*Abs.* So pensive. Lydia—is then your warmth abated?

*Mrs. Mal.* Warmth abated—so, she has been in a passion, I suppose. [*aside.*]

*Lydia.* No; nor ever can while I have life.

*Mrs. Mal.* An ill-temper'd little devil—she'll be in a passion all her life, will she? [*aside*]

*Lydia.* Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

*Mrs. Mal.* Very dutiful, upon my word! [*aside.*]

*Lydia.* Let her choice be capt. *Absolute*, but *Beverly* is mine.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! [*aside*]

*Abs.* Thus then let me enforce my suit. [*kneeling*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Aye, poor young man; down on his knees intreating for pity—I can contain no longer. [*aside*]—Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

*Abs.* O, confound her vigilance! [*aside*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Capt. *Absolute*; I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

*Abs.* So—all's safe I find. [*aside*]  
I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

*Mrs. Mal.* O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her; she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

*Lydia.* Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

*Lydia.* No, madam; I did not.

*Mrs. Mal.* Good Heav'ns; what assurance!  
*Lydia,* *Lydia*, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman. Didn't you boast that *Beverly*; that stroller *Beverly*, possessed your heart?—tell me that, I say.

*Lydia.* Tis true, ma'am, and none but *Beverly*—

*Mrs. Mal.* Hold; hold assurance—you shall not be so rude.

*Abs.* Nay, pray *mrs. Malaprop*, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are *too* good, captain; *too* amiably patient—but come with me, miss; let us see you again soon, captain; remember what we have fixed.

*Abs.* I shall, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

*Lydia.* May every blessing wait on my *Beverly*, my lov'd *Bev*—

*Mrs. Mal.* Hussy! I'll choak the word in your throat!—come along, come along.

[*exceunt severally*]

[*Beverly kissing his hand to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop stopping her from speaking.*]

---

SCENE IV—*Acres's lodgings.*

ACRES and DAVID.

ACRES as just dress'd.

*Acres.* Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

*David.* You are quite another creature, believe me master, by the mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the devon monkeyrny in all the print-shops in Bath!

*Acres.* Dress *does* make a difference, David.

*David.* Tis all in all, I think—difference; why, an' you were to go now to Clod-hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me;" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your Honor's favorite would blush like my waistcoat—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether *Phillis* would wag a hair of her tail!

*Acres.* Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

*David.* So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me.

*Acres.* But, David, has mr. *De-la-Grace* been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

*David.* I'll call again, sir.



*Acres.* Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

*David.* I will. By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! [*exit*]

*[Acres comes forward practising a dancing step]*

*Acres.* Sink, slide, coupee—confound the first inventors of cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen: I can walk a minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance. Odds jiggs and tabors!—I never valued your cross-over two couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at em, that's sure—mine are true-born english legs—they don't understand their curst french lingo!—their *Pas* this, and *Pas* that, and *Pas* tother! damn me! my feet don't like to be called paws! no, tis certain I have most antigallican toes!

*enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Here is sir Lucius O'Rigger to wait on you, sir.

*Acres.* Show him in.

*enter sir LUCIUS.*

*Sir. Luc.* Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

*Acres.* My dear sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir Luc.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

*Acres.* Faith, I have followed Cupid's jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very ill-used, sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir Luc.* Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

*Acres.* Mark me, sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part ; I follow her to Bath ; send word of my arrival ; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of—This, sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

*Sir Luc.* Very ill upon my conscience—pray, can you divine the cause of it ?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one *Beverly*, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies ! he must be at the bottom of it.

*Sir Luc.* A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly.

*Acres.* Unfairly ! to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

*Sir Luc.* Then sure you know what is to be done ?

*Acres.* Not I, upon my soul !

*Sir Luc.* We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

*Acres.* What, fight him !

*Sir Luc.* Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else ?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir Luc.* Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman ? Och by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship ? ay, ay ; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life

*Sir Luc.* That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, sir Lucius—I fire apace ! odds hilts and blades ; I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it ! but could not I contrive to have a little right of my side ?

*Sir Luc.* What the devil signifies *right* when your honor is concerned ? do you think *Achilles*, or my li-

the *Alexander the great* ever inquired where the right lay? no, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

*Acres.* Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching—I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

*Sir Luc.* Ah, my little friend: if we had *Blunderbuss-hall* here—I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man—for though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heav'n our honor, and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

*Acres.* O sir Lucius; I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia—Odds balls and barrels; say no more—I'm brac'd for it—The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast—zounds'—as the man in the play says, “I could do such “deeds——”

*Sir Luc.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, sir Lucius—I must be in a rage—dear sir Lucius let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come, here's pen and paper

[sits down to write]

I would the ink were red—indite, I say indite!—how shall I begin; odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however

*Sir Luc.* Pray compose yourself.

*Acres.* Come—now shall I begin with an oath? do, sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

*Sir Luc.* Pho, pho! do the thing decently and like a christian. Begin now——“*Sir*——

*Acres.* That's too civil by half.

*Sir Luc.* "To prevent the confusion that might arise."

*Acres.* Well——

*Sir Luc.* "From our both addressing the same lady."

*Acres.* Ay—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well——

*Sir Luc.* "I shall expect the honor of your company."——

*Acres.* Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

*Sir Luc.* Pray be easy.

*Acres.* Well then, "honor of your company"

*Sir Luc.* "To settle our pretensions."

*Acres.* Well.

*Sir Luc.* Let me see, ay, *King's Mead fields* will do——"*in King's Mead fields.*"

*Acres.* So that's done——well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

*Sir Luc.* You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

*Acres.* Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

*Sir Luc.* Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you will decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, twill be off your mind to-morrow.

*Acres.* Very true.

*Sir Luc.* So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.——I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

*Acres.* By my valor, I should like to see you fight

first ! odds life ! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

*Sir Luc.* I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword.

*[exeunt severally]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I—Acres's lodgings.

#### ACRES and DAVID.

*David.* Then, by the mass, sir ; I would do no such thing—ne'er a sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Ouns ; what will the old lady say, when she hears o't !

*Acres* Ah, David, if you had heard sir Lucius—odds sparks and flames ; he would have rous'd your valor.

*David.* Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or shortstaff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off : but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

*Acres.* But my honor, David, my honor ; I must be very careful of my honor.

*David.* Ay, by the mass ; and I would be very careful of it ; and I think in return my *honor* couldn't do less than to be very careful of *me*.

*Acres.* Odds blades ! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor.

*David.* I say then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*.—Look'ee, master, this *honor* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend : ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which thank God, no one,

can say of me ;) well—my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. Pleasant enough that. Boh—I kill him—the more's my luck. Now, pray who gets the profit of it? why, my *honor*.—But put the case that he kills me.—by the mass, I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

*Acres.* No, David—in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

*David.* Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

*Acres.* Zounds; David you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valor to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors.

*David.* Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folk; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

*Acres.* But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—odds' life; people often fight without mischief done.

*David.* By the mass, I think tis ten to one against you—Ouns; here to meet some lionheaded fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrell'd swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols; Lord bless us; it makes me tremble to think o't.—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons: well, I never could abide em—from a child I never could fancy em: I suppose there a'nt been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

*Acres.* Zounds; I won't be afraid; odds fire and fury; you shan't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

*David.* Ay, i'the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass ; it don't look like another letter—it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter ; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch—Ouns ; I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off.

*Acres.* Out, you poltroon—you ha'n't the valor of a grass-hopper.

*David.* Well, I say no more ; twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-hall—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after—and I warrant old crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

[*whimpering*]

*Acres.* It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Captain Absolute, sir.

*Acres.* O, show him up.

[*exit servant*]

*David.* Well, heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

*Acres.* What's that ! dont provoke me, David !

*David.* Good bye, master.

[*whimpering*]

*Acres.* Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

[*exit David*]

*enter ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* What's the matter, Bob ?

*Acres.* A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead :—if I hadn't the valor of st. George and the dragon to boot—

*Abs.* But what did you want with me, Bob ?

*Acres.* O !—there—(*gives him the challenge*)

*Abs.* 'To ensign Beverly.' So—what's going on now. (*aside*) Well, what's this ?

*Acres.* A challenge.

*Abs.* Indeed !—why, you won't fight him ; will you, Bob ?

*Acres.* Egad but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

*Abs.* But what have I to do with this?

*Acres.* Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

*Abs.* Well, give it me, and trust me he gets it.

*Acres.* Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

*Abs.* Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

*Acres.* You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

*Abs.* Why no, Bob—not in this *affair*—it would not be quite so proper.

*Acres.* Well then, I must get my friend sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

*Abs.* Whenever he meets you, believe me.

enter SERVANT.

*Ser.* Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

*Abs.* I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*going*)

*Acres.* Stay—stay Jack.—If Beverly should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

*Abs.* To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

*Acres.* Ay, do, do; and if that frightens him, 'gad perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

*Abs.* I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country 'Fighting Bob.'

*Acres.* Right, right—tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honor.

*Abs.* No—that's very kind of you.



**Acres.** Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you Jack?

**Abs.** No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*going*)

**Acres.** True, true—but stay, stay, Jack—you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

**Abs.** I will, I will.

**Acres.** Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

**Abs.** Ay, ay, 'Fighting Bob.' [*exunt severally*]

SCENE II—*mrs Malaprop's lodgings.*

*Mrs. MALAPROP, and LYDIA.*

**Mrs. Mal.** Why, thou perverse one! tell me what you can object to him? isn't he a handsome man? tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

**Lydia.** She little thinks whom she is praising (*aside*)—so is Beverly, ma'am.

**Mrs. Mal.** No caparisons, miss, if you please—caparisons don't become a young woman. No, captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman.

**Lydia.** Ay, the captain Absolute *you* have seen. (*aside*)

**Mrs. Mal.** Then he's *so* well bred; *so* full of alacrity, and adulation—and has *so much* to say for himself: in such good language too—his physiognomy so grammatical—then his presence is so noble—I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—'Hesperian curls—the front of *Job* himself! an eye, like *March*, to threaten at command!—a station, like Harry Mercury, new—' Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

**Lydia.** How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake. (*aside*)

*enter SERVANT.*

**Ser.** Sir Anthony, and captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal* Show them up here, [exit servant]  
Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding at least, though you have forgot your duty.

*Lydia*. Madam, I have told you my resolution—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him. (*flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door*)

enter sir ANTHONY and ABSOLUTE

*Sir Anth.* Here we are, mrs Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd given me the slip.

*Mrs. Mal.* You have infinite trouble, sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you; pay your respects. (*aside to her*)

*Sir Anth.* I hope, madam, that miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance. Now, Jack, speak to her. (*aside to him*)

*Abs.* What the d—l shall I do! (*aside*) you see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here—I knew she wouldn't—I told you so. I let me intreat you, sir, to leave us together. (*Absolute seems to expostulate with his father*)

*Lydia* (*aside*) I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet; sure she can't have lookt at him—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

*Sir Anth.* I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am sorry to say, sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small. Turn round Lydia, I blush for you. (*aside to her*)

*Sir Anth.* May I not flatter myself, that miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son—why don't you begin, Jack? speak, you puppy—speak! (*aside to him*)

*Mrs. Mal.* It is impossible, sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussey, why dont you answer? (*aside to her*)

*Sir Anth.* Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Zounds, sirrah, why don't you speak? (*aside to him*)

*Lydia.* (*aside*) I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself. How strangely blind my aunt must be.

*Abs.* Hem, hem, madam—hem. (*Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to sir Anthony*)—Faith, sir, I am so confounded—and so—so—confused! I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it. The—the tremor of my passion, intirely takes away my presence of mind.

*Sir Anth.* But it dont take away your voice, fool, does it? go up, and speak to her directly. (*Absolute makes signs to mrs. Malaprop to leave them together.*)

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together? ah, you stubborn, little vixen. (*aside to her*)

*Sir Anth.* Not yet, ma'am, not yet—what the d—I are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—(*aside to him*)  
(*Absolute draws near Lydia*)

*Abs.* (*aside*) Now, heaven send she may be too sullen to look round. I must disguise my voice. (*speaks in a low hoarse tone*) Will not miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? will not—

*Sir Anth.* What the d—I ails the fellow? why dont you speak out? not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy.

*Abs.* The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choak me.

*Sir Anth.* Ah, your modesty again! I'll tell you what Jack; if you dont speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage—mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favor us with something more than a side-front. (*mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia*)

*Abs.* S—all will out I see. (*goes up to Lydia, speaks softly*) Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

*Lydia (aside)* Heavens, tis Beverly's voice! sure he can't have imposed on sir Anthony too. (*looks round by degrees, then starts up*) Is this possible! my Beverly! how can this be? my Beverly?

*Abs*, Ah, tis all over. (*aside*)

*Sir Anth* Beverly—the devil—Beverly!—what can the girl mean? this is my son, Jack Absolute.

*Mrs. Mal.* For shame, hussy, for shame—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes—beg captain Absolute's pardon directly.

*Lydia.* I see no captain Absolute, but my loved Beverly.

*Sir Anth.* Zounds, the girl's mad! her brain's turn'd by reading.

*Mrs. Mal.* O' my conscience, I believe so—what do you mean by Beverly, hussy? you saw captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

*Lydia.* With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverly—

*Sir Anth.* O, she's as mad as bedlam: or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick—come here, sirrah, who the d—l are you?

*Abs.* Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavor to recollect.

*Sir Anth.* Are you my son, or not? answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, sir, who are you? o mercy, I begin to suspect—

*Abs.* Ye powers of impudence befriend me! (*aside*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *your's* also, I hope my duty has always shown Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew. I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverly, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station which has proved a test of most disinterested love,

which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

*Lydia.* So—there will be no elopement after all.

(sullenly)

*Sir Anth.* Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow; to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance.

*Abs.* O, you flatter me, sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

*Sir Anth.* Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however. I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*! I thought it was d—n'd sudden. You *never heard their names before*, not you! *what* the *LANGUISHES* of Worcestershire, hey? *if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired*! Ah! you dissembling villain! what! (pointing to Lydia) *she squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!*—hey?—why, you hypocritical young rascal; I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head.

*Abs.* 'Tis with difficulty, sir—I am confused—very much confus'd, as you must perceive.

*Mrs Mal* O Lud! sir Anthony; a new light breaks in upon me; hey, how, what! captain, did you write the letters then? what; am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of '*an old weather beaten she-dragon*' hey?—o mercy! was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

*Abs.* Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowe'd at last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

*Sir Anth.* Come, come, mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive; odd's life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart, to be so good humor'd; and so gallant; hey! mrs. Malaprop.

*Mrs Mal.* Well, sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past; so mind young people; our retrospection will now be all to the future.

*Sir Anth.* Come, we must leavethem together; *mrs. Malaprop*, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant; Jack; is'n't the cheek as I said, hey? and the eye, you rogue; and the lip; hey? come, *mrs. Malaprop*, we'll not disturb their tenderness—their's is the time of life for happiness!—“*youth's the season made for joy*”—(sings) hey; odd's life; I'm in such spirits; I don't know what I could not do Permit me, ma'am—(gives his hand to *mrs. Malaprop*) [sings] Tol-de rol—'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol de-rol, de-rol. [exit singing, and handing *mrs. Malaprop*.

[*Lydia sits sullenly in her chair*]

*Abs.* So much thought bodes me no good [*aside*] so grave, *Lydia*.

*Lydia.* Sir!

*Abs.* So; egad, I thought as much; that d——n'd monosyllable has froze me; [*aside*] what, *Lydia*, now that we are as happy in our friends consent, as in our mutual vows

*Lydia.* Friends consent, indeed. [*peevishly*]

*Abs.* Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance; a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——

*Lydia.* Lawyers! I hate lawyers.

*Abs.* Nay then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and——

*Lydia.* The licence! I hate licence.

*Abs.* O my love; be not so unkind; thus let me intreat—— (*kneeling*)

*Lydia.* Pshaw; what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

*Abs.* (*rising*) Nay, madam, there shall be no con-

straint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost your heart—I resign the rest. Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. [*aside*]

**Lydia** [*rising*] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating *me* like a child; humoring my romance, and laughing, I suppose at your success.

**Abs** You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

**Lydia.** So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold, my hopes are to be crush'd at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe at last. [*walking about in a heat*] But here, sir, here is the picture—*Beverly's* picture; [*taking a miniature from her bosom*] which I have worn night and day in spite of threats and intreaties—there, sir, [*flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

**Abs.** Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that. Here, (*taking out a picture*) here is miss Lydia Languish. What a difference; ay, *there* is the heavenly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirits to my hopes; those are the lips which seal'd a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar; and there the half resentful blush, that *would* have check'd the ardor of my thanks. Well, all that's past; all over indeed. There, madam, in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind it's merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. [*puts it up again*]

**Lydia.** [*softening*] 'Tis *your own* doing, sir, I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

**Abs** O most certainly; sure now this is much better than being in love, ha, ha, ha!—there's some spirit in *this*! what signifies breaking some scores of solemn

promises: all that's of no consequence you know. To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind; but never mind that: or perhaps they may be ill-natur'd enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her; but don't let that fret you.

*Lydia.* There's no bearing his insolence. (*bursts into tears*)

*enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.*

*Mrs. Mal. (entering)* Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a while.

*Lydia.* This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate— [*sobbing*]

*Sir Anth.* What the devil's the matter now?—  
Z——ds! *Mrs. Malaprop*, this is the *oddest billing and cooing* I ever heard; but what the deuce is the meaning of it? I'm quite astonished.

*Abs.* Ask the lady, sir.

*Mrs. Mal.* O mercy; I'm quite analys'd for my part! why, *Lydia*, what is the reason of this?

*Lydia.* Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

*Sir Anth.* Z——ds! I shall be in a phrenzy! why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there? you are not like Cerberus, *three* gentlemen at once, are you?

*Abs.* You'll not let me speak; I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

*Lydia.* Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverly again—there is the man—I now obey you: for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever.  
(*exit Lydia*)

*Mrs. Mal.* O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is, why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

*Sir Anth.* Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—now I see it.



Ha, ha, ha !—now I see it ; you have been too lively, Jack

*Abs.* Nay, upon my word——

*Sir Anth.* Come, no lying, Jack ; I'm sure *twas* so.

*Mrs. Mal.* O lud, sir Anthony ! o fie, captain.

*Abs.* Upon my soul, ma'am——

*Sir Anth.* Come, no excuses, Jack ; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you : the blood of the Absolutes was always in patient. Ha, ha, ha ! poor little Lydia ! why, you've frighten'd her, you dog, you have.

*Abs.* By all that's good, sir——

*Sir Anth.* Z——ds ! say no more, I tell you——  
*Mrs. Malaprop* shall make your peace. You must make his peace, *mrs. Malaprop* ; you must tell her tis Jack's way ; tell her tis all our ways ; it runs in the blood of our family ! come, away Jack—ha, ha, ha !  
*mrs. Malaprop*—a young villain. [*pushes him out*]

*Mrs. Mal.* O ! sir Anthony ! o fie, captain !

[*exeunt severally*]

SCENE IV—the north parade.

*enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.*

*Sir Luc.* I wonder where this capt. Absolute hides himself Upon my conscience !—these officers are always in one's way in love affairs : I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me ! and I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Hah !—isn't this the captain coming ? faith it is ; there is a probability of succeed-

ing about that fellow, that is mighty provoking; who the devil is he talking to? (*steps aside*)

*enter* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

*Abs.* To what fine purpose I have been plotting; a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul; a little gypsy; I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either—s'death, I never was in a worse humor in my life. I could cut my own throat, or any other person's with the greatest pleasure in the world.

*Sir Luc.* O, faith, I'm in the luck of it—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose; to be sure I'm just come in the nick; now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteely. (*sir Lucius goes up to Absolute.*)—With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

*Abs.* Upon my word then, you must be a very subtle disputant; because, sir, I happen'd just then to be giving no opinion at all.

*Sir Luc.* That's no reason—For, give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as speak one.

*Abs.* Very true, sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

*Sir Luc.* Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

*Abs.* Hark'ee, sir Lucius—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview: for what can you drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive.

*Sir Luc.* I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension, (*bowing*)—you have nam'd the very thing I would be at.

*Abs.* Very well, sir, I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations :——but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

*Sir Luc.* Pray, sir, be easy, the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands ; we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short ; or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So no more but name your time and place

*Abs.* Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better : let it be this evening, here by the spring gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

*Sir Luc.* Faith ; that same interruption in affairs of this nature, shows very great ill-breeding —— I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain. I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

*Abs.* 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then we will discuss this matter more seriously.

*Sir Luc.* If you please, sir, there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled ; and my mind's at ease.

[*exit Sir Lucius*]

*enter FAULKLAND meeting ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* Well met. I was going to look for you ; o, Faulkland ! all the dæmons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me. I'm so vex'd, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o' the head by and bye, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

*Faulk.* What can you mean ?——has Lydia chang'd

her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

*Abs.* Ay, just as the eye do of a person who squints : when her love-eye was fixed on me ; t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued : but when duty bid her point that the same way, off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown.

*Faulk.* But what's the resource you—

*Abs.* O, to wind up the whole, a good natured irishman here has (*mimicking* sir Lucius) beg'd leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat ; and I mean to indulge him ; that's all.

*Faulk.* Prithee, be serious.

*Abs.* 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, you know him by sight ; for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock : tis on that account I wished to see you ; you must go with me

*Faulk.* Nay there must be some mistake, sure. Sir Lucius shall explain himself ; and I dare say matters may be accommodated : but this evening, did you say ? I wish it had been any other time.

*Abs.* Why ? there will be light enough :—there will [as sir Lucius says] “ be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot ”——Confound his long shots.

*Faulk.* But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia ; my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled

*Abs.* By heavens, Faulkland, you dont deserve her.

*enter SERVANT, gives FAULKLAND a letter.*

*Faulk.* O Jack, this is from Julia ; I dread to open it ; I fear it may be to take a last leave ; perhaps to bid me return her letters ; and restore——o, how I suffer for my folly.

*Abs.* Here--let me see, (*takes the letter and opens it*)

ay. a final sentence indeed--'tis all over with you, faith.

*Faulk.* Nay, Jack, dont keep me in suspense.

*Abs.* Hear then. 'As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly, Julia.'

—There's stubbornness and resentment for you. (*gives him the letter*) Why man, you dont seem one whit the happier at this.

*Faulk.* O. yes, I am---but---but---

*Abs.* Confound your *buts* You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d--n it with a *but*.

*Faulk.* Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly; dont you think there is something forward; something indelicate in this haste to forgive? women should never sue for reconciliation: that should always come from us. They should retain their coldness till woo'd to kindness; and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should 'not unsought be won.'

*Abs.* I have not patience to listen to you: thou'rt incorrigible --so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters; let me see you before six; remember at my lodgings. A poor industrious devil like me, who have toil'd and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly --may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little ---but a captious sceptic in love--a slave to fretfulness and whim--who has no difficulties but of his own creating--is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion.

[*exit Absolute*]

*Faulk.* I feel his reproaches: yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love. His engaging me in this duel, has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue. I'll use it as the touch-stone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness--if her love prove pure and sterling ore--my name will rest on it with *he*.

nor—and once I've stamp'd it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever: but if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride predominate; 'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for.

[*exit Faulkland*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I—*Julia's dressing-room.*

*JULIA, sola.*

How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments! how many tears have you cost me!

*enter FAULKLAND.*

*Julia.* What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

*Faulk.* Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

*Julia.* Heav'ns! what do you mean?

*Faulk.* You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not! the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly. O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

*Julia.* My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intrust my person to your honor—we will

fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

*Faulk.* O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

*Julia.* I ask not a moment—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

*Faulk.* I will be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

*Julia.* Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act—I know not whether 'tis so; but sure that alone can never make us unhappy—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; an exile never should be splendid.

*Faulk.* Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

*Julia.* If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affection-

ate spirit to watch over and console you :—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

*Faulk.* Julia, I have proved you to the quick ! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition ?

*Julia.* Has no such disaster happened as you related ?

*Faulk.* I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended ; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated : But sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

*Julia.* Hold, Faulkland !—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice !—these are tears of thankfulness for that ! but that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express !

*Faulk.* By heav'n's ! Julia——

*Julia.* Yet hear me.——My father lov'd you, Faulkland ! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me ; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection : hence I have been content to bear from you, what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.——

*Faulk.* Confess it all ! yet hear——

*Julia.* After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary ! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or



confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepublishing kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you ; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

*Faulk.* Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honor, if after this——

*Julia.* But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity ; and the dearest blessing I can ask of heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world ! [exit

*Faulk.* She's gone!—for ever!—there was an awful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place.—O fool!—dolt!—barbarian!—curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind fortune sent a heaven gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O love—tormentor—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting her spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness ! [exit

*enter* MAID and LYDIA.

*Maid.* My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here

just now—perhaps she is only in the next room.

[*exit Maid*]

*Lydia.* Heigh ho—though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recal him.

*enter JULIA.*

*Lydia.* O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud ' child, what's the matter with you?—you have been crying!—I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

*Julia.* You mistake the cause of my uneasiness—something has flurried me a little.—Nothing that you guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister!

[*aside*]

*Lydia.* Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverly proves to be?

*Julia.* I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

*Lydia.* So then I see I have been deceived by every one—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

*Julia.* Nay, Lydia—

*Lydia.* Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last—there had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—conscious moon—four horses—scotch par— with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraph's in the newspapers!—o, I shall die with disappointment.

*Julia.* I don't wonder at it!

*Lydia.* Now—sad reverse—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparations with a bishop's

licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! o, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

*Julia* Melancholy, indeed!

*Lydia*. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—how often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!—there would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough to me so pathetically; he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardor!—ah, *Julia*! that was something like being in love.

*Julia*. If I were in spirits. *Lydia*, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you: but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

*Lydia* O lud! what has brought my aunt here?

*enter Mrs. MALAPROP, FAG, and DAVID.*

*Mrs. Mal* So, so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation going on in the fields! and sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

*Julia*. For heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

*Mrs. Mal*. That gentleman can tell you—twas he enveloped the affair to me.

*Lydia*. Do, sir, will you inform us. (to *Fag*)

*Fag*. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my

power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

*Lydia.* But quick ! quick, sir.

*Fag.* True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature ; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost !

*Lydia.* O patience—do, ma'am, for heaven's sake ! tell us what is the matter ?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, murder's the matter ! slaughter's the matter ! killing's the matter !—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

*Lydia.* Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

*Fag.* Why then, ma'am—as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

*Lydia.* But who, sir—who are engaged in this ?

*Fag.* Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing should happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman !—we have lived much together, and always on terms.

*Lydia.* But who is this ? who, who, who !

*Fag.* My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

*Lydia.* Heavens ! what, captain Absolute !

*Mrs. Mal.* O, to be sure, you are frightened now !

*Julia.* But who are with him, sir ?

*Fag.* As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

*Julia.* Do, speak, friend. (to David)

*David.* Look'ee, my lady—by the mass ! there's mischief going on —Folks don't use to ~~meet~~ for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside—this, my lady, I say, has angry favor.

*Julia.* But who is there beside captain Absolute friend ?

*David.* My poor master—under favor for mention

ing him first.—You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or *was* squire Acres.—Then comes squire Faulkland.

*Julia.* Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavor so prevent mischief.

*Mrs. Mal.* O fie—it would be very enelegant in us :—we should only participate things.

*David.* Ah, do mrs. aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood thirsty philistine, sir Lucius O'Trigger.

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir Lucius O'Trigger—o mercy; have they drawn poor little dear sir Lucius into the scrape?—why, how you stand, girl you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrefactions.

*Lydia.* What are we to do, madam?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, fly with the utmost felicity to be sure, to prevent mischief :—here, friend—you can show us the place?

*Fag.* If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you,—David, do you look for sir Anthony. [*exit David.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Come girls, this gentleman will exhort us. Come, you're our envoy, lead the way, and we'll precede.

*Fag.* Not a step before the ladies for the world.

*Mrs. Mal.* You're sure you know the spot.

*Fag.* I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them; never fear, ma'am, never fear. [*exit, he talking*]

SCENE II—south parade.

*enter ABSOLUTE, putting his sword under his great coat.*

*Abs.* A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog. How provoking this is in Faulkland! never punctual. I shall be obliged to go without him at last. O, the devil, here's sir Anthony—how shall I escape him? (*muffles up his face, and makes a circle to go off*)

*enter sir ANTHONY.*

*Sir Anth.* How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he dont know me, I could have sworn that was Jack—hey—gad's life: it is. Why Jack, what are you afraid of? hey, sure I'm right. Why Jack, Jack Absolute. (*goes up to him*)

*Abs.* Really, sir, you have the advantage of me: I dont remember ever to have had the honor—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey! why, zounds, it is.——Stay——(*looks up to his face*) So, so, your humble servant, mr Saunderson. Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

*Abs.* O, a joke, sir, a joke—I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

*Sir Anth.* You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky: but what are you muffled up so for? what's this for? hey?

*Abs.* Tis cool, sir, isn't it? rather chilly somehow: I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

*Sir Anth.* Stay.——Why, I thought you were looking for me? pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

*Abs.* Going, sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay where are you going?

*Abs.* Where am I going?

*Sir Anth.* You unmannerly puppy.

*Abs.* I was going, sir, to—to—to—~~to~~ Lydia—sir, to Lydia, to make matters up if I could; and I was looking for you, sir, to—to——

*Sir Anth.* To go with you, I suppose. Well, come along.

*Abs.* O, zounds, no, sir, not for the world—I wisht to meet with you, sir, to—to—to——You find it cool, I'm sure, sir; you'd better not stay out.

*Sir Anth.* Cool! not at all—well, Jack, and what will you say to Lydia?

*Abs.* O, sir, beg her pardon, humor her—promise and vow: but I detain you, sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

*Sir Anth.* O, not at all—not at all—I'm in no hurry. Ah, Jack, you youngsters when once you are wounded here. (*putting his hand to Absolute's breast*) Hey, what the deuce have you got here?

*Abs.* Nothing, sir, nothing.

*Sir Anth.* What's this? here's something damn'd hard.

*Abs.* O, trinkets, sir; a bauble for Lydia.

*Sir Anth.* Nay, let me see your taste. (*pulls his coat open, the sword falls*) Trinkets! a bauble for Lydia—zounds, sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

*Abs.* Ha, ha, ha! I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

*Sir Anth.* You didn't? yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

*Abs.* Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, sir, Lydia is romantic—devilish romantic, and very absurd of course:—now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword, and swear, I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet.

*Sir Anth.* Fall upon a fiddle-stick's end! why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her. Get along, you fool.

*Abs.* Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear—'o, Lydia, forgive me, or this pointed steel,'—says I.

*Sir Anth.* 'O, booby, stab away, and welcome'—says she—Get along, and damn your trinkets! [*exit Abs.*]

*enter DAVID, running.*

*David.* Stop him, stop him! murder, thief, fire! stop fire, stop fire! o, sir Anthony—call, call! bid'm stop—murder, fire!

*Sir Anth.* Fire, murder, where?

*David.* Oons, he's out of sight, and I'm out of breath, for my part! o, sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! the fellow's mad!—stop whom? stop Jack?

*David.* Ay, the captain, sir,—there's murder and slaughter.—

*Sir Anth.* Murder !

*David.* Ay, please you, sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting !

*Sir Anth.* Who are going to fight, dunce ?

*David.* Every body that I know of, sir Anthony ; —every body is going to fight, my poor master, sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain—

*Sir Anth.* O, the dog !—I see his tricks :—do you know the place ?

*David.* King's-Mead-Fields.

*Sir Anth.* You know the way ?

*David.* Not an inch ; but I'll call the mayor—aldermen—constables—church-wardens—and beatles ; we can't be too many to part them.

*Sir Anth.* Come along ; give me your shoulders ; we'll get assistance as we go. The lying villain !——well, I shall be in such a phrensy. So—this was the history of his trinkets ! I'll bauble him !

[*exceunt*]

---

SCENE III—*King's Mead-Fields.*

*sir LUCIUS and ACRES, with pistols.*

*Acres.* By my valor, then, sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims ; I say it is a good distance.

*Sir Luc.* It is for muskets or small field pieces. Upon my conscience, mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you.

(*measures paces along the stage*)

There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

*Acres.* Zounds, we might as well fight in a sentry-



box. I tell you, sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

*Sir Luc.* Faith, then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight.

*Acres.* No, sir Lucius, but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

*Sir Luc.* Pho, pho, nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

*Acres.* Odds bullets, no!—by my valor, there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear sir Lucius, let me bring him down a long shot: a long shot, sir Lucius, if you love me.

*Sir Luc.* Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, sir Lucius, but I dont understand—

*Sir Luc.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A quietus!

*Sir Luc.* For instance now—if that should be the case, would you chuse to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled! snug lying in the abbey!—odds tremors, sir Lucius, dont talk so.

*Sir Luc.* I suppose, mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

*Acres.* No, sir Lucius, never before.

*Sir Luc.* Ah, that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

*Acres.* Odds files! I've practised that—there, sir Lucius—there. (*puts himself in an attitude*) A side-front, hey? odd, I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edge-ways.

*Sir Luc* Now you're quite out, for if you stand so when I take my aim——(*levelling at him*)

*Acres.* Zounds, sir Lucius, are you sure it is not cock'd?

*Sir Luc* Never fear.

*Acres.* But—but—you dont know—it may go off of s own head.

*Sir Luc.* Pho, be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance, for if it misses a vital part on your right side, twill be very hard if it dont succeed on the left.

*Acres.* A vital part!

*Sir Luc.* But, there—fix yourself so—(*placing him*) let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me! a ball or two clean thro' me.

*Sir Luc.* Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Look'ee, sir Lucius, I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valor, I will stand edge-ways.

*Sir Luc.* (*looking at his watch*) Sure they dont mean to disappoint us—hah!—no faith; I think I see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey!—what'—coming!

*Sir Luc.* Ay: who are those yonder getting over the style?

*Acres.* There are two of them, indeed—well, let them come—hey, sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run.

*Sir Luc.* Run!

*Acres.* No—I say—we won't run, by my valor.

*Sir Luc.* What's the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear sir Lucius—but I f-I dont feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

*Sir Luc.* O fie; consider your honor.

*Acres.* Ay, true—my honor. Do, sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

*Sir Luc.* Well, here they're coming. (*looking*)

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me. Valor will come and go.

*Sir Luc.* Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going—it is sneaking off—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands.

*Sir Luc.* Your honor—your honor.—Here they are.

*Acres.* O mercy!—now—that I was safe at *Glod-hall*!; or could be shot before I was aware!

*enter FAULKLAND and ABSOLUTE.*

*Sir Luc.* Gentlemen, your most obedient: hah! what, captain Absolute; so, I suppose, sir, your are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend, then proceed to business on your own account.

*Acres.* What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend.

*Abs.* Hark'ee, Bob, *Beverly's* at hand.

*Sir Luc.* Well, mr. Acres, I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So, mr. Beverly, (*to Faulkland*) if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

*Faulk.* My weapons, sir.

*Acres.* Odds life! sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends

*Sir Luc.* What, Sir, did you not come here to fight mr. Acres?

*Faulk.* Not I, upon my word, sir.

*Sir Luc.* Well, now, that's mighty provoking. But I hope, mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

*Abs.* O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige sir Lucius.

*Faulk.* Nay, if mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

*Acres.* No, no, mr. Faulkland, I'll bear my disappointment like a christian—look'ee, sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

*Sir Luc.* Observe me, mr. Acres, I must not be trifled with: You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

*Acres.* Why no, sir Lucius, I tell you, tis one Beverly I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! if he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

*Abs.* Hold, Bob, let me set you right, there is no such man as *Beverly* in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

*Sir Luc.* Well, this is lucky—now you have an opportunity——

*Acres.* What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute, not if he were fifty *Beverlys'* zounds! sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

*Sir Luc.* Upon my conscience, mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

*Acres.* Not in the least! odds backs and abettors, I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely, I'll get you *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind with the greatest pleasure.

*Sir Luc.* Pho, Pho! you are little better than a coward.

*Acres.* Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor.

*Sir Luc.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* Look'ee, sir Lucius, tisn't that I mind the word coward—*coward* may be said in joke—but if you had call'd me a *poltroon*, odds daggers and balls—

*Sir Luc.* Well, sir.

*Acres.* ——— I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

*Sir Luc.* Pho ! you are beneath my notice.

*Abs.* Nay, sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend, Acres—he is a most *determined dog*—call'd in the country, *fighting Bob*.—He generally *kills a man a week* ; don't you Bob ?

*Acres.* Ay—at home!—

*Sir Luc.* Well then, captain, tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor, (*draws his sword*) and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him ?

*Abs.* Come on then, sir ; (*draws*) since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

*enter sir ANTHONY, DAVID, and the WOMEN.*

*David* Knock 'em all down, sweet sir Anthony, knock down my master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behavior.

*Sir Anth.* Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrensy—how came you in a duel, sir ?

*Abs.* Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I ; twas he call'd on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

*Sir Anth.* Here's a pretty fellow ! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his majesty !———zounds ! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects ?

*Abs.* Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

*Sir Anth.* Gad, sir, how come you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons ?

*Sir Luc.* Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

*Mrs Mal.* Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies—captain Absolute, come here—how could you intimidate us so? here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

*Abs.* For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, ma'am?

*Mrs Mal.* Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinc'd; speak child.

*Sir Luc.* With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence—now mark—

*Lydia.* What is it you mean, sir?

*Sir Luc.* Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

*Lydia.* Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

*Abs.* O! my little angel, say you so?—sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. — And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

*Sir Anth.* Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

*Acres.* Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

*Sir Luc.* Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the lady—if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing here—(takes out letters)

*Abs.* Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets, of love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I—

*Lydia.* Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey, mr. Modesty?—but come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unallay'd as general.

*Julia* Then let us study to preserve it so: and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colors which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill judging passion will force the gaudier rose in the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its leaves are dropt!

THE END OF THE RIVALS.



---

*From the Thespian press.*  
Longworth, print.

---

## EPILOGUE.

---

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

---

*Ladies for you—I heard our poet say—  
He'd try to coax some moral from his play :  
' One moral's plain—cried I—without more fuss ;  
' Man's social happiness all rests on us—  
' Thro' all the drama—whether damn'd or not—  
' Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.  
' From ev'ry rank—obedience is our due—  
D'ye doubt ?—the world's great stage shall prove it  
    ' true.'*

*The cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—  
Will sup abroad ;—but first—he'll ask his wife :  
John Trot, his friends for once, will do the same,  
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame—*

*The surly squire, at noon resolves to rule,  
And half the day—zounds ! madam is a fool !  
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,  
Ah ! Kate ! you women have such coaxing ways !*

*The jolly toper chides each tardy blade—  
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid :  
Then with each toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,  
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim !*

*Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,  
Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes ;  
The servile suitors—watch her various face,  
She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace,  
Curtseys a pension here—there nods a place.*

*Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,  
Is view'd the mistress, or is heard the wife.  
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,  
The child of poverty, and her to toil—*



## EPILOGUE.

---

*Early from radiant love's impartial light,  
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night.  
Dear spark ! that oft thro' winter's chilling woes.  
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !  
The wand'ring tar—who, not for years, has press'd  
The widow'd partner of his day of rest——  
On the cold dock, far from her arms remov'd,  
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd :  
And while around the cadence rude is blown,  
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.*

*The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,  
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile ;  
But ere the battle, should he list' her cries,  
The lover trembles——and the hero dies !  
That heart, by war and honor steel'd to fear,  
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !*

*But ye more cautious—ye nice judging few,  
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,  
Tho' friends to love—ye view with deep regret,  
Our conquests marr'd—and triumphs incomplete.  
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclost,  
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws !  
—In female breasts did sense and merit rule,  
The lover's mind would ask no other school ;  
Shamed into sense—the scholars of our eyes,  
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise ;  
Would gladly light their homage to improve,  
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love !*

---

**LIST OF PLAYS, PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,**  
*at the Dramatic Repository, near the Theatre.*

*N. B.* Longworth's edition of Plays, which is continually increasing, is of uniform size, and to those who may choose to have them bound, general titles will be given gratis.

<b>BLUE BEARD, M. D. R.</b>	<i>Colman, jun.</i>	25
Abællino, G. D. R. <i>2d edition (trans.)</i>	<i>Dunlap</i>	37
Feudal Baron, T.	<i>Dunlap</i>	25
Tournament, T.	<i>Sturke</i>	25
Tale of Mystery, M. D.	<i>Holcroft</i>	18
Maid of Bristol, C.	<i>Boaden</i>	25
Chains of the heart, C. O.	<i>Hoare</i>	31
House to be sold, C. O.	<i>Cobb</i>	18
Wag of Windsor, C. O.	<i>Colman jr.</i>	18
Mrs Wiggins, F.	<i>Allingham</i>	12
Marriage promise, C.	<i>Allingham</i>	25
Wife of two husbands, D.	<i>Dunlap</i>	31
Soldier's daughter, C.	<i>Cherry</i>	31
Raising the wind, F.	<i>Kenney</i>	18
Guilty or not Guilty, C.	<i>Dibdin</i>	31
Adelmörn, R. D.	<i>Lewis</i>	31
Poor Soldier, C. O.	<i>O'Keeffe</i>	12
Hunter of the Alps, C. O.	<i>Dimond, jr.</i>	12
Shipwreck, C. O.	<i>Arnold</i>	18
Honey Moon, C. <i>2d edition</i>	<i>Tobin</i>	31
Richard III. T. ( <i>from Shakspeare</i> )	<i>Cibber</i>	31
Sprigs of laurel, C. O.	<i>O'Keeffe</i>	18
Padlock, C. O.	<i>Bickerstaffe</i>	12
Children in the wood, C. O.	<i>Morton</i>	12
Hamlet. T.	<i>Shakspeare</i>	31
Venice Preserved, T.	<i>Otway</i>	25
Who wants a guinea, C.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	31
Hotel, F.	<i>Jephson</i>	12
Fair Penitent, T.	<i>Rowe</i>	25
Blind Bargain, C.	<i>Reynolds</i>	25
Family quarrels, C. O.	<i>Dibdin</i>	25
Too many cooks, C. O.	<i>Kenney</i>	18

# LIST OF PLAYS.

Il Bondocani, c. o.	<i>Dibdin</i>	12
Venetian Outlaw, D. ( <i>trans.</i> )	<i>Elliston</i>	25
Duenna, c. o.	<i>Sheridan</i>	31
Cheap Living, c.	<i>Reynolds</i>	25
Spoil'd Child, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Valentine and Orson, M. R. D.	<i>Dibdin</i>	12
Piccolomini, H. D. ( <i>from Schiller</i> )	<i>Coleridge</i>	56
Sailor's Daughter, c.	<i>Cumberland</i>	25
Tempest, c.	<i>Shakspeare</i>	31
Wanderer, c. <i>a gentleman of New-York</i>	<i>of New-York</i>	37
John Bull, c.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	31
Cabinet, c. o.	<i>Dibdin</i>	25
My grandmother, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Ways and means, c.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
Delinquent, c.	<i>Reynolds</i>	25
School for friends, c.	<i>Chambers</i>	31
Blue Beard, M. D. R. <i>2d edition</i>	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	18
Child of Nature, c.	<i>Inchbald</i>	19
Antonio, T.	<i>Godwin</i>	25
School for arrogance, c.	<i>Holcroft</i>	31
Caravan, R. D.	<i>Reynolds</i>	12
Lock and key, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Mountaineers, c. o.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
Inkle and Yarico, c. o.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
First Floor, F.	<i>Cobb</i>	12
Will for the deed, c.	<i>Dibdin</i>	12
Quaker, c. o.	<i>Dibdin, sen.</i>	12
Road to ruin, c.	<i>Holcroft</i>	25
Wild Oats; c.	<i>O'Keeffe</i>	31
Matrimony, c. o.	<i>Kenney</i>	12
Paul and Virginia, M. E.	<i>Cobb</i>	12
Romp, c. o.	<i>Bickerstaff</i>	12
Country Girl, c. ( <i>altered from Wycherly by Garrick</i> )	<i>Young</i>	25
Revenge, T.	<i>Young</i>	25
Rule a wife & have a wife, c. <i>Beaum. &amp; Fletcher</i>	<i>Beaum. &amp; Fletcher</i>	31
Love laughs at locksmiths, c. o.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	18
Weathercock, c. o.	<i>Allingham</i>	12
Songs in Glory of Columbia	<i>Dunlap</i>	6
More ways than one, c.	<i>Cowley</i>	25

THE  
CRITIC;  
OR,  
*A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.*  
A Dramatic Piece,  
IN THREE ACTS.

---

BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

---

*As performed at the*  
THEATRE ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE.

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,

At the Dramatic Repository,  
*Shakspeare Gallery.*

1807

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>
Dangle,	Mr. Dodd
Sneer,	Mr. Palmer
Sir Fretful Plagiary	Mr. Parsons
Signor Pasticcio Ritornello,	Mr. Delphini
Interpreter,	Mr. Baddeley
Under Prompter,	Mr. Phillimore
Puff,	Mr. King
Mrs. Dangle,	Mrs. Hopkins
Italian Girls,	{ Miss Field, and the Miss Abrams

## CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY.

Lord Burleigh,	Mr. Moody
Governor of Tilbury Fort,	Mr. Wrighten
Earl of Leicester,	Mr. Farren
Sir Walter Raleigh,	Mr. Burton
Sir Christopher Hatton,	Mr. Waldron
Master of the horse,	Mr. Kenny
Beefeater,	Mr. Wright
Justice,	Mr. Packer
Son,	Mr. Lamash
Constable,	Mr. Fawcett
Thames,	Mr. Gawdry
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
First Niece,	Miss Collet
Second Niece,	Miss Kirby
Justice's Lady,	Mrs. Johnston
Confidant,	Mrs. Bradshaw
Tilburina,	Miss Pope

Guards, constables, servants, chorus, rivers, attendants, &c. &c.

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

BY THE HONORABLE  
RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

---

The sister muses, whom the realms obey,  
Who o'er the drama hold divided sway,  
Sometimes, by evil counsellors, tis said  
Like earth-born potentates have been misled:  
In those gay days of wickedness and wit,  
When Villiers criticis'd what Dryden writ,  
The tragic queen, to please a tasteless crowd,  
Had learned to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,  
That frighten'd nature, her best friend before,  
The blust'ring beldam's company forswore.  
- Her comic sister, who had wit tis true,  
With all her merits, had her failings too;  
And would sometimes in mirthful moments use  
A style too flippant for a well-bred muse.  
Then female modesty abash'd, began  
To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,  
Awhile behind that slight entrenchment stood,  
Till driv'n from thence, she left the stage for good.  
In our more pious, and far chaster times!  
These sure no longer are the muse's crimes!  
But some complain, that, former faults to shun,  
The reformation to extremes has run.  
The frantic hero's wild delirium past,  
Now insipidity succeeds bombast;  
So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,  
Here dulness seems her drowsy court to keep,  
And we, are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep,  
Thalia, once so ill-behaved and rude,  
Reform'd, is now become an arrant prude,  
Retailing nightly to the yawning pit,  
The purest morals, undefiled by wit!

## PROLOGUE.

---

Our author offers in these motley scenes,  
A slight remonstrance to the drama's queens,  
Nor let the goddesses be over nice ;  
Free spoken subjects give the best advice.  
Although not quite a novice in his trade,  
His cause to-night requires no common aid,  
To this, a friendly, just and pow'rful court,  
I come ambassador to beg support.  
Can he undaunted, brave the critic's rage ?  
In civil broils, with brother bards engage ?  
Hold forth their errors to the public eye,  
Nay more, e'en news papers themselves defy ?  
Say, must his single arm encounter all ?  
By numbers vanquish'd, e'en the brave may fall ;  
And though no leader should success distrust,  
Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just ;  
To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,  
His chief dependence must be—your alliance.

---



---

THE  
C R I T I C.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*mr. and mrs. DANGLE at breakfast, and reading newspapers.*

*Dan. (reading)* ‘ Brutus to lord North.’—‘ Letter the second, on the state of the army.’—Pshaw!—‘ To the first L—dash D. of the A—dash Y.’—‘ Genuine extract of a letter from St. Kitt’s.’—‘ Coxheath intelligence.’—‘ It is now confidently asserted that sir Charles Hardy.’—Pshaw, nothing but about the fleet and the nation; and I hate all politics but theatrical politics. Where’s the Morning Chronicle?

*Mrs. Dan.* Yes, that’s your gazette.

*Dan.* So, here we have it.—

“*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*”——“ We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-Lane theatre, call’d the Spanish Armada, said to be written by mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world; if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.”——So! I am very glad my friend Puff’s tragedy



is in such forwardness. Mrs. Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy——

*Mrs. Dan.* Lord, mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—now the plays are begun I shall have no peace. Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? why can't you ride your hobby horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, mr. Dangle?

*Dan.* Nay, my dear, I was only going to read——

*Mrs. Dan.* No, no; you never will read any thing that's worth listening to: you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone—but you never will read any thing to entertain one.

*Dan.* What has a woman to do with politics, mrs. Dangle?

*Mrs. Dan.* And what have you to do with the theatre, mr. Dangle? why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you!—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? are not you call'd a theatrical quid-nunc, and a mook Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

*Dan.* True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—from lords to recommend fidlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements.

*Mrs. Dan.* Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit or even the credit of the abuse that attends it,

*Dan.* I am sure, mrs. Dangle, you are no looser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it: mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? and does not mr. Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it

is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? and didn't my friend, mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, mrs. Dangle?

*Mrs. Dan.* Yes; but wasn't the farce damn'd, mr. Dangle? and to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature! the very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics! yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually alarmed with misses and ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets! and what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolized the opera-house, haven't we the signors and signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semibreves and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats, with foreign emissaries and french spies, for ought I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers!

*Dan.* Mercy! mrs. Dangle!

*Mrs. Dan.* And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too, when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations, or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—but you—o'my conscience, I believe if the french were landed to-morrow, your first inquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

*Dan.* Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is “the mirror of nature,” and the actors are “the abstract and brief chronicles of the time:” and pray what can a man of sense study better? besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse.

*Mrs. Dan.* Ridiculous! both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions. The public is their critic—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

*Dan.* Very well, madam—very well.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

*Dan.* O, show mr. Sneer up. *[exit servant]*  
Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

*Mrs. Dan.* With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

*Dan.* You are enough to provoke——

*enter mr. SNEER.*

Hah, my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's mr. Sneer.

*Mrs. Dan.* Good morning to you, sir.

*Dan.* Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers. Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury-lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

*Sneer.* Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that, for tis written by a person of consequence.

*Dan.* So, now my plagues are beginning!

*Sneer.* Ay, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

*Dan.* It's a great trouble; yet, egad, its pleasant too. Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people

call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

*Sneer.* That must be very pleasant indeed.

*Dan.* And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

*Sneer.* An amusing correspondence.

*Dan.* (*reading*) 'Bursts into tears, and exit.' What, is this a tragedy?

*Sneer.* No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the french*; it is written in a stile which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it, from the beginning to the end.

*Mrs. Day.* Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage, there was some edification to be got from those pieces, mr. Sneer.

*Sneer.* I'm quite of your opinion, mrs. Dangle; the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment?

*Mrs. Dan.* It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

*Sneer.* Undoubtedly, madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

*Dan.* Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted; even Vanburgh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation.

*Sneer.* Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

*Dan.* Sneer can't even give the public a good word—but what have we here? this seems a very odd——

*Sneer.* O, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral—

you see it is called the 'Reformed House-breaker;' where, by the mere force of humor, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

*Dan* Egad, this is new indeed.

*Sneer* Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society, are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two. In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

*Dan* It is truly moral.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

*Dan* Beg him to walk up. (*exit servant*) Now, mrs. Dangle, sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

*Mrs Dan* I confess he is a favorite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

*Sneer* Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

*Dan* But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

*Sneer* Neyer. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

*Dan* Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

*Sneer* Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sore man alive, and shrinks like scorcht parchment from the

fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

*Dan.* There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

*Sneer.* You have read the tragedy he has just finisht, haven't you?

*Dan.* O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

*Sneer.* Well, and you think it execrable, dont you?

*Dan.* Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own tho' he's my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here, (*aside*)—finisht and most admirable perform—

(*sir FRETFUL, without*)

Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

*enter sir FRETFUL.*

Ah, my dear friend—egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, sir Fretful, admirable.

*Sneer.* You never did any thing beyond it, sir Fretful—never in your life.

*Sir Fret.* You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and mr. Dangle's.

*Mrs. Dan.* They are only laughing at you, sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

*Dan.* Mrs. Dangle! ah, sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now—he knows how she admires you, and—

*Sir Fret.* O Lord—I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—a damn'd double-faced fellow! (*aside*)

*Dan.* Yes, yes—Sneer will jest; but a better humored—

*Sir Fret.* O, I know.

*Dan.* He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

*Sir Fret.* No, egad; or I should wonder how he came by it. (*aside*)

*Mrs. Dan.* Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

*Dan.* But, sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

*Sir Fret.* No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you though. I sent it to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre this morning.

*Sneer.* I should have thought now, that it might have been cast, as the actors call it, better at Drury Lane.

*Sir Fret.* O lud, no—never send a play there while I live—harkee! (*whispers Sneer*)

*Sneer.* *Writes himself!* I know he does—

*Sir Fret.* I say nothing; I take away from no man's merit; am hurt at no man's good fortune; I say nothing. But this will I say, through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

*Sneer.* I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

*Sir Fret.* Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

*Sneer.* What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiarist?

*Sir Fret.* Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

*Sneer.* But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he*, you know, never—

*Sir Fret.* That's no security, A dext'rous plagiarist may do any thing. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

*Sneer.* That might be done, I dare be sworn.

*Sir Fret.* And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.

*Dan.* If it succeeds,

*Sir Fret.* Ay—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

*Sneer.* I'll tell how you may hurt him more——

*Sir Fret.* How?

*Sneer.* Swear he wrote it.

*Sir Fret.* Plague on't now, *Sneer*, I shall take it ill:—I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

*Sneer.* Then I'm sure you ought to be very much oblig'd to me.

*Sir Fret.* Hey!—sir!—

*Dan.* O you know, he never means what he says.

*Sir Fret.* Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

*Sir Fret.* But now come, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dan.* Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

*Sir Fret.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true. Why then, tho' I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir Fret.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir Fret.* Good God! you surprize me! wants incident.

*Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir Fret.* Good God!—believe me, mr. *Sneer*, there is no person for whose judgment I have more implicit deference. But I protest to you, mr. *Sneer*, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded——my dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dan.* Really I can't agree with my friend *Sneer*——



I think the plot quite sufficient ; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is, that the interest rather falls off in the fifth—

*Sir Fret.* —Rises ; I believe you mean, sir.

*Dan.* No ; I don't, upon my word.

*Sir Fret.* Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—no, no, it don't fall off.

*Dan.* Now, mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light.

*Mrs Dan.* No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

*Sir Fret.* Upon my soul the women are the best judges after all.

*Mrs. Dan.* Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece ; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir Fret.* Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of time ; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out ?

*Mrs. Dan.* O Lud ! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir Fret.* Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play it a short play, a remarkably short play ; I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste ; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. Dan.* Then, I suppose, it must have been mr. Dangle's drawing manner of reading it to me,

*Sir Fret.* O, if mr. Dangle read it ! that's quite another affair. But I assure you, mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Mrs. Dan.* I hope to see it on the stage next.

*Dan.* Well, sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to

get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir Fret.* The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them, no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dan.* You are quite right; for it must certainly hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir Fret.* No! quite the contrary; their abuse is in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.* Why that's true, and that attack now on you the other day——

*Sir Fret.* ——What? where?

*Dan.* Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natur'd to be sure.

*Sir Fret.* O, so much the better.—ha, ha, ha!——I wou'dn't have it otherwise.

*Dan.* Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at; for——

*Sir Fret.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle, sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

*Sir Fret.* O Lud, no! anxious, not I, not the least. I—but one may as well hear you know.

*Dan.* Sneer, do you recollect?——make out something. (*aside*)

*Sneer.* I will, (to Dangle)——Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir Fret.* Well, and pray now, not that it signifies, what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; tho' you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha, ha!——very good.

*Sneer.* That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-

book—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost-and-stolen office.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha, ha ! very pleasant.

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste. But that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you ; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha !

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression ; but the homeliness of the sentiments stare thro' the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha !

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-wolsey ; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fret.* Ha'——

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating ; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

*Sir Fret* (*after great agitation*)—Now another person would be vex'd at this

*Sneer.* Oh, but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir Fret.* I know it—I *am* diverted,—ha, ha, ha !—not the least invention, ha, ha, ha, very good, very good.

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius, ha, ha, ha.

*Dan.* A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha, but you are quite right, sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fret.* To be sure; for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good-natured friend or another!

*enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, there is an italian gentleman, with a french interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by lady Rondeau and mrs. Fuge.

*Dan.* Gadso, they come by appointment. Dear mrs. Dangle, do let them know I'll see them directly.

*Mrs. Dan.* You know, mr. Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

*Dan.* But you hear there's an interpreter.

*Mrs. Dan.* Well, I'll try to endure their complaisance till you come. *[exit*

*Ser.* And mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

*Dan.* That's true—I shall certainly be at home. *(exit servant)* Now, sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—egad, mr. Puff's your man.

*Sir Fret.* Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

*Dan.* True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what mr. Sneer—

*Sir Fret.* Zounds, no, mr. Dangle, dont I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

*Dan.* Nay, I only thought—

*Sir Fret.* And let me tell you, mr. Dangle, tis damn'd affronting in you, to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

*Sneer.* But why so warm, sir Fretful?

*Sir Fret.* Gadslife! mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me, but your supposing it possible for me to

mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me! and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen—and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it—with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so your servant. *[Exit]*

*Sneer.* Ha, ha, ha! poor sir Fretful! now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors. But, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

*Dan.* I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

*Sneer.* I am at your disposal the whole morning—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music, as well as in literature.

*Dan.* So I am—but I have a bad ear. Efaith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on sir Fretful—though he is my friend.

*Sneer.* Why, tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which mere dulness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarters nor pity.

*Dan.* That's true egad—though he's my friend!

SCENE II.—*a drawing-room, harpsichord, &c. Italian family, french interpreter.*

*MRS. DANGLE and servants, discovered.*

*Interp.* Je dis madame, ja'i l'honneur to introduce & de vous demander votre protection pour le signor Pasticcio Retornello & pour sa charmonte famille.

*Sig. Past.* Ah, voignoria noi vi preghiamo di favoritevi colla vostra protezione.

1st Daugh. Vosignoria fatevi questi grazzie.

2d Daugh. Si signora.

*Interp.* Madame—*me interpret.* C'est à dire—in english—qu'ils vous prient de leur faire l'honneur—

*Mrs. Dan.* I say again, gentlemen, I dont understand a word you say

*Sig. Past.* Questo signore spiegherò.

*Interp.* Oui—*me interpret*—nous avons les lettres de recommandation pour monsieur Dangle de—

*Mrs. Dan.* Upon my word, sir, I dont understand you.

*Sig. Past.* La contesse rondeau e nostra padrona.

3d Daugh. Si, padre, & mi ladi Fuge.

*Interp.* O ! *me interpret.* Madame, ils desent—in english—qu'ils ont l'honneur d'être proteges de ces denias. *You understand ?*

*Mrs. Dan.* No, sir—no understand !

*enter DANGLE and SNEER.*

*Interp.* Ah voici monsieur Dangle !

*All Italians.* A ! signor Dangle !

*Mrs. Dan.* Mr. Dangle, here are two very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I dont know which is the interpreter.

*Dan.* Ebien !

*Interp.* Monsieur Dangle—le grand bruit de vos talents pour la critique & de votre interest avec messieurs les directeurs a tous les theatres.

*Sig. Past.* Vosignoria siete si famoso par la vostra conoscenza e vostra interessa colla le direttore da—

*speaking together.*

*Dan.* Egad I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two.

*Sneer.* Why, I thought, Dangle, you had been an admirable linguist.

*Dan.* So I am, if they would not talk so damn'd fast.

*Sneer.* Well, I'll explain that—the less time we lose in hearing them the better ; for that I suppose is what they are brought here for.

(Sneer speaks to sig. Past.—*They sing trios, &c. Dangle beating out of time. Servant enters and whispers Dangle*)

Dan. Show him up. (*exit servant*) Bravo! admirable! bravissima! admirabilissimo! ah, Sneer, where will you find such as these voices in England?

Sneer. Not easily.

Dan. But Puff is coming.—Signor and little signoria's—obligatissimo! sposa signora Dangelena—mrs. Dangle, shall I beg you to offer them some refreshments, and take their address in the next room.

[*exit mrs. Dangle with the italians and interpreter ceremoniously*]

re-enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Puff, sir!

Dan. My dear Puff!

enter PUFF.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honor of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendant judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir——

Dan. Nay, dont be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*. I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or any body else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging—I believe, mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business

in that way as any six of the fraternity in town—devilish hard work all the summer—friend Dangle, never worked harder ! but harkee—the winter managers were a little sore I believe.

*Dan.* No, I believe they took it all in good part.

*Puff.* Ay—then that must have been affectation in them, for egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at !

*Sneer.* Ay, the humorous ones. But I should think mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

*Puff.* Why yes—but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends ? no such thing—nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

*Sneer.* Indeed !

*Puff.* Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's ! take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues.—No, sir ;—twas I first enriched their style—twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms ! from me they learned to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exortic metaphor : by me too their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil ! or, on emergencies, to raise up-start oaks, where there never had been an acorn ; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbor ; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire.

*Dan.* I am sure you have done them infinite service ;



for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

*Sneer.* Service ! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him, they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus. But pray, mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way ?

*Puff.* Egad, sir—sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention : you must know, mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for sometime after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed !

*Sneer.* How, pray ?

*Puff.* Sir, I supported myself two years intirely by my misfortunes.

*Sneer.* By your misfortunes !

*Puff.* Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders ; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

*Sneer.* From sickness and misfortunes ! you practised as a doctor, and an attorney at once ?

*Puff.* No, egad, both maladies and miseries were my own.

*Sneer.* Hey ! what the plague !

*Dan.* Tis true, efaith.

*Puff.* Harkee, by advertisements—‘ to the charitable and humane !’ and ‘ to those whom providence hath blessed with affluence !’

*Sneer.* Oh, I understand you.

*Puff.* And, in truth I deserved what I got, for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time ! sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes ! then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times ! I lived upon those fires a month—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs ! that told

very well, for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

*Dan.* Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

*Puff.* In November last? o no! I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend—I was afterwards, twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption! I was then reduced to—o no, then, I became a widow with six helpless children—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with-child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

*Sneer.* And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

*Puff.* Why, yes, though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left of killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gout, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favorite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

*Sneer.* Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

*Puff.* Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

*Sneer.* Reduced to rule!

*Puff.* O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts—the principals are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by

implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of letter to the editor—occasional anecdote—impartial critique—observations from correspondents—or advertisement from the party.

*Sneer.* The puff direct, I can conceive—

*Puff.* O yes, that's simple enough—for instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres, though by the bye they dont bring out half what they ought to do, the author, suppose mr. Smatter or mr. Dapper—or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author—and only add—characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fund of genuine humor—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! then for the performance—mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of sir Harry! that universal and judicious actor, mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to mr. King! indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! as to the scenery—the miraculous power of mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged! in short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!—

*Sneer.* That's pretty well indeed, sir.

*Puff.* O cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do.

*Sneer.* And do you think there are any who are influenced by this.

*Puff.* O, lud! yes, sir; the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

*Sneer.* Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

*Puff.* O that, sir, does well in the form of a *caution*. In a matter of galantry now—sir Flimsy Gossimer, wishes to be well with lady Fanny Fete—he applies to

me— I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the *Morning Post*.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, sir F dash G ; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments* !—in italics. Here, you see, sir Flimsy Gossimer is introduced to the particular notice of lady Fanny—who, perhaps never thought of him before—she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him ; the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces a sort of sympathy of interest—which, if sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry !

*Dan.* Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

*Puff.* Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote. Yesterday as the celebrated George Bonmot was sauntering down st. James'-street, he met the lively lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the park—' good God, lady Mary, I'm surprized to meet you in a white jacket—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full-trimm'd uniform and a light horseman's cap !'—heavens, George, where could you have learn'd that ?' ' why, replied the wit, I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine*, which, by the bye, is a devilish clever thing—and is sold at no. 3. on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, price only one shilling !'

*Sneer.* Very ingenious indeed !

*Puff.* But the puff collusive is the newest of any ; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprizing poets—an in-

dignant correspondent observes—that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fete Champetre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! the severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly colored for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age! here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth. First, that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that every body buys it: on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for Scan. Mag!

*Dan.* Ha, ha, 'ha! gad, I know it is so

*Puff.* As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance; it attracts in titles and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommmodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favored member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honor* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands—to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity—yielding a tablature of be-

nevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius; the register of charity; the triumph of heroism; the self defence of contractors; the fame of orators; and the gazette of ministers!

*Sneer.* Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your tragedy—

*Puff.* Hush, for heaven's sake—*my* tragedy! egad, Dangle, I take this very ill—you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

*Dan.* Efaith, I would not have told—but it's in the papers, and your name at length—in the Morning Chronicle.

*Puff.* Ah, those damn'd editors never can keep a secret—well, mr. Sneer, no doubt you will do me great honor—I shall be infinitely happy—highly flattered—

*Dan.* I believe it must be near the time—shall we go together?

*Puff.* No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that théâtre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. (*looking at memorandums*) Here is 'a conscientious baker, on the subject of the army bread;' and 'a detester of visible brick-work, in favor of the new-invented stucco;' both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow. The Thames navigation too is at a stand. Misomud or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly. Here too are some political memorandums I see; ay—to take Paul Jones, and get the indiamen out of the Shannon—reinforce Byron—compel the dutch to—so! I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald, for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow; besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post. So, egad, I ha'n't a moment to lose!

*Dan.* Well! we'll meet in the green room.

[~~exits~~ *separately*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I—the theatre.

*enter DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER, as before the curtain.*

*Puff.* No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore, when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes any thing like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy the Spanish Armada; and have laid the scene before Tilbury fort.

*Sneer.* A most happy thought certainly.

*Dan.* Egad it was, I told you so. But pray now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

*Puff.* Love! Oh, nothing so easy; for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic out-line for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now, I rather think I have done this with some success.

*Sneer.* No scandal about queen Elizabeth, I hope?

*Puff.* O lud! no, no, I only suppose the governor of Tilbury fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the spanish admiral.

*Sneer.* Oh, is that all?

*Dan.* Excellent, efaith ! I see it at once ; but won't this appear rather improbable ?

*Puff.* To be sure it will—but what the plague ! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that, though they never *did*, they might happen.

*Sneer.* Certainly, nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

*Puff.* Very true, and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the spanish ambassador ; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture ; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason. However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad ! she is in love like any princess.

*Dan.* Poor young lady ! I feel for her already ; for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty ; her love for her country, and her love for don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

*Puff.* O amazing ;—her poor susceptible heart is sway-ed to and fro, by contending passions like—

*enter UNDER PROMPTER.*

*Und. Prompt.* Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin, if you please.

*Puff.* Egad, then we'll lose no time.

*Und. Prompt.* Though I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

*Puff.* Hey, what ?

*Und. Prompt.* You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot ; and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

*Puff.* Well, well ; they are in general very good judges, and I know I am luxuriant. Now, mr. Hop-



kins, as soon as you please.

*Und. Prompt.* (to the music) Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

*Puff.* Ay, that's right—for as we have the scenes and dresses, egad, we'll go to't as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the acts. *[Exit Under Prompter*

*(orchestra play; then the bell rings)*

Soh! stand clear, gentlemen. Now you know there will be a cry of down!—down!—hats off!—silence!—then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us.

SCENE II—the curtain rises and discovers Tilbury fort.

*two centinels asleep.*

*Dan.* Tilbury fort—very fine indeed.

*Puff.* Now what do you think I open with?

*Sneer.* Faith, I can't guess.

*Puff.* A clock. Hark! *(clock strikes)* I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

*Dan.* But, pray, are the centinels to be asleep?

*Puff.* Fast as watchmen.

*Sneer.* Isn't that odd though at such an alarming crisis?

*Puff.* To be sure it is; but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them; so, egad, I must either have sent them—<sup>or</sup> their posts, or set them asleep.

*Sneer.* ~~O~~ that accounts for it. But, tell us, who are these coming?

*Puff.* These are they—sir Walter Raleigh and sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes, famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now attend.

*enter sir WALTER RALEIGH and sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON.*

*"Sir Chris. — True, gallant Raieigh!" —*

*Dan* What, they had been talking before?

*Puff.* O, yes; all the way as they came along. I beg pardon, gentlemen, (*to the actors*) but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us. Don't mind interrupting them whenever any thing strikes you. (*to Sneer and Dangle*)

*"Sir Chris. — True, gallant Raleigh!*

But o, thou champion of thy country's fame,

There is a question which I yet must ask;

A question, which I never ask'd before—

What mean these mighty armaments?

This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?"

*Sneer.* Pray, mr. Puff, how came sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

*Puff.* What, before the play began? how the plague could he?

*Dan.* That's true, efaith!

*Puff.* But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

*"Sir Chris.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold  
Yon tented plains in martial symmetry  
Array'd.—When I count o'er yon glittering lines  
Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,  
And valor-breathing trumpet's shrill appeal,  
Responsive vibrate on my list'ning ear;  
When virgin majesty herself I view,  
Like her protecting Pallas veil'd in steel,

With graceful confidence exhort to arms;  
 When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp  
 Of martial vigilance and stern defence,  
 I cannot but surmise. Forgive, my friend,  
 If the conjecture's rash—I cannot but  
 Surmise.—The state some danger apprehends!"

*Sneer.* A very cautious conjecture that.

*Puff.* Yes, that's his character; not to give an opinion  
 but on secure grounds—now then.

"*Sir Wal.* O, most accomplished Christopher"—

*Puff.* He calls him by his christian name, to show that  
 they are on the most familiar terms.

"*Sir Wal.* O, most accomplished Christopher, I find  
 Thy staunch sagacity still tracks the future,  
 In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past."

*Puff.* Figurative.

"*Sir Wal.* Thy fears are just.

*Sir Chris.* But where? whence? when? and what  
 The danger is—methinks I fain would learn.

*Sir Wal.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolv-  
 ing suns,

And three revolving moons, have closed their course,  
 Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,  
 With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

*Sir Chris.* — I know it well.

*Sir Wal.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king.

*Sir Chris.* He is.

*Sir Wal.* — His subjects in base bigotry  
 And catholic oppression held—while we  
 You know, the protestant persuasion hold.

*Sir Chris.* We do.

*Sir Wal.* You know beside—his boasted armament,  
 The famed armada—by the pope baptized,  
 With purpose to invade these realms—

*Sir Chris.* — Is fail'd,  
 Our last advices so report.

*Sir Chris.* While the iberian admiral's chief hope,  
 His darling son—

*Sir Chris.* — Ferolo Whiskerandos hight—

*Sir Wal.* The same—by chance a prisoner hath been  
ta'en,

And in this fort of Tilbury—

*Sir Chris.* ——— Is now

Confined—tis true, and oft from yon tall turret's top  
I've markt the youthful spaniard's haughty mein  
Unconquer'd, though in chains.

*Sir Wal.* ——— You also know"—

*Dan.* Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does sir  
Walter go on telling him?

*Puff.* But the audience are not supposed to know any  
thing of the matter, are they?

*Sneer.* True, but I think you manage ill: for there  
certainly appears no reason why sir Walter should be so  
communicative.

*Puff.* For, egad now, that is one of the most ungrate-  
ful observations I ever heard—for the less inducement  
he has to tell all this, the more, I think, you ought to  
be obliged to him; for I'm sure you'd know nothing of  
the matter without it.

*Dan.* That's very true, upon my word.

*Puff.* But you will find he was *not* going on.

"*Sir Chris.* Enough, enough—tis plain—and I no  
more

Am in amazement lost!"

*Puff.* Here, now you see, sir Christopher did not in  
fact ask any one question for his own information.

*Sneer.* No, indeed:—his has been a most disinterest-  
ed curiosity.

*Dan.* Really, I find, we are very much obliged to  
them both.

*Puff.* To be sure you are. Now then for the com-  
mander in chief, the earl of Leicester, who, you know,  
was no favorite but of the queen's.—We left off—"in  
amazement lost."

"*Sir Chris.* ——— Am in amazement lost.

But, see where noble Leicester comes! supreme  
In honors and command.

*Sir Wal.* And yet methinks,

At such a time, so perilous, so fear'd,  
That staff might well become an abler grasp.

*Sir Chris.* And so, by heaven, think I; but soft,  
he's here!"

*Puff.* Ay, they envy him.

*Sneer.* But who are these with him?

*Puff.* O! very valiant knights; one is the governor  
of the fort, the other the master of the horse. And now,  
I think you shall hear some better language: I was ob-  
liged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, be-  
cause there was so much matter of fact in it; but now,  
cfaith, you have trope, figure and métaphor, as plenty  
as noun-substantives.

*enter the* EARL OF LEICESTER, *the* GOVERNOR,  
*and others.*

"*E. of Leic.* How's this, my friends! is't thus your  
new fledg'd zeal

And plumed valor moulds in roosted sloth?  
Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,  
Whose red'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,  
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm,  
Can the quick current of a patriot heart,  
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,  
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?

No! rather let the fountain of your valor  
Spring through each stream of enterprize,  
Each petty channel of conducive daring,  
Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath  
O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!"

*Puff.* There it is—follow't up!

"*Sir Wal.* No more! the fresh'ning breath of thy re-  
buke

Hath fill'd the swelling canvass of our souls!  
And thus, though fate should cut the cable of  
(*all take hands*)

Our topmast hopes, in friendship's closing line  
We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,  
We'll fall in glory's wake.

*E. of Leic.* There spoke old England's genius!  
Then, are we all resolved?

*All.* We are—all resolved.

*E. of Leic.* To conquer—or be free?

*All.* To conquer, or be free.

*E. of Leic.* All?

*All.* All."

*Dan. Nem. con. egad!*

*Puff.* O yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

"*E. of Leic.* Then let's embrace—and now"—

*Sneer.* What the plague, is he going to pray?

*Puff.* Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer.

"*E. of Leic.* O mighty Mars!"

*Dan.* But why should he pray to *Mars*?

*Puff.* Hush!

"*E. of Leic.* — If in thy homage bred,  
Each point of discipline I've still observed:  
Nor but by due promotion, and the right  
Of service, to the rank of major-general  
Have risen; assist thy votary now!

*Gov.* Yet do not rise—hear me.

*Mast of horse.* And me.

*Knight.* And me.

*Sir Wal.* And me.

*Sir Chris.* And me."

*Puff.* Now pray altogether.

"*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,  
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;  
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,  
And sanctify whatever means they use  
To gain them."

*Sneer.* A very orthodox quintetto!

*Puff.* Vastly well, gentlemen. Is that well managed or not? have you such a prayer as that on the stage?

*Sneer.* Not exactly.

*E. of Leic. (to Puff)* But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

*Puff* You could not go off kneeling, could you ?

*Sir Wal* (to *Puff*) O no, sir, impossible.

*Puff*. It would have a good effect, efaith, if you could. Exeunt praying !—yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

*Sneer*. O never mind, so as you get them off, I'll answer for it the audience won't care how.

*Puff*. Well then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

"*All*, And sanctify whatever means we use to gain them."  
[*exeunt*]

*Dan*. Bravo ! a fine exit.

*Sneer*. Well, really mr. *Puff*——

*Puff*. Stay a moment——

[*the centinels get up*]

"*1st Cent*. All this shall to lord Burleigh's ear.

*2d Cent*. Tis meet it should."  
[*exeunt centinels*]

*Dan*. Hey ! why, I thought those fellows had been asleep ?

*Puff*. Only a pretence, there's the art of it ; they were spies of lord Burleigh's.

*Sneer*. But isn't it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander in chief ?

*Puff*. O lud, sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always connived at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

*Dan*. That's certain.

*Puff*. But take care, my dear *Dangle*, the morning gun is going to fire. [*cannon fires*]

*Dan*. Well, that will have a fine effect.)

*Puff*. I think so, and helps to realize the scene.——  
[*cannon twice*] What the plague ! *three* morning guus ! there never is but one :—ay, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no cannon to fire ?

*Prompt.* (from within) No, sir.

*Puff.* Now then for soft music.

*Sneer.* Pray, what's that for?

*Puff.* It shows that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces your heroine like soft music. Here she comes.

*Dan.* And her confidant, I suppose?

*Puff.* To be sure: here they are—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! (*soft music*)

*enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT.*

“*Tilb.* Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn  
Bad nature's voice, and nature's beauty rise;  
While orient Phœbus with unborrow'd hues,  
Clothes the waked loveliness which all night slept  
In heavenly drapery! darkness is fled.

Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,  
And blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.

The stript carnation, and the guarded rose,

The vulgar wall-flower, and smart gillyflower,

The polyanthus mean—the dapper daizy,

Sweet William, and sweet marjorum—and all

The tribe of single and of double pinks!

Now too, the feather'd warblers tune their notes

Around, and charm the listening grove. The lark,

The linnet, chafinch, bullfinch, goldfinch, greenfinch,

—But o to me, no joy can they afford!

Nor rose, nor wall-flower, nor smart gillyflower,

Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daizy,

Nor William sweet, nor marjorum—nor lark,

Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!”

*Puff.* Your white handkerchief, madam—

*Tilb.* I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that till, ‘heart rending woe.’

*Puff.* O yes, madam, ‘at the finches of the grove,’ if you please.

“*Tilb.* ————— Nor lark,

Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove! (*weeps*)

*Puff.* Vastly well, madam.



*Dan.* Vastly well, indeed.

*"Tilb.* For, o toosure, heart rending woe is now  
The lot of wretched Tilburina!

*Dan.* O—tis too much.

*Sneer.* Oh!—it is indeed.

*"Conf.* Be comforted, sweet lady—for who knows  
But heaven has yet some milk-white day in store.

*"Tilb.* Alas, my gentle Nora,  
Thy tender youth, as yet hath never mourn'd  
Love's fatal dart. Else wouldst thou know, that when  
The soul is sunk in comfortless despair,  
It cannot taste of merriment.

*Dan.* That's certain.

*"Conf.* But see where your stern father comes ;  
It is not meet that he should find you thus.

*Puff.* Hey, what the plague ! what a cut is here—why  
what is become of the descriptions of her first meeting  
with don Whiskerandos ? his gallant behavior in the sea  
fight, and the similie of the canary bird ?

*Tilb.* Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be miss'd.

*Puff.* Very well—very well !

*Tilb.* The cue, ma'am, if you please.

*"Conf.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.

*Tilb.* Thou counselest right, but tis no easy task  
For bare-faced grief to wear a mask of joy.

*enter GOVERNOR.*

*"Gov.* How's this—in tears?—o Tilburina, shame!  
Is this a time for maudling tenderness  
And Cupid's baby woes?—hast thou not heard  
That haughty Spain's Pope consecrated fleet  
Advances to our shores, while England's fate,  
Like a clipp'd guinea, trembles in the scale.

*"Tilb.* Then, is the crisis of *my* fate at hand ?  
I see the fleets approach—I see——

*Puff.* Now, pray gentlemen, mind. This is one of  
the most useful figures we tragedy-writers have, by  
which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being

often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allowed to hear and see a number of things that *are* not.

*Sneer.* Yes—a kind of poetical second-sight!

*Puff.* Yes, now then, madam.

“*Tilb.* ————— I see their decks  
Are clear’d——I see the signal made!  
The line is form’d——a cable’s length asunder!  
I see the frigates stationed in the rear;  
And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!  
I hear the victors shouts——I also hear  
The vanquisht groan—and now tis smoke—and now  
I see the loose sails shiver in the wind?  
I see——I see——what soon you’ll see——

“*Gov.* Hold daughter! peace, this love hath turn’d  
thy brain:  
The spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because  
——It is not yet in sight!”

*Dan.* Egad, though, the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

*Puff.* No, a plain matter of fact man—that’s his character.

“*Tilb.* But will you then refuse his offer?

*Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

*Tilb.* Think what a noble price.

*Gov.* No more——you urge in vain.

*Tilb.* His liberty is all he asks.”

*Sinner.* All *who* asks mr. Puff? who is—

*Puff.* Egad, sir, I can’t tell. Here has been such cutting and slashing, I dont know where they have got to myself.

“*Tilb.* Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

——And your reward secure.”

*Puff.* O, if they hadn’t been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that don Whisker-andos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded Tilburina to make this proposal to her father—and now pray observe the conciseness with which the

argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro & con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the french.

*Tilb.* A retreat in Spain!

*Gov.* Outlawry here?

*Tilb.* Your daughter's prayer!

*Gov.* Your father's oath!

*Tilb.* My lover!

*Gov.* My country!

*Tilb.* Tilburina!

*Gov.* England!

*Tilb.* A title!

*Gov.* Honor!

*Tilb.* A pension!

*Gov.* Conscience!

*Tilb.* A thousand pounds!

*Gov.* Hah, thou hast toucht me nearly!"

*Puff.* There you see——she threw in *Tilburina*, quick, parry carte with *England*! hah, thrust in tierce a title——parried by honor. Hah, a pension over the arm——but by conscience. Then flankonade with a thousand pounds——and a palpable hit, egad.

*Tilb.* Canst thou——

Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter* too?

*Gov.* No more; I would not hear thee plead in vain, The *father* softens—but the *governor* Is fixt."

*Dan.* Ay, that antithesis of persons—is a most establish'd figure.

*Tilb.* Tis well——hence then fond hopes——fond passion hence;

Duty, behold I am all over thine——

*Whisk* (without) Where is my love——my——

*Tilb.* Ha. -

*Whisk.* (entering) My beauteous enemy——"

*Puff.* O dear, ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that; consider you had just determined in favor of duty——when, in a moment the sound of his voice

revives your passion—overthrows your resolution—destroys your obedience. If you don't express all that in your start—you do nothing at all.

*Tilb.* Well, we'll try again.

*Dan.* Speaking from within, has always a fine effect.

*Sneer.* Very.

*“Whisk-* My conquering Tilburina; how! is't thus  
We meet? why are thy looks averse? what means  
That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?

Hah, now indeed I am a prisoner!

Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these  
Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina,  
Thy doating captive gloried in before.—

But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone.

*Tilb.* O no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina.

*Whisk.* Art thou then true? begone cares,  
doubts, and fears,

I make you all a present to the winds;

And if the winds reject you—try the waves.”

*Puff.* The wind you know, is the established receiver  
of all stolen sighs, and cast off griefs and apprehensions.

*“Tilb.* Yet must we part?—stern duty seals our  
doom:

Though here I call you conscious clouds to witness,

Could I pursue the bias of my soul,

All friends, all right of parents, I'd disclaim,

And thou, my Whiskerandos, should'st be father

And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,

And friend to me!

*Whisk.* O matchless excellence!—and must we  
part?

Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case,

The less is said the better.

*Puff.* Hey day! here's a cut!—what, are all the  
mutual protestations out?

*Tilb.* Now, pray sir, don't interrupt us here, you ruin  
our feelings.

*Puff.* Your feelings ! but zounds, *my* feelings, ma'am.

*Sneer.* No ; pray don't interrupt them.

" *Whisk.* One last embrace.—

*Tilb.* Now——farewel, for ever.

*Whisk.* For ever.

*Tilb.* Ay, for ever." (*going*)

*Puff.* S'death and fury—gadslife, sir, madam, if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out—Here, here.

*Conf.* But pray, sir, how am *I* to get off here ?

*Puff.* You, pshaw ! what the devil signifies how *you* get off ; edge away at the top, or where you will—  
[*pushes the confidant off*] now, ma'am, you see——

*Tilb.* We understand you, sir.

Ay, for ever.

*Both.* Oh !——" [*turning back and exeunt.*]

[*scene closes*]

*Dan.* O charming.

*Puff.* Hey—tis pretty well I believe, you see I don't attempt to strike out any thing new ; but I take it I improve on the established modes.

*Sneer.* You do indeed. But pray is not queen Elizabeth to appear ?

*Puff.* No, not once, but she is to be talk'd of for ever ; so that, egad, you'll think a hundred times that she is on the point of coming in.

*Sneer.* Hang it, I think its a pity to keep *her* in the green room all night.

*Puff.* O no, that always has a fine effect, it keeps up expectation.

*Dan.* But are we not to have a battle ?

*Puff.* Yes, yes, you will have a battle at last, but, egad, it's not to be by land, but by sea, and that is the only quite new thing in the piece.

*Dan.* What, Drake at the armada, hey ?

*Puff.* Yes efaith, fire ships and all, then we shall end with the procession.—Hey, that will do I think.

*Sneer.* No doubt on't.

*Puff.* Come, we must not lose time, so now for the under plot.

*Sneer.* What the plague, have you another plot?

*Puff.* O Lord, yes, ever while you live, have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them, is only to let your under plot have as little connexion with your main plot as possible. I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine, for as in my chief plot, the characters are all great people, I have laid my under plot in low life, and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce. Now Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

*enter UNDER PROPTER.*

*Und. Prompt.* Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

*Puff.* The park scene, no, I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

*Und. Prompt.* Sir, the performers have cut it out.

*Puff.* Cut it out.

*Und. Prompt.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* What, the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

*Und. Prompt.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

*Und. Prompt.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* So, so, this is very fine indeed; Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

*Hopk. (from within)* Sir, indeed the pruning knife—

*Puff.* The pruning knife—zounds the axe; why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently. Very well, sir, the performers must do as they please, but upon my soul. I'll print it every word.

*Sneer.* That I would indeed.

*Puff.* Very well, sir, then we must go on—zounds, I would not have parted with the description of the

horse! well, sir, go on, sir, it was one of the finest and most labored things. Very well, sir, let them go on—there you had him and his accoutrement; from the bit to the crupper; very well, sir, we must go to the park scene.

*Und. Prompt.* Sir, there is the point, the carpenters say, that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

*Puff.* So, this is a pretty dilemma truly. Gentlemen, you must excuse me, these fellows will never be ready, unless I go and look after them myself.

*Sneer.* O dear sir, these little things will happen—

*Puff.* To cut out this scene—but I'll print it—egad, I'll print it every word. [circum]

*End of Act*

### A C T III.

SCENE I—*before the curtain.*

*enter PUFF, SNEER, and DANGLE.*

*Puff.* Well, we are ready, now then for the justices. *(curtain rises; justices, constables, &c. discovered)*

*Sneer.* This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

*Puff.* To be sure—there has not been one yet.

*Dan.* It is the under plot, isn't it?

*Puff.* Yes. What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

*Just.* If you please, sir.

*Puff.* O very well—harkee, I don't choose to say any thing more, but esfaith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

*Dan.* It's a great pity.

*Puff.* Now then, mr. justice, if you please,

"*Just.* Are all the volunteers without?

*Const.* ————— They are,  
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.

*Just.* Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious  
fame

And clear convicted crimes have stamp't him soldier?

*Const.* He waits your pleasure; eager to repay  
The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields  
Of glory, there to raise his branded head  
In honor's cause.

*Just.* Tis well——tis justice arms him.  
O, may he now defend his country's laws  
With half the spirit he has broke them all.  
If tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.

*Const.* I fly, the herald of your will.

(*exit Constable*)

*Puff.* Quick, sir——

*Sneer.* But, mr. Puff, I think not only the justice,  
but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the  
first hero among them.

*Puff.* Heaven forbid they should not in a free coun-  
ty. Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and  
giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

*Dan.* That's very noble in you indeed.

*enter JUSTICE'S LADY,*

*Puff.* Now pray mark this scene,

*"Lady.* Forgive this interruption, good my love;  
But as I just now past, a pris'ner youth  
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seiz'd  
My fluttering heart. and to myself I said,  
An if our Tom had liv'd, he'd surely been  
This stripling's height.

*Just.* Ha, sure some powerful sympathy directs  
Us both——

*enter SON and CONSTABLE.*

*Just.* What is thy name?

*Son.* My name's Tom Jenkins—*alias*, have I none—



Though orphan'd, and without a friend.

*Just.* Thy parents?

*Son.* My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,  
As I have heard—a fishmonger—no more."

*Puff.* What, sir, do you leave out the account of your  
birth, parentage and education?

*Son.* "They have settled it so, sir, here."

*Puff.* Oh, oh.

"*Lady.* How loudly nature whispers to my heart!  
Had he no other name?"

*Son.* ——— I've seen a bill  
Of his, sign'd *Tomkins*, creditor.

*Just.* This does indeed confirm each circumstance  
The gypsy told—prepare!

*Son.* I do.

*Just.* No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—  
*I* am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*  
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those  
Are all your near relations.

*Moth.* O ecstasy of bliss.

*Son.* O most unlook'd for happiness!

*Just.* O wonderful event. (*they faint alternately in  
each other's arms.*)

*Puff.* There, you see relationship, like murder, will  
out.

"*Just.* Now let's revive—else were this joy too  
much!

But come—and we'll unfold the rest within,  
And thou my boy must needs want rest and food.  
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,  
To find a father, where he least expects." [exunt]

*Puff.* What do you think of that?

*Dan.* One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw.  
Why, this under-plot would have made a tragedy itself,

*Sneer.* Ay, or a comedy either.

*Puff.* And keeps quite clear you see of the other.

*enter SCENEMAN, taking away the seats.*

*Puff.* The scene remains, does it?

*Scenem.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* You are to leave one chair you know—but it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse-liveries to remove things—I wish that could be managed better.} So now for my mysterious yeoman.

*enter a BEEFEATER.*

*“ Beefeater.* Perdition catch my soul but *I* do love thee.”

*Sneer.* Haven't I heard that line before ?

*Puff.* No, I fancy not—where pray ?

*Dan.* Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

*Puff.* Gad, now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is, but that's of no consequence ; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

*Sneer.* Very true.

*Puff.* Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit—that's a rule.

*“ Beefeater.* Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,

It never can endure a rival's bliss !

But soft—I am observed.”

[*exit Beefeater*]

*Dan.* That's a very short soliloquy:

*Puff.* Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

*Sneer.* A most sentimental Beefeater that, mr. Puff.

*Puff.* Harkee—I would not have you be too sure that he is a Beefeater.

*Sneer.* What, a hero in disguise ?

*Puff.* No matter—I only give you a hint—but now for my principal character—here he comes—lord Burleigh in person. Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the lord high treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect.

*enter BURLEIGH, goes slowly to a chair and sits.*

*Sneer.* Mr. Puff.

*Puff.* Hush—vastly well, sir ; vastly well, a most interesting gravity.

*Dan.* What, isn't he to speak at all ?

*Puff.* Egad, I thought you'd ask me that—yes it is a very likely thing—that a minister in his situation with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk ! but hush, or you'll put him out.

*Sneer.* Put him out ! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say any thing ?

*Puff.* There's a reason ! why, his part is to *think*, and and how the plague ! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking ?

*Dan.* That's very true, upon my word.

*[Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exits]*

*Sneer.* He is very perfect indeed. Now, pray what did he mean by that ?

*Puff.* You dont take it ?

*Sneer.* No ; I don't upon my soul.

*Puff.* Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures—yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people—the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the spanish monarchy

*Sneer.* The devil ! did he mean all that by shaking his head ?

*Puff.* Every word of it, if he shook his head as I taught him.

*Dan.* Ah, there is certainly a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

*Sneer.* O, here are some of our old acquaintance.

*enter HATTON and RALEIGH.*

“ *Sir Chris.* My niece, and your niece too ?  
By heaven there's witchcraft in't—he could not else

Have gain'd their hearts—but see where they approach;  
Some horrid purpose low'ring on their brows.

*Sir Wal.* Let us withdraw and mark them.

*(they withdraw)*

*Sneer.* What is all this?

*Puff.* Ah, here has been more pruning—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with don Whiskerandos. Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment or character. Pray mark.

*enter the two NIECES.*

*"1st Niece.* Elena here!

She is his scorn as much as I—that is  
Some comfort still."

*Puff.* O dear madam, you are not to say that to her face! *aside*, madam, *aside*. The whole scene is to be *aside*.

*"1st Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I—that is  
Some comfort still" *(aside)*

*2d Niece.* I know he prizes not Pollina's love,  
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. *(aside)*

*1st Niece.* But see the proud destroyer of my peace,  
Revenge is all the good I've left *(aside)*

*2d Niece.* He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.  
Now vengeance do thy worst——*(aside)*

*enter WHISKERANDOS.*

*Whisk.* O hateful liberty—if thus in vain  
I seek my Tilburina.

*Both Nieces.* And ever shalt.

*(sir CHRISTOPHER and sir WALTER, come forward)*  
Hold, we will avenge you.

*Whisk.* Hold you—or see your nieces bleed.

*(the two nieces draw their two daggers to strike Whiskerandos, the two uncles at the instant with their two swords drawn, catch their two nieces' arms,*

*and turn the points of their swords to Whiskerandos, who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two nieces' bosoms")*

*Puff* There's situation for you—there's an heroic group—you see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces—I have them all at a dead lock—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

*Sneer.* Why, then they must stand there for ever.

*Puff* So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't—now mind—

*enter BEEFEATER with his halberd.*

*“ Beefeater. In the queen's name I charge you all to drop  
Your swords and dangers !”*

*(they drop their swords and daggers)*

*Sneer.* That is a contrivance indeed.

*Puff.* Ay—in the queen's name.

*“ Sir Chris. Come, niece !”*

*Sir Ral. Come niece !* *[exeunt with the two nieces]*

*Whisk.* What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard ?

*Beefeater.* Thou must do more, renounce thy love !

*Whisk* Thou liest—base Beefeater !

*Beefeater.* —Ha ! hell ! the lie !

By heaven thou'st roused the lion in my heart !

Off yeoman's habit ! base disguise ! off, off !

*(discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress,  
and appearing in a very fine waistcoat)*

Am I a Beefeater now ?

Or beams my crest as terrible as when

In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop.”

*Puff.* There, egad, he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's,

*Dan.* Admirably managed indeed.

*uff.* Now stand out of their way.

"Whisk. I thank thee, fortune! that hast thus bestow'd

A weapon to chastise this insolent—

*(takes up one of the swords)*

Beefeater. I take thy challenge, spaniard, and I thank Thee, fortune, too!"

*(takes up the other sword)*

Dan. That's excellently contrived—it seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

"Whisk. Vengeance and Tilburina!

Beefeater. ——— Exactly so——

*(they fight, and after the usual number, of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls)*

Whisk. O cursed parry!——that last thrust in tierce Was fatal——captain, thou hast fenced well! And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene For all eter——

Beefeater. —nity—he would have added, but stern death

Cut short his being, and the noun at once!"

Puff. O my dear sir, you are too slow, now mind me. Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

"Whisk. And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene For all eter——

Beefeater. —nity—he would have added——"

Puff. No, sir—that's not it—once more if you please—

Whisk. I wish, sir—you would practise this without me—I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well, we'll go over it, by and bye—I must humor these gentlemen *[exit Whiskerandos]*

"Beefeater. Farewel——brave spaniard! and when next——"

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech as the body has walked off.

Beefeater. That's true, sir——then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please. *[exit Beefeater]*  
Now who comes on?

*enter GOVERNOR, with his hair properly disordered;*

"Gov. A hemisphere of evil planets reign!

And every planet sheds contagious phrensy !  
 My spanish prisoner is slain ! my daughter,  
 Meeting the dead corse borne along——has gone  
 Distract ! (*a loud flourish of trumpets*)

But hark, I am summon'd to the fort,  
 Perhaps the fleets have met ' amazing crisis !  
 O Tilburina. from thy aged father's beard  
 Thou'st pluckt the few brown hairs which time had left !  
[exit governor]

*Sneer.* Poor gentleman !

*Puff.* Yes—and and no one to blame but his daughter,

*Dan.* And the planets——

*Puff.* True—now enter Tilburina !—

*Sneer.* Egad, the business comes on quick here.

*Puff.* Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

*Sneer.* Why in white satin ?

*Puff.* O lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin—dont she, Dangle ?

*Dan.* Always—it's a rule.

*Puff.* Yes—here it is——(*looking at the book*)—enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen.

*enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT mad, according to custom.*

*Sneer.* But what the deuce is the confidant to be mad too ?

*Puff.* To be sure she is, the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does ; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.——Now, madam Confidant—but—keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

*Tilb.* The wind whistles——the moon rises——see They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage !  
 Is this a grasshopper——ha, no, it is my Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him——  
 I know you have him in your pocket——

An oyster may be cross'd in love!—Who says  
 A whale's a bird?—ha, did you call, my love?  
 —He's here, he's there! he's every where!

Ah me, he's no where! [exit Tilburina]

*Puff.* There, do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

*Sneer.* Never while I live!

*Puff.* You observed how she mangled the metre?

*Dan.* Yes—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

*Sneer.* And pray what becomes of her?

*Puff.* She is gone to throw herself into the sea to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

*Sneer.* What, you bring that in at last?

*Puff.* Yes, yes, you know my play is called the *Spanish Armada*, otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all. Now then for my magnificence! my battle! my noise! and my procession!—you are all ready?

*Prompt (within)* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* Is the Thames drest?

*enter THAMES, with two attendants.*

*Thames* Here I am, sir.

*Puff.* Very well indeed—see, gentlemen, there's a river for you. This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy you know—and very useful in my case; for as there *must be a procession*, I suppose I hames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fete in honor of the victory.

*Sneer.* But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

*Puff.* Those? those are his banks.

*Sneer.* His banks?

*Puff.* Yes, one crown'd with alders, and the other with a villa—you take the allusions? but hey! what the plague, you have got both your banks on one side—



here, sir, come round - ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. (*bell rings*) There, foh, now for't—stand aside, my dear friends --away Thames!

[*exit Thames between his banks*

(*flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c. &c.*

*Scene changes to the sea, the fleets engage, the music plays 'Britannia strike home.' Spanish fleet destroyed by fire ships, &c. English fleet advances, music plays 'Rule Britannia.' The procession of all the english rivers and their tributaries with their emblems, &c. begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus, to the march in Judas Maccabæus. During this scene, Puff directs and applauds every thing——then)*

*Puff.* Well, pretty well, but not quite perfect—so ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

END OF THE CRITIC,

---

*From the Thespian press.*  
Bongworth, print.

# LIST OF PLAYS,

PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH, AT THE  
*Dramatic Repository, near the Theatre.*

N. B. Longworth's edition of Plays, which is continually increasing, is of uniform size, and to those who may choose to have them bound, general titles will be given gratis.

BLUE BEARD, M. D. R.	Colman, jun.	25
Abzellino, G. D. R. 2d edition (trans.)	Dunlap	37
Feudal Baron, T	Dunlap	25
Tournament, T.	Starke	25
Tale of Mystery, M. D.	Holcroft	18
Maid of Bristol, C.	Boaden	25
Chains of the heart, C. O.	Hoare	31
House to be sold, C. O.	Cobb	18
Wag of Windsor, C. O.	Colman jr.	18
Mrs Wiggins, F.	Allingham	18
Marriage promise, C.	Allingham	25
Wife of two husbands, D.	Dunlap	31
Soldier's daughter, C.	Cherry	31
Raising the wind, F.	Kenney	18
Guilty or not Guilty, C.	Dibdin	31
Adelmorn, R. D.	Lewis	31
Poor Soldier, C. O.	O'Keeffe	12
Hunter of the Alps, C. O.	Diamond, jr.	12
Shipwreck, C. O.	Arnold	18
Honey Moon, C. 2d edition	Tobin	31
Richard III. T. (from Shakspeare)	Cibber	31
Sprigs of laurel, C. O.	O'Keeffe	18
Padlock, C. O.	Bickerstaffe	12
Children in the wood, C. O.	Morton	12
Hamlet, T	Shakspeare	31
Venice Preserved, T.	Otway	25
Who wants a guinea, C.	Colman, jr.	31
Hotel, F.	Jephson	12
Fair Penitent, T.	Rowe	25
Blind Bargain, C.	Reynolds	25
Family quarrels, C. O.	Dibdin	25
Too many cooks, C. O.	Kenney	12

# LIST OF PLAYS.

Il Bondocani, c. o.	Dibdin	12
Venetian Outlaw, D. (trans.)	Elliston	25
Duenna, c. o.	Sheridan	31
Cheap Living, c.	Reynolds	25
Spoil'd Child, c. o.	Hoare	12
Valentine and Orson, M. R. D.	Dibdin	12
Piccolomini, H. D. (from Schiller)	Coleridge	56
Sailor's Daughter, c.	Cumberland	23
Tempest, c.	Shakspeare	31
Wanderer, c. a gentleman of New-York	37	
John Bull, c.	Colman, jr.	31
Cabinet, c. o.	Dibdin	25
My grandmother, c. o.	Hoare	12
Ways and means, c.	Colman, jr.	25
Delinquent, c.	Reynolds	25
School for friends, c.	Chambers	31
Blue Beard, M. D. R. 2d edition	Colman, jr.	18
Child of Nature, c.	Inchbald	19
Antonio, T.	Godwin	25
School for arrogance, c.	Holcroft	31
Caravan, R. D.	Reynolds	12
Lock and key, c. o.	Hoare	18
Mountaineers, c. o.	Colman, jr.	25
Inkle and Yarico, c. o.	Colman, jr.	25
First Floor, F.	Cobb	18
Will for the deed, c.	Dibdin	18
Quaker, c. o.	Dibdin, sen.	12
Road to ruin, c.	Holcroft	25
Wild Oats, c.	O'Keeffe	31
Matrimony, c. o.	Kenney	12
Paul and Virginia, M. D.	Cobb	18
Romp, c. o.	Bickerstaffe	12
Country Girl, c. (altered from Wycherly by Garrick)	25	
Revenge, T.	Young	25
Rule a wife & have a wife, c. Beaum & Fletcher	31	
Love laughs at locksmiths, c. o.	Colman, jr.	18
Weathercock, c. o.	Allingham	12
Songs in Glory of Columbia	Dunlap	6
More ways than one, c.	Cowley	25
Douglas	Home	35

# TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

---

---

BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

---

---

*As performed at the*  
THEATRE ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE.

---

---

ALTERED FROM  
*VANBRUGH'S RELAPSE ; or, VIRTUE IN DANGER.*

---

---

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,  
At the Dramatic Repository,  
Shakspeare Gallery.

1807.



---

## PROLOGUE.

---

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

*What various transformations we remark,  
From East White Chapel to the West Hyde-Park !  
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,  
Statè, stage, trade, taste, the humors and the passions ;  
Th' Exchange, 'Change-alley, whereso'er your ranging,  
Court, city, country, all are changed, or changing ;  
The streets sometime ago were paved with stones,  
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half broke your bones,  
The purest lovers then indulged no bliss ;  
They run great hazard if they stole a kiss—  
One chaste salute—the damsel cry'd, o fye !  
As they approach'd, slap went the coach away,  
—Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.  
But now weak nerves in hackney coaches room,  
And the cramm'd glutton snores unjolted home :  
Of former times that polisht thing a beau,  
Is metamorphosed now, from top to toe ;  
Then the full fluxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,  
Conceal'd the shallow head from the beholders !  
But now the whole's reversed—each top appears,  
Cropp'd, and trimm'd up—exposing head and ears ;  
The buckle then its modest limits knew—  
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,  
Hath broke it's bounds, and swallows up the shoe ;  
The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,  
Is almost lost, th' incumbrance is so great.  
Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot ?  
The bounds of nature have not they forgot ?  
Where they design'd to be, when put together,  
Made up, like shuttlecocks, of cork and feather ?  
Their pale faced grand mama's appear'd with grace,  
When dawning blushes rose upon the face ;  
No blushes now their once loved station seek,  
The foe is in possession of the cheek !*

## PROLOGUE

---

*No head of old, too high in feather'd state,  
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate ;  
A church to enter now, they must be bent,  
If ev'n they should try the experiment.*

*As change thus circulates throughout the nation,  
Some plays may justly call for alteration ;  
At least to draw some slender cove'ring o'er  
That graceless wit, which was too bear before :  
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,  
Who turn our wantons into Magdulens ;  
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,  
We hope to find in you, their stage asylum.*

---

### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Lord Foppington,	.	Mr. DODD
Young Fashion,	.	Mr. PALMER
Loveless,	.	Mr. SMITH
Colonel Townly,	.	Mr. BRERETON
Sir Tunbelly Clumsey,	.	Mr. MOODY
Probe,	.	Mr. PARSONS
Lory,	.	Mr. BADDELEY
La Varole,	.	Mr. BURTON
Shoemaker,	.	Mr. CARPENTER
Taylor,	.	Mr. BAKER
Hosier,	.	Mr. NORRIS
Jeweller,	.	Mr. LA MASH
Servants, &c.		
Berinthia,	.	Miss FARREN
Amanda,	.	Mrs. ROBINSON
Mrs. Coupler,	.	Mrs. BOOTH
Nurse,	.	Mrs. BRADSHAW
Miss Hoyden,	.	Mrs. ABINGTON

---

---

# TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I—the hall of an inn.

*enter* YOUNG FASHION and LORY—postillion following with a portmanteau.

*Y. Fas.* Lory, pay the post-boy, and take the portmanteau.

*Lory.* Faith, sir, we had better let the post-boy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

*Y. Fas.* Why, sure there's something left in it.

*Lory.* Not a rag, upon my honor, sir—we eat the last of your wardrobe at Newmalton—and if we had twenty miles farther to go, our next meal must have been off the cloak-bag.

*Y. Fas.* Why, sdeath it appears full.

*Lory.* Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

*Y. Fas.* What the devil shall I do!—harkee, boy, what's the chaise?

*Boy.* Thirteen shillings, please your honor.

*Y. Fas.* Can you give me change for a guinea?

*Boy.* O yes, sir.

*Lory.* Soh, what will he do now? lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

*Y. Fas.* Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.



*Lory.* Yes, yes; tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

*Boy.* Please your honor, there are the turnpikes too.

*Y. Fas.* Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means.

*Boy.* And I hope your honor will order me something for myself.

*Y. Fas.* To be sure, bid 'them give you a crown.

*Lory.* Yes, yes—my master doesn't care what you charge them—so get along, you—

*Boy.* Your honor promised to send the hostler—

*Lory.* Pshaw, damn the hostler—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity? (*pushes him out*)—a rascal, to be so curst-ready with his change.

*Y. Fas.* Why, faith, *Lory*, he had near posed me.

*Lory.* Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea!—I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outlived all your cares.

*Y. Fas.* How so, sir?

*Lory.* Why you have nothing left to take care of.

*Y. Fas.* Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

*Lory.* Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't—but now, sir, my lord Foppington, your elder brother.

*Y. Fas.* Damn my eldest brother!

*Lory.* With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity however. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

*Y. Fas.* Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

*Lory.* Why, what will you do then?

*Y. Fas.* Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

*Lory.* Gad so, sir, I'm glad to find I was not so well acquainted with the strength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

*Y. Fas.* Why, art thou so impenetrable a blockhead, as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

*Lory.* Not if you treat him *de haut en bas* as you used to do

*Y. Fas.* Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

*Lory.* Like a trout—tickle him.

*Y. Fas.* I can't flatter.

*Lory.* Can you starve?

*Y. Fas.* Yes.

*Lory.* I can't—good-bye t'ye sir.

*Y. Fas.* Stay—thou'lt distract me. But who comes here—my old friend, colonel Townly?

*enter colonel TOWNLY.*

My dear colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

*Townly.* Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure—what, are you come to Scarbro' to be present at your brother's wedding?

*Lory.* Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure.

*Townly.* What, honest Lory, are you with your master still?

*Lory.* Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honor last.

*Y. Fas.* Why, Lory is an attach'd rogue; there's no getting rid of him.

*Lory.* True, sir, as my master says, there's no seducing me from his service, till he's able to pay me my wages. (*aside*)

*Y. Fas.* Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

*Lory.* Yes, sir—the baggage!—o lord—I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this.

*Y. Fas.* Get along, you rascal.

*[exit Lory, with the portmanteau]*

But, colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law?

*Townly.* Only by character—her father, sir Tunbally Clumsey, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; to pre-

vent all misfortunes. she has her breeding within doors ; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer ; the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance :—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of sir Tunbelly's.

*Y. Fas.* But is her fortune so considerable ?

*Townly.* Three thousand a-year, and a good sum of money independent of her father beside.

*Y. Fas.* Sdeath ! that my old acquaintance, dame Couplet, could not have thought of me as well as my brother for such a prize.

*Townly.* Egad I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady, and, I believe, has quarrelled with his patroness.

*Y. Fas.* My dear colonel, what an idea have you started ?

*Townly.* Pursue it if you can, and I promise you, you shall have my assistance ; for besides my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

*Y. Fas.* What, has he been addressing your old flame, the sprightly widow Berinthia ?

*Townly.* Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced—I came here near a month ago to meet the lady you mention ; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique, and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up chaste incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

*Y. Fas.* I have never seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

*Townly.* She is so indeed ; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses—my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable ; so that in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disappointment from the widow, with the most christian resignation.

*Y. Fas.* And Berinthia has never appeared?

*Townly.* O there's the perplexity; for just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

*Y. Fas.* And instantly re-assumed her empire.

*Townly.* No faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fool'd me for a month, I left her in a huff.

*Y. Fas.* Well, well, I'll answer for't, she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far—but my coxcomb of a brother, is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

*Townly.* Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her—but come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

*Y. Fas.* I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

*Townly.* Come with me, I shall pass by it.

*Y. Fas.* I wish you could pay the visit for me; or could tell me what I should say to him.

*Townly.* Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

*Y. Fas.* Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? o fortune, fortune! thou art a jilt, by gad. [*exeunt*]

---

SCENE II—a dressing-room.

lord FOPPINGTON, in his night-gown, and LA VAROLE.

*L. Fop.* Well, tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb—even the boors of this northern spa have learned the respect due to a title—La Varole!

*La Var.* Mi lor——

*L. Fop.* You han't yet been at Muddy-moat-hall to announce my arrival, have you?

*La Var.* Not yet, mi lor.

*L. Fop.* Then you need not go till Saturday.

[*exit La Varole*]

As I am in no particular haste to view my intended Spousa—I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife—Amanda is a charming creature—strike me ugly; and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my lord Foppington.

*enter LA VAROLE.*

*La Var.* Mi lor, de shoemaker, de taylor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

*L. Fop.* 'Tis well, admit them.

*L. Var.* Hey, messieurs, entrez.

*enter TAYLOR. &c. &c.*

*L. Fop.* So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions.

*Tayl.* I think I may presume to say, sir—

*La Var.* My lor, you clown you!

*Tayl.* My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord: I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord—will your lordship please to try 'em now?

*L. Fop.* Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

(*whilst he puts on his clothes, enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY*)

*Y. Fas.* Hey-day! what the devil have we here? sure my gentleman's gown a favorite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

*Lory.* Sir, these people came in order to make him a favorite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

*Y. Fas.* Good heaven, to what an ebb of taste are we

men fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them.

*Lory.* Sir, taylors and hair-dressers are now become the bawds of the nation—tis they that debauch all the women.

*Y. Fas.* Thou say'st true; for there's that fop now has not, by nature, wherewithal to move a cook maid: and by the time these fellows have done with him, egad he shall melt down a countess—but now for my reception.

*L. Fop.* Death and eternal tortures! sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

*Tayl.* My lord, if it had been tighter, twould neither have hook'd nor button'd.

*L. Fop.* Rat the hooks and buttons, sir, can any thing be worse than this? as gad shall jedge me! it hangt on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

*Tayl.* Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

*Lory.* There, sir, observe what respect does.

*Y. Fas.* Respect! d—n him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him. Brother, I'm your humble servant.

*L. Fop.* O lard, Tam, I did not expect you in England—brother, I'm glad to see you—but what has brought you to Scarbro', Tam? look you, sir, (*to the taylor*) I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping-gown; therefore, pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion—well, but Tam, you dont tell me what has driven you to Scarbro'? mrs. Calicoe, are not you of my mind?

*Semps.* Directly, my lord. I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

*L. Fop.* In love with them, stap my vitals!—bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow

*Semps.* I humbly thank your lordship.

*[Exit sempstress]*

*L. Fop.* Heark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'nt ugly, but they dont fit me.

*Shoemak.* My lord, I think they fit you very well.

*L. Fop.* They hurt me just below the instep.

*Shoemak.* (*feeling his foot*) No, my lord, they dont hurt you there.

*L. Fop.* I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

*Shoemak.* Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be damn'd.

*L. Fop.* Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

*Shoemak.* Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

*L. Fop.* Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

*Shoemak.* My lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it dont.

*L. Fop.* Well, prithee begone about thy business.

[*exit shoemaker*]

*Mr. Mendlegs,* a word with you. The calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

*Mendlegs.* My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

*L. Fop.* Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have study'd them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

*Mendlegs.* Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honor to furnish your lordship with in town.

*L. Fop.* Very possibly, *mr. Mendlegs*; but that was in the beginning of the winter; and you should always remember, *mr. Hosier*, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a monstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter.

*Jew.* I hope my lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honored with your lordship's approbation?

*L. Fop.* Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but dont you think them rather of the smallest?

*Jew.* My lord, they could not well be larger to keep in your lordship's shoe.

*L. Fop.* My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle. Now, give me my watches, and the business of the morning will be pretty well over.

*Y. Fas.* Well, Lory, what dost think on't—a very friendly reception from a brother after three years absence!

*Lory.* Why, sir, tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

*Y. Fas.* Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb. Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you?

*L. Fop.* Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Hey! there!—is my carriage at the door? you'll excuse me, brother. (*going*)

*Y. Fas.* Shall you be back to dinner?

*L. Fop.* As gad shall jedge me, I can't tell, for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

*Y. Fas.* Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

*L. Fop.* That I'm afraid may'nt be quite so praper;—for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large—but there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals! [*exit*]

*Y. Fas.* Hell and furies! Is this to be borne?

*Lory.* Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o' the pate myself

*Y. Fas.* Tis enough; I will now shew you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay



your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

*Lory.* Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than us both, if she would but join in the confederacy.

*Y. Fas.* By this light, Madam Coupler; she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her.

*enter COUPLER.*

*Coup.* Soh! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services, truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too just—what! refuse to advance me a paltry sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a Galloon! but let him look to the consequences, an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb.

*Y. Fas.* So he is, upon my soul, old lady: it must be my brother you speak of.

*Coup.* Uah!—stripling how came you here? what, has spent all, hey? and art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

*Y. Fas.* No;—I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risque of being hang'd for him.

*Coup.* Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn without the danger of being burnt in the hand for't.

*Y. Fas.* How—how, old mischief?

*Coup.* Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

*Y. Fas.* I'm very much beholden to you, truly.

*Coup.* You may before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

*Y. Fas.* I understand as much.

*Coup.* Now you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave.

*Y. Fas.* Good.

*Coup.* He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to his fortune, and has promised me as much more in ready money upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay me a part, is a proof of it. If, therefore, you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

*Y. Fas.* And how the devil wilt thou do that?

*Coup.* Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all the letters go thro' my hands. Sir Tunbelly Cluinsey, my relation, (for that's the old gentleman's name) is apprized of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand; but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddy-moat-hall in this place. I'll give you a letter of introduction; and if you don't marry the girl before sun-set, you deserve to be hanged before morning.

*Y. Fas.* Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward—

*Coup.* Well, well;—tho' I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

*Y. Fas.* Not a souse, by Jupiter.

*Coup.* Must I advance then?—well, be at my lodgings next door this evening, and I'll see what may be done—we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some farther instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and be gone.

[*Exit Coupler.*]

*Y. Fas.* So, Lory; providence thou seest at last takes care of merit; we are in a fair way to be great people.

*Lory.* Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

*Y. Fas.* Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my fortune; and, egad, I'm almost afraid

he's at work about it again now! but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

*Lory.* Indeed, sir, I should not.

*Y. Fas.* How dost know?

*Lory.* Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

*Y. Fas.* No! what wouldst thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

*Lory.* I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever!

*Y. Fas.* Why faith, *Lory*, tho' I am a young rake-hell, and have play'd many a roguish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't—I have scruples.

*Lory.* They are strong symptoms of death. If you find they encrease, sir, pray make your will.

*Y. Fas.* No, my conscience shan't starve me neither, but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me (tho' with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.—

Succeed or fail, still victory's my lot,  
If I subdue his heart, tis well—if not  
I will subdue my conscience to my plot.

[*exeunt*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I—*enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.*

*Love.* How do you like these lodgings, my dear? for my part, I am so well pleas'd with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

*Aman.* I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarbro' at all.

*Love.* O! a little of the noise and folly of this place, will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

*Aman.* That pleasing prospect will be my chief entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

*Love.* I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights, of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is one; and truly, with some small allowance, the plays, I think may be esteemed another.

*Aman.* Plays, I must confess, have some small charms, and would have more, would they restrain that loose encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least the modesty of all.

*Love.* But, till that reformation can be wholly made, twould surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers, for want of a little wholesome pruning; which might be effected by any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones.

*Aman.* What do you think of that you saw last night?

*Love.* To say truth, I did not mind it much; my attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome!

*Aman.* So exquisitely handsome!

*Love.* Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

*Aman.* Because you seem'd to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

*Love.* Then you are alarm'd, Amanda.

*Aman.* It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

*Love.* You are too quick in apprehending for me. I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

*Aman.* Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? had I been in your place, my tongue I fancy, had been curious too. I should have ask'd her, where she liv'd, yet still without design, who was she pray?

*Love.* Indeed, I cannot tell.

*Aman.* You will not tell.

*Love.* By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

*Aman.* Nor do you know what company was with her?

*Love.* I do not; but why are you so earnest?

*Aman.* I thought I had cause.

*Love.* But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

*Aman.* But should I tell you he was *exquisitely* so, and that I had gazed on him with admiration, should you not think twere possible I might go one step further, and inquire his name?

*Love.* (*aside*) She has reason on her side, I have talk'd too much; But I must turn off another way. (*to her*) Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? there is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend, but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think. You should not, therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

*Aman.* Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces only; when women are once out of hearing, you are as modest in your commendations as we are; but I shan't put you to the trouble of farther excuses;—if

you please, this business shall rest here, only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

*Love.* I am content.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees company? her name is Berinthia.

*Aman.* O dear!—tis a relation I have not seen these five years, pray her to walk in. [*exit servant*] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

*Love.* Don't be jealous now, for I shall gaze upon her too.

*enter BERINTHIA.*

*Love.* (*aside*) Ha!—by heav'ns, the very woman.

*Ber.* (*saluting Amanda*) Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in Scarbro'.

*Aman.* Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you. (*to Loveless*) Mr Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

*Love.* (*saluting Berinthia*) If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He's at the next door, and if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

*Love.* Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him. (*exit servant*) If you are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

*Aman.* Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

*Love.* No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

*enter lord FOPPINGTON.*

*L. Fop.* Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

*Love.* My lord, I'm your's.

*L. Fop.* Madam, your ladyship's very humble slave.

*Love.* My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

*L. Fop.* (*saluting her*) The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here. I am, stap my vitals. (*to Amanda*) For God's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

*Aman.* My life has been very far from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

*L. Fop.* Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking; now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

*Aman.* Does not your lordship love reading then?

*L. Fop.* Oh, passionately, madam, but I never think of what I read.

*Ber.* Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

*L. Fop.* O Lard, can your ladyship pray without devotion, madam?

*Aman.* Well, I must own, I think books the best entertainment in the world.

*L. Fop.* I am so much of your ladyship's mind, madam, that I have a private gallery in town, where I walk sometimes, which is furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded

them, and ranged them so prettily, before gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world, to walk and look at them.

*Aman.* Nay, I love a neat library too, but tis, I think, the inside of a book should recommend it most to us.

*L. Fop.* That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fand of, far to my mind, the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much more diverted with the natural sprouts of his own; but to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know the tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four and-twenty hours, that it were ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that. For example, madam, now my life, my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in town, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion; nat that I pretend to be a beau, but a man must endeavor to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play; so at twelve o'clock I say I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resolve to take the exercise of riding, so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge, perhaps to the opera.

*Ber.* Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

*L. Fop.* O, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, provided there is good company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening

*Aman.* Does your lordship think that the case at the opera.

*L. Fop.* Most certainly, madam; there is my lady Tattle, my lady Prate, my lady Titter, my lady Sneer,



my lady Giggle, and my lady Grin—these have boxes in the front, and while any favorite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals! may'nt we hope for the honor to see you added to our society, madam?

*Aman.* Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

*L. Fop.* Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country, or at church; but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company?

*Love.* Not at all; pray go on.

*L. Fop.* Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs, nat that I ever play deep; indeed I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand pawnds at a sitting.

*Love.* But is'nt your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

*L. Fop.* Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burthen to my body.

*Ber.* Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the state.

*L. Fop.* An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the burthen, rat me, but the whole building should fall to the ground.

*Aman.* But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

*L. Fop. (aside)* Soh! she would inquire into my amours, that's jealousy; poor soul! I see she's in love with me. *(to her)* Why, madam, I should have mentioned my intrigues, but I am really afraid I begin to be troublesome with the length of my visit.

*Aman.* Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

*L. Fop. (aside)* That now was as much as if she had

said, pray make love to me. I'll let her see I'm quick of apprehension. *(to her)* O lord, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship. *(to Loveless)* Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

*Love.* Not I, my lord, I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

*L. Fop.* *(to Amanda, squeezing her hand)* I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless!

*Aman.* *(giving him a box o' the ear)* Then thus I return your passion—an impudent fool!

*L. Fop.* Gad's curse, madam, I'm a peer of the realm.

*Love.* Hey, what the devil do you affront my wife, sir? nay then—— *[draws and fight]*

*Aman.* Ah! what has my folly done?—help! murder! help! part them, for heaven's sake.

*L. Fop.* *(falling back, and leaning on his sword)* Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

*enter SERVANTS.*

*Love.* *(running to him)* I hope I han't killed the fool, however—bear him up—where's your wound?

*L. Fop.* Just thro' the guts.

*Love.* Call a surgeon, there—unbutton him quickly.

*L. Fop.* Ay, pray make haste.

*Love.* This mischief you may thank yourself for.

*L. Fop.* I may so, love's the devil, indeed, Ned.

*enter PROBE and SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Here's Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

*L. Fop.* He's the welcomest man alive.

*Probe* Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by! lord have mercy upon us! did you never see a man run through the body before? pray stand by.

**L. Fop.** Ah ! mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

**Probe.** A dead man, and I by ! I should laugh to see that, egad.

**Love.** Prithee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

**Probe.** Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir ?

**Love.** Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

**Probe.** Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

**Love.** 'Slife ! he's run through the guts, I tell thee.

**Probe.** I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure.—Now I hope you are satisfied ?—Come, now let me come at him—now let me come at him—(*viewing his wound*) Oons ! what a gash is here !—why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body !

**L. Fop.** Oh !

**Probe.** Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe ?—(*aside*) A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

**Love.** Let me see his wound.

**Probe.** Then you shall dress it, sir—for if any body looks upon it I won't.

**Love.** Why thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

**Probe.** Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing

**L. Fop.** Surgeon !

**Probe.** Sir ?

**L. Fop.** Are there any hopes ?

**Probe.** Hopes ! I can't tell—what are you willing to give for a cure ?

**L. Fop.** Five hundred pounds with pleasure.

**Probe.** Why then perhaps there may be hopes ; but we must avoid a further delay—here—help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently—that's the properest place—(*aside*) to bubble him out of his money.—Come, a chair—a chair quickly—there, in with him.—

[*they put him into a chair*]

*L. Fop.* Dear Loveless, adieu ; if I die, I forgive thee ; and if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me.—I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't ; for if you are satisfied, I am.

*Love.* I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any farther, so you may be at rest, sir.

*L. Fop.* Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb ! —(*aside*) but thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals !

*Probe.* So—carry him off—carry him off—we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by—carry him off.

[*exit with lord Foppington and Probe.*]

*Aman.* Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion—my own I never shall obtain.

*Love.* Oh, there's no harm done—you serv'd him well.

*Aman.* He did indeed deserve it ; but I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

*Love.* O, no matter—never trouble yourself about that.

enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

*Town.* So, so, I'm glad to find you all alive—I met a wounded Peer carrying off—for heav'ns sake what was the matter ?

*Love.* O, a trifle—he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o'the ear, and I run him through the body, that was all.

*Town.* Bagetelle on all sides—but pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of your's ?

*Aman.* This is the first I have heard on't—so I suppose 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic

passport to every woman's heart, below the degree of a peeress.

*Town.* He's coxcomb enough to think any thing; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him; I hope there's no danger of his life?

*Love.* None at all—he's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him—but I saw his wound—'tis nothing—he may go the ball to-night if he pleases.

*Town.* I am glad you have corrected him without farther mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

*Love.* Explain——

*Town.* His brother, Tom Fashion is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprize, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you—

*Love.* I'll go with you with all my heart—(*aside*)—though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature—good gods! how engaging she is—but what have I to do with beauty?—I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.—(*to Townly*) Come, sir, when you please.

*Town.* Ladies, your servant.

*Aman.* Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

*Love.* (*to Townly*) I'll overtake you, colonel. (*exit Townly*) What would my dear?

*Aman.* Only a woman's foolish question, how do you like my cousin here?

*Love.* Jealous already, Amanda?

*Aman.* Not at all—I ask you for another reason.

*Love.* (*aside*) Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. (*to her*) Why, I confess she's handsome—

but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if known to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last would triumph in my heart.

*Aman.* I'm satisfied.

*Love.* Now tell me why you askt?

*Aman.* At night I will—adieu.

*Love.* (*kissing her*) I'm your's— [Exit]

*Aman* (*aside*) I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me.

*Ber.* (*aside*) Soh, I find my colonel continues in his airs; there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me.

*Aman* For heavens sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

*Ber.* Why one way in the world there is—and but one.

*Aman.* And pray what is that?

*Ber.* It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

*Aman.* If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

*Ber.* To-night!

*Aman.* Yes, to-night.

*Ber.* Why the people where I lodge will think me mad.

*Aman.* Let them think what they please.

*Ber.* Say you so, Amanda?—Why then they shall think what they please—for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks.—Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

*Aman.* You'll hardly make me think so.

*Ber.* Puh! because you are in love with your husband—but that's not every woman's case.

*Aman.* I hope twas your's at least.

*Ber.* Mine, say you?—Now I have a great mind to tell you a lie, but I shall do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

*Aman.* Then e'en speak the truth.

*Ber.* Shall I?—then after all, I did love him, Amanda, as a nun does penance.

*Aman.* How did you live together?

*Ber.* Like man and wife—asunder—he lov'd the country—I the town.—He hawks and hounds—I coach-es and equipage—He eating and drinking—I carding and playing—He the sound of a horn—I the squeek of a fiddle.—We were dull company at table—worse a-bed: whenever we met we gave one another the spleen, and never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

*Aman.* But tell me one thing truly and sincerely—notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

*Ber.* O yes.—I was forced to wear an odious widow's band a twelve month for't.

*Aman.* Women, I find, have different inclinations:—prithce, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther—for I'm so great a novice, I'm almost asham'd on't.—Not, heav'n knows, that what you call intrigues have any charms for me—the practical part of all unlawful love is—

*Ber.* O tis abominable—but for the speculative, that we must all confess is entertaining enough.

*Aman.* Pray, be so just then to me, to believe, tis with a world of innocence, I would inquire whether you think those, we call women of reputation, do really escape all other men, as they do those shadows of beaux?

*Ber.* O no, Amanda—there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em—men that may be called the beaux antipathy—for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains—the beau has none.—These are in love with their mistress—the beau with himself.—They take care of their reputation—he's industrious to destroy it.—They are decent—he's a fop.—They are men—he's an ass.

*Aman.* If this be their character, I fancy we had here e'en now a pattern of em both.

*Ber.* His lordship and colonel Townly?

*Aman.* The same.

*Ber.* As for the lord, he's eminently so; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

*Aman.* He answers then the opinion I had ever of him—heavens, what a difference there is between a man like him, and that vain nauseous fop, lord Foppington—*(taking her hand)* I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin—tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love. Townly has been tampering too.

*Ber. (aside)* So, so! here the mystery comes out! colonel Townly! impossible, my dear!

*Aman.* Tis true, indeed! though he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake the tender love I bear my husband; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

*Ber. (aside)* O this is better and better—well said innocence! and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband.

*Aman.* Nothing, I am convinced.

*Ber.* What if you found he loved another woman better?

*Aman.* Well!

*Ber.* Well! why were I that thing they call a slighted wife; somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.

*Aman.* O fie, Berinthia, no revenge should ever be taken against a husband—but to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance—

*Ber.* Is the sweetest! ha, ha, ha! dont I talk madly?

*Aman.* Madly indeed!

*Ber.* Yet I'm very innocent.

*Aman.* That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humor—but you resolve then never to marry again?

*Ber.* O no!—I resolve I will!



*Aman.* How so?

*Ber.* That I never may.

*Aman.* You banter me.

*Ber.* Indeed I don't—but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

*Aman.* Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

*Ber.* I doubt it—but heav'ns! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

*Aman.* As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

*Ber.* Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject, as we go. [*exit Amanda*]

Ah, poor Amanda, you have led a country life! well, this discovery is lucky—base Townly!—at once false to me, and treacherous to his friend! and my innocent, demure, cousin, too!—I have it in my power to be revenged on her, however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles, as Townly can hope to be in her's. I'll make the experiment, come what will on't: The woman who can forgive the being robb'd of a favor'd lover, must be either an idiot or a wanton.

## END OF THE SECOND ACT

## A C T III.

### SCENE I.

*enter lord FOPPINGTON and LA VAROLE.*

*L. Fop.* Hey, fellow—let my vis-a-vis come to the door.

*La Var.* Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

*L. Fop.* Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

*La Var.* I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm affraid your honor does not well consider your wound.

*L. Fop.* My wound—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed. For this evening I shall wait on my father-in-law, sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and heark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honor me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

*La Var.* I will be sure,

[*exit*]

*enter YOUNG FASHION.*

*Y. Fas.* Brother, your servant, how do you find yourself to day?

*L. Fop.* So well, that I have ordered my coach to the door;—so there's no danger of death this baut, I am.

*Y. Fas.* I'm very glad of it.

*L. Fop. (aside)* That I believe's a lie. Prithee, Tam, tell me one thing—did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was ran through the body?

*Y. Fas.* Why do you think it should?

*L. Fop.* Because I remember mine did so when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

*Y. Fas.* It then did very ill.

*L. Fop.* Prithee, why so?

*Y. Fas.* Because he used you very well.

*L. Fop.* Well!—naw, strike me dumb, he starved me—he has let me want a thousand women, for want of a thousand pauid.

*Y. Fas.* Then he hinder'd you from making a great many ill bargains—for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

*L. Fop.* If I was a younger brother, I should think so too.

**Y. Fas.** Then you are seldom much in love?

**L. Fop.** Never, stap my vitals.

**Y. Fas.** Why did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

**L. Fop.** Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue—and I thought myself piqued in honor to debauch her.

**Y. Fas.** (*aside*) Very well. Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a year. But now for my business with him. Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

**L. Fop.** The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the world for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

**Y. Fas.** I'm sorry you think so.

**L. Fop.** I do believe thou art—but come, let's know the affair quickly.

**Y. Fas.** Why then, my case in a word is this. The necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

**L. Fop.** Why, faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world—for if you succeed you are relieved that way, if you are taken—you are relieved t'other.

**Y. Fas.** I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

**L. Fop.** Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing that I should give you five hundred pawns?

**Y. Fas.** I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favor.

*L. Fop.* Then thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and bouquets so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a month—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawns?

*Y. Fas.* If you can't I must starve, that's all (*aside*) Damn him.

*L. Fop.* All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

*Y. Fas.* Ouns! if you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

*L. Fop.* Dont be in a passion Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—to the face. Look you, I dont love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running-horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

*Y. Fas.* Yes—She has made you older. (*aside*) Plague take her.

*L. Fop.* That is not all, Tam.

*Y. Fas.* Why, what is there else?

*L. Fop.* (*looking first upon himself, and then upon his brother*) Ask the ladies.

*Y. Fas.* Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk rat—dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what fortune has given thee?

*L. Fop.* I do, stap my vitals.

*Y. Fas.* Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs

*L. Fop.* Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

*Y. Fas.* Will nothing then provoke thee? draw, coward.

*L. Fop.* Look you, Tam, you know I have always

taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out, that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain, but I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philasopher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [exit]

*Y. Fas.* So! farewell brother; and now conscience I defy thee.—*Lory.*

*enter LORY.*

*Lory.* Sir?

*Y. Fas.* Here's rare news, *Lory*, his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

*Lory.* Then my heart's at ease again, For I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

*Y. Fas.* Be at peace; it will come there no more, my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

*Lory.* Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune?

*Y. Fas.* I am. Away—fly, *Lory.*

*Lory.* The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already, [excant severally]

SCENE II—a garden,

*enter LOVELESS and SERVANT.*

*Love.* Is my wife witbin?

*Ser.* No, sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

*Love.* Well, leave me.

[*Exit servant*]

*How* strangely does my mind run on this widow—never was my heart so suddenly seized on before—that my wife should pick out her, of all woman-kind, to be her play-fellow. But what fate does, let fate answer for—I sought it not—soh !—by heavens ! here she comes.

*enter* BERINTHIA.

*Ber.* What makes you look so thoughtful, sir ? I hope you are not ill.

*Love.* I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

*Ber.* Is it then so hard a matter to decide ?—I thought all people were acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

*Love.* What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind ?

*Ber.* Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

*Love.* Alas, you undertake you know not what.

*Ber.* So far at least then you allow me to be a physician.

*Love.* Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet farther, for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

*Ber.* How ?

*Love.* Oh, you might betray my complaints to my wife.

*Ber.* And so lose all my practice.

*Love.* Will you then keep my secret ?

*Ber.* I will.

*Love.* I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these when I saw you at the play ; a random glance you threw, at first alarmed me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came—I gazed upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now on your approaching me, my illness is so increased, that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes. (*taking her hand*)

*Ber.* (*breaking from him*) O Lord, let me go, tis the plague, and I shall be infected.

*Love.* Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

*Ber.* O gad! the devil's in you. Lord let me go—here's somebody coming.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

*Love.* Tell her I'm coming. *[exit servant (to Berinthia).* But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health

*Ber.* Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens.

*Love.* (*kissing her*) In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. *[exit Love.*

*Ber.* Um!

*enter TOWNLY.*

*Town.* Soh! what's here—Berinthia and Loveless—and in such *close* conversation!—I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me!—o rare woman—well then, let Loveless look to his wife, twill be but the retort courteous on both sides.—(*to Berinthia*) Your servant, madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a color.

*Ber.* No better than I use to have, I suppose.

*Town.* A little more blood in your cheeks.

*Ber.* I have been walking!

*Town.* Is that all? pray, was it mr. Loveless went from here just now?

*Ber.* O yes—he has been walking with me.

*Town.* He has!

*Ber.* Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man!—and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

*Town.* So, so! she hasn't even the modesty to dissemble! pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

*Ber.* As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

**Town.** Is it not two years since I have presumed to address you?

**Ber.** I dont know exactly—but it has been a tedious long time.

**Town.** Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

**Ber.** Why, to do you justice, you have been extremely troublesome—and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

**Town.** Did I not come to this place at your express desire? and for no purpose but the honor of meeting you?—and after wasting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize, for your conduct?

**Ber.** O heavens! apologise for my conduct!—apologize to you!—o you barbarian!—but pray now, my good serious colonel, have you any thing more to add?

**Town.** Nothing, madam, but that after such behavior I am less surprised at what I saw just now; it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honorable lover, should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

**Ber.** Very true—no more wonderful than it was for this honorable lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquette, with endeavoring to seduce his friend's wife! o colonel, colonel, dont talk of honor, or your friend, for heaven's sake.

**Town.** Sdeath! how came she to suspect this? (*aside*) really, madam, I dont understand you.

**Ber.** Nay—nay—you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you. But here comes the lady—perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

**Town.** O, madam, this recrimination is a poor resource, and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me. Madam, your servant.

*enter AMANDA, Townly whispers Amanda, and exits.*

**Ber.** He carries it off well, however—upon my word



—very well! how tenderly they part!—so, cousin—I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me—I assure you we have been talking of you.

*Aman.* Fie, Berinthia!—my admirer—will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

*Ber.* Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part I only tell you matter of fact.

*Aman.* I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it. I have just parted with mr. Loveless—perhaps it is my fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner, which alarms me.

*Ber.* And so you are jealous? is that all?

*Aman.* That all! is jealousy then nothing?

*Ber.* It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

*Aman.* Why, what would you do?

*Ber.* I'd cure myself.

*Aman.* How?

*Ber.* Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please, but I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

*Aman.* Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

*Ber.* Think so! I am sure of it.

*Aman.* You are sure on't?

*Ber.* Positively—he fell in love at the play.

*Aman.* Right—the very same—but who could have told you this?

*Ber.* Um——o——Townly!——I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

*Aman.* O base Loveless! and what did Townly say on't?

*Ber.* So, so—why should she ask that?——(*aside*)——say! why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

*Aman.* Did he? oh, my heart! I'm very ill—I must go to the chamber—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment.

[*exit*]

*Ber.* No—dont fear.—So—there is certainly some affection on her side at least, towards Townly. If it prove so, and her agreeable husband perseveres—heaven send me resolution!—well, how this business will end I know not—but I seem to be in as fair a way to lose my gallant colonel, as a boy is to be a rogue, when he's put clerk to an attorney. [exit]

SCENE III—a country house.

enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.

*Y. Fas.* So, here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get in possession—but methinks the seat of our family looks, like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

*Lory.* Pray, sir dont let your head run upon the orders of building here—get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

*Y. Fas.* Get but the house! let the devil take the heiress, I say—but come, we have no time to squander, knock at the door—(*Lory knocks two or three times*) What the devil, have they got no ears in this house?—knock harder.

*Lory.* I'gad, Sir, this will prove some enchanted castle—we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out [*knocks again*]

*Y. Fas.* Hush—they come—(*from within*) who is there?

*Lory.* Open the door and see—is that your country breeding?—

*Ser. (within)* Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

*Y. Fas.* Ouns! give 'em good words, Lory—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

*Lory.* Egad, Sir, I think you're in the right on't—ho!—Mr. what d'ye callum—will you please to let us

in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat side?

[*servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*]

*Ser.* Weel naw, what's ya're buziness?

*Y. Fas.* Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

*Ser.* To weat upon sir Tunbelly?—why, you'll find that's just as sir Tunbelly pleases.

*Y. Fas.* But will you do me the favor, sir, to know whether sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

*Ser.* Why look you d'ye see, with gude words much may be done.—Ralph, go thy waes, and ask sir Tunbelly, if he pleases to be waited upon—and dost heer? call to nurse, that she may lock up miss Hoyden before the geats open.

*Y. Fas.* D'ye hear that Lory?

*Enter sir TUNBELLY, with servants, armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

*Lory.* O, (*running behind his master*) O Lord, O Lord, Lord, we are both dead men.

*Y. Fas.* Take heed fool, thy fear will ruin us.

*Lory.* My fear, sir, sdeath, sir, I fear nothing—(*aside*)—would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond.

*Sir Tun.* Who is it here has any business with me?

*Y. Fas.* Sir, tis I, if your name be sir Tunbelly Clumsey?

*Sir Tun.* Sir, my name is sir Tunbelly Clumsey, whether you have any business with me or not—so you see I am not ashamed of my name, nor my face either.

*Y. Fas.* Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

*Sir Tun.* Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house; and when I do know your name, tis six to four I don't ask you then.

*Y. Fas.* (*giving him a letter*) Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

*Sir Tun.* God's my life, from mrs. Coupler.—I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times—(to his servant)—Here, run in a doors quickly ; get a scotch coal fire in the great parlor—set all the Turkey work chairs in their places ; get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel, run—(turning to young Fashion) my lord, I ask your lordship's pardon—(to servant) and do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let miss Hoyden loose again. {exit servant

(to young Fashion) I hope your honor will excuse the disorder of my family—we are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day—pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord ?

*Y. Fas.* Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant,

*Sir Tun.* Your lordship does me too much honor—it was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was—but my daughter shall endeavor to make you what amends she can—and though I say it, that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

*Y. Fas.* Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her: common fame has done her justice.

*Sir Tun.* My lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant.—My lord, my girl's young—Hoyden is young, my lord ; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature—what she wants in experience, she has in breeding—and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution—so pray, my lord, walk in ; pray, my lord, walk in.

*Y. Fas.* Sir, I wait upon you. [exeunt thro' the gate

*miss HOYDEN, sola.*

*Miss.* Sure, nobody was ever used as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me. It's well I have a husband a-coming, or i'cod I'd marry the baker, I would so.—Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up

—and here's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day-long, so she can. Tis very well—

(*NURSE without, opening the door*)

*Nurse.* Miss Hoyden, miss, miss, miss, miss Hoyden!

*enter NURSE.*

*Miss.* Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? —what do you din a body's ears for? can't one be at quiet for you?

*Nurse.* What do I din your ears for? here's one come will din your ears for you.

*Miss.* What care I who's come? I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be locked up like the ale cellar.

*Nurse.* That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

*Miss.* O, dont you trouble your head about that, I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

*Nurse.* Very well—now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

*Miss.* My lord! why is my husband come?

*Nurse.* Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

*Miss. (hugging nurse)* O, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

*Nurse.* Ah! the poor thing, see how it melts; its as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

*Miss.* But my dear nurse, don't lie now, is he come by your troth?

*Nurse.* Yes, by my truly is he.

*Miss.* O lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, though I'm locked up a month for't. [*exit running*]

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I.

*enter miss HOYDEN and NURSE.*

*Nurse.* Well, miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

*Miss.* O lord, nurse, I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce contain myself.

*Nurse.* O but you must have a care of being too fond, for men, now-a-days, hate a woman that loves 'em.

*Miss.* Love him! why do you think I love him, nurse? i'cod, I would not care if he was hanged, so I were but once married to him.—No, that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, i'cod I'll flaunt it with the best of 'em. Ay, and I shall have money enough to do so too, nurse.

*Nurse.* Ah! there's no knowing that miss, for though these lords have a power of wealth, indeed, yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their slots and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing and has not a spare half crown to buy her a Practice of Piety.

*Miss.* O, but for that, dont deceive yourself, nurse, for this I must say of my lord, he's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me, I should have six hundred a-year to buy pins. Now, nurse, if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine petticoats?

*Nurse.* Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These londoners have got a gibberage with 'em, would confound a gipsey. That which they call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the varsal world, down to their very shoe-knots—Nay, I have heard folk say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants as they call 'em, are

forced to find them out of their pin-money too. But look, look, if his honor be not coming to you. Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

*Miss.* That's my best nurse, do as you'd be done by—trust us together this once, and if I don't show my breeding, may I never be married, but die an old maid.

*Nurse.* Well, this once I'll venture you—But if you disparage me—

*Miss.* Never fear.

[*exit Nurse.*]

*enter YOUNG FASHION.*

*Y Fas.* Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

*Miss.* Sir, (my lord I mean) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

*Y Fas.* You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend on your consent to perform what he desires.

*Miss.* Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

*Y Fas.* So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife.—I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

*Miss.* Pray, my lord, how long is that?

*Y Fas.* Madam—a thousand years—a whole week.

*Miss.* A week!—why I shall be an old woman by that time.

*Y Fas.* And I an old man.

*Miss.* Why, I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

*Y Fas.* And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent.

*Miss.* If I'll consent! why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

*Y. Fas.* That's when we are married. Till then I'm to obey you.

*Miss.* Why, then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married you shall obey me.

*Y. Fas.* With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

*Miss.* No more we shan't, indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

*Y. Fas.* Why, then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

*Miss.* O lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing,

*Y. Fas.* How's that?

*Miss.* Why, tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

*Y. Fas.* Nay, if that will do, she shall have a score of them.

*Miss.* O gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself.—I'll run and call her. [exit

*Y. Fas.* Soh, matters go swimmingly. This is a rare girl I'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London. But no matter—she brings me an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

enter LORY.

So, Lory, what's the matter?

*Lory.* Here, sir, an intercepted packet from the enemy—your brother's postillion brought it—I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

*Y. Fas.* (looking at it) Oons!—he tells sir Tunbelly here, that he will be with him this evening, with a large party at supper—egad, I must marry the girl directly.



*Lory.* O, zounds, sir, directly to be sure ! here she comes. [*exit Lory*]

*Y. Fas.* And the old Jezabel with her. She has a thorough procuring countenance, however.

*enter miss HOYDEN and NURSE.*

*Y. Fas.* How do you do, mrs. Nurse ?—I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education ; pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

*Nurse.* (*aside*) Gold, by maakins !—your honor's goodness is too great. Alas ! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honor would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived—and how it would look up in my face—and crow and laugh it would !

*Miss.* (*to nurse, taking her angrily aside*) Pray, one word with you. Prithee, nurse, dont stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love ; do you think such a fine, proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddle-come tale of a child ? if you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, dont tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. (*to him*) I hope your honor will excuse my mis-manners, to whisper before you, it was only to give some orders about the family.

*Y. Fas.* O, every thing, madam, is to give way to business ; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

*Miss.* Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London town ?—do they darn their own linen ?

*Y. Fas.* O no ;—they study how to spend money, not to save.

*Miss.* I'cod, I dont know but that may be better sport, ha, nurse !

*Y. Fas.* Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

*Miss.* Shall I?—then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can. (*to nurse*) His honor desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be married to-morrow.

*Nurse.* To-morrow, my dear madam?

*Y. Fas.* Ay, faith, nurse, you may well be surprised at miss's wanting to put it off so long—to-morrow! no, no—'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

*Miss.* I'cod, with all my heart.

*Nurse.* O mercy, worse and worse.

*Y. Fas.* Yes, sweet nurse, now, and privately. For, all things being signed and sealed, why should sir Tunbelly make us stay a week for a wedding dinner?

*Nurse.* But if you should be married now, what will you do when sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

*Miss.* Why, then we will be married again.

*Nurse.* What, twice, my child?

*Miss.* I'cod, I dont care how often I'm married, not I.

*Nurse.* Well—I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

*Miss.* Shall I?—(*aside*) o lord, I could leap over the moon.

*Y. Fas.* Dear nurse, this goodness of your's shant go unrewarded. But now you must employ your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

*Nurse.* Prevail with him!—or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

*Y. Fas.* I'm glad to hear it; {however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know, I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

*Nurse.* Nay then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

*Miss.* Faith do, nurse, make him marry you too, I'm sure he'll do it for a fat living.

*Y. Fas.* Well, nurse, while you go and settle matters

with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden. [exit nurse]

*Y. Fas.* (giving her his hand) Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

*Miss* O dear, yes, sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [exeunt]

SCENE II.

*enter AMANDA, her woman following.*

*Maid.* If you please, madam, only to say whether you'll have me buy them or not?

*Aman.* Yes—no—go—leazer! I care not what you do—prithee leave me. [exit maid]

*enter BERIRTHIA.*

*Ber.* What, in the name of Jove's the matter with you?

*Aman.* The matter, Berinthia? I'm almost mad; I'm plagued to death.

*Ber.* Who is it that plagues you?

*Aman.* What do you think should plague a wife, but her husband?

*Ber.* O ho! is it come to that? we shall have you wish yourself a widow, by and by.

*Aman.* Would I were any thing but what I am! a base, ungrateful man, to use me thus!

*Ber.* What, has he given you fresh reason to suspect his wandering?

*Aman.* Every hour gives me reason.

*Ber.* And yet, Amanda, you perhaps at this moment cause in another's breast the same tormenting doubts and jealousies which you feel so insensibly yourself.

*Aman.* Heaven knows I would not!

*Ber.* Why, you can't tell but there may be some one as tenderly attached to Townly, whom you boast of as your conquest, as you can be to your husband.

*Aman.* I'm sure I never encouraged his pretensions.

*Ber.* Pshaw, pshaw! no sensible man ever perseveres to love, without encouragement. Why have you not treated him as you have lord Foppington?

*Aman.* Because he has not presumed so far. But let us drop the subject. Men, not women, are riddles. Mr. Loveless now follows some flirt for variety, whom I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

*Ber.* That's more than you know, madam.

*Aman.* Why, do you know the ugly thing?

*Ber.* I think I can guess at the person—but she's no such ugly thing neither.

*Aman.* Is she very handsome?

*Ber.* Truly I think so.

*Aman.* What'er she be, I'm sure he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

*Ber. (aside)* Outward gallantry, I can't bear this. Come, come, don't you be too secure, Amanda; while you suffer Townly to imagine that you do not detest him for his designs on you, you have no right to complain, that your husband is engaged elsewhere. But here comes the person we were speaking of.

*enter TOWNLY.*

*Town.* Ladies, as I come uninvited, I beg, if I intrude, you will use the same freedom in turning me out again.

*Aman.* I believe, sir, it is near the time Mr. Loveless said he would be at home. He talked of accepting of lord Foppington's invitation to sup at sir Tunbilly Clumsey's.

*Town.* His lordship has done me the honor to invite me also. If you'll let me escort you, I'll let you into a mystery as we go, in which you must play a part when we arrive.

*Aman.* But we have two hours yet to spare—the carriages are not ordered till eight—and it is not a five minutes drive. So, cousin, let us keep the colonel to play piquet with us, till Mr. Loveless comes home.

*Ber.* As you please, madam, but you know I have a letter to write.

*Town.* Madam, you know you may command me, though I'm a very wretched gamester.

*Aman.* O, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require—and so without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room and call for cards and candles. [*Exeunt*]

---

SCENE III—*Berinthia's dressing-room.*

*enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* So—thus far all's well—I have got into her dressing-room, and it being dusk, I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house. I heard Berinthia tell my wife she had some particular letters to write this evening, before we went to sir Tunbelly's, and here are the implements for correspondence—how shall I muster up assurance to show myself when she comes? I think she has given me encouragement—and to do my impudence justice, I have made the most of it. I hear a door open and some one coming; if it should be my wife, what the devil should I say? I believe she mistrusts me, and by my life I don't deserve her tenderness; however I am determined to reform, though not yet. Hah! Berinthia—so I'll step in here till I see what sort of humor she is in. (*goes into the closet*)

*enter BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* Was ever so provoking a situation! to think I should sit and hear him compliment Amanda to my face! I have lost all patience with them both. I would not for something have Loveless know what temper of mind they have piqued me into, yet I can't bear to leave them together. No—I'll put my papers away,

and return, to disappoint them. (*goes to the closet*)  
O lord! a ghost! a ghost! a ghost!

*enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Peace, my angel—it's no ghost—but one worth a hundred spirits.

*Ber.* How, sir, have you had the insolence to presume to—run in again—here's somebody coming.

*enter MAID.*

*Maid.* O lord, ma'am, what's the matter?

*Ber.* O heavens! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought verily I had seen a ghost, and 'twas nothing but a black hood pin'd against the wall. You may go again, I am the fearfulest fool! [*exit maid*]

*re enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Is the coast clear?

*Ber.* The coast clear!—upon my word I wonder at your assurance!

*Love.* Why then you wonder before I have given you a proof of it. But where's my wife?

*Ber.* At cards.

*Love.* With whom?

*Ber.* With Townly.

*Love.* Then we are safe enough.

*Ber.* You are so! some husbands would be of another mind were he at cards with their wives.

*Love.* And they'd be in the right on't too—but I dare trust mine.

*Ber.* Indeed! and she, I doubt not, has the same confidence in you. Yet do you think she would be content to come and find you here?

*Love.* Egad, as you say, that's true—then for fear she should come, hadn't we better go into the next room out of her way?

*Ber.* What—in the dark?

*Love.* Ay—or with a light, which you please.

*Ber.* You are certainly very impudent.

*Love.* Nay then—let me conduct you, my angel.

*Ber.* Hold, hold, you are mistaken in your angel, I assure you.

*Love.* I hope not, for by this hand I swear.—

*Ber.* Come, come. let go my hand, or I shall hate you, I'll cry out as I live.

*Love.* Impossible!—you cannot be so cruel.

*Ber.* Ha!—here's some one coming—beyond instantly.

*Love.* Will you promise to return if I remain here?

*Ber.* Never trust myself in a room with you again while I live.

*Love.* But I have something particular to communicate to you.

*Ber.* Well, well, before we go to sir Tunbelly's I'll walk upon the lawn. If you are fond of a moonlight evening, you will find me there.

*Love.* E'faith they're coming here now.—I take you at your word. [*exit Loveless into the closet.*]

*Ber.* Tis Amanda, as I live.—I hope she has not heard his voice. Though I meant she should have her share of jealousy.

*enter AMANDA.*

*Aman.* Berinthia, why did you leave me?

*Ber.* I thought I only spoil'd your party,

*Aman.* Since you have been gone, Townly has attempted to renew his importunities—I must break with him—for I cannot venture to acquaint Mr. Loveless with his conduct.

*Ber.* O no—Mr. Loveless mustn't know of it by any means.

*Aman.* O, not for the world—I wish, Berinthia, you would undertake to speak to Townly on the subject.

*Ber* Upou my word it would be a very pleasant subject for me to talk to him on —But come—let us go back—and you may depend on't, I'll not leave you together again, if I can help it. [*exeunt.*

*enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Soh—so!—a pretty piece of business I have over heard—Townly makes love to my wife—and I'm not to know it for the world—I must inquire into this—and, by heav'n, if I find that Amanda has in the smallest degree—Yet, what have I been at here?—O, 'sdeath! that's no rule.

That wife alone, unsullied credit wins,  
Whose virtues can atone her husband's sins;  
Thus while the man has other nymphs in view,  
It suits the woman to be doubly true. [*exit.*

---

## A C T V.

SCENE I—*a garden—moon light.*

*enter LOVELESS.*

*Love,* Now, does she mean to make a fool of me or not?—I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping party.—Suspense is at all times the devil—but of all modes of suspense, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst—but let me accuse her no longer—she approaches with one smile to o'erpay the anxiety of a year.

*enter BERINTHIA*

O Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my



debt!—had you staid five minutes longer—

*Ber.* You would have been gone, I suppose.

*Love.* (*aside*) Egad she's right enough.

*Ber.* And I assure you, 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

*Love.* You cannot mean it sure?

*Ber.* No!—why do you think you are really so irresistible, and master of so much address as to deprive a woman of her senses in a few days acquaintance?

*Love.* O, no, madam; tis only by your preserving your senses that I can hope to be admitted into your favor—your taste, judgment, and discernment, are what I build my hopes on.

*Ber.* Very modest, upon my word—and it certainly follows, that the greatest proof I can give of my possessing those qualities, would be my admiring mr. Loveless!

*Love.* O, that were so cold a proof—

*Ber.* What shall I do more?—esteem you?

*Love.* O, no—worse and worse.—Can you behold a man, whose every faculty your attractions have engrossed—whose whole soul, as by enchantment, you have seiz'd on—can you see him tremble at your feet, and talk of so poor a return as your esteem!

*Ber.* What more would you have me give to a married man?

*Love.* How doubly cruel to remind me of misfortunes!

*Ber.* A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda!

*Love.* I grant all her merit, but—'sdeath, now see what you have done by talking of her—she's here by all that's unlucky.

*Ber.* O Ged, we had both better get out of the way, for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

*Love.* Ay—but if I mistake not, I see Townly com-

ing this way also—I must see a little into this matter.  
(*steps aside*)

*Ber.* O, if that's your intention—I am no woman if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity.

[*goes on the other side.*]

*enter AMANDA.*

*Aman.* Mr. Loveless come home and walking on the lawn!—I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to show his neglect of me—Mr. Loveless—ha!—Townly again!—how I am persecuted!

*enter TOWNLY.*

*Town.* Madam, you seem disturbed!

*Aman.* Sir, I have reason.

*Town.* Whatever be the cause, I would to heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

*Aman.* Your interference can only add to my distress.

*Town.* Ah! madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge—weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear—disdain the false embraces of a husband—see at your feet a real lover—his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love!

*Love. (aside)* So, so, very fine, s'faith!

*Aman* Why do you presume to talk to me thus?—is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless?—I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

*Town.* He could not upbraid me if you were—he deserves it from me—for he has not been more false to you, than faithless to me.

*Aman.* To you!

*Town.* Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now de-

serts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination.—

Yes, indeed, Berinthia, who now—

*Aman.* Berinthia!—impossible!—

*Town.* 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention.—She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

*Aman.* I will not believe it.

*Town.* By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction.—This very day I saw them together, and overheard—

*Aman.* Peace, sir, I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, sir: though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him, as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival, than she who is my relation, and my friend; for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

*Town.* If I do not prove this to you—

*Aman.* You never shall have an opportunity—from the awful manner in which you first shew'd yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy—but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [Exit.]

*Town.* Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honor's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation?—Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Annatida's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still; for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [Exit.]

*enter LOVELESS and BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* Your servant, mr. Loveless.

*Love.* Your servant, madam.

*Ber.* Pray, what do you think of this?

*Love.* Truly, I don't know what to say.

*Ber.* Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

*Love.* Why tolerable—so I must confess.

*Ber.* And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

*Love.* No, I think we never should, indeed.

*Ber.* We! why, monster, you dont pretend that I ever entertained a thought.

*Love.* Why then, sincerely, and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

*Ber.* Nay, prithee dont let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly; and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

*Love.* By no means inform him—for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

*Ber.* How will you presume to look him in the face again?

*Love.* He—who has dared to attempt the honor of my wife!

*Ber.* You—who have dared to attempt the honor of his mistress! come, come, be ruled by me who affect more levity than I have, and dont think of auger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries, is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

*Love.* Then I will be ruled by you—and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good

qualities make as sincere a convert of him, as Amanda's have of me. When truth's extended from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a secret habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—

Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—

To keep our love—they'd rate their virtue high—

They live together, and together die! [*exit*]

SCENE II—sir Tunbelly's house.

*enter miss HOYDEN, NURSE, and YOUNG FASHION.*

*Y. Fas.* This quick dispatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favor as long as I live, I assure you.

*Miss.* And to mine too, I promise you.

*Nurse.* I most humbly thank your honors; and may your children swarm about you, like bees about a honey-comb.

*Miss.* I'cod with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha nurse?

*enter LORY, taking YOUNG FASHION hastily aside*

*Lory.* One word with you, for heaven's sake.

*Y. Fas.* What the devil's the matter?

*Lory.* Sir, your fortune's ruined, if you are not married—yonder's your brother, arrived with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth four-score pounds—so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

*Y. Fas.* Is he in the house yet?

*Lory.* No—they are capitulating with him at the gate—sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor, and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

*Y. Fas.* That's right: (*to Miss*) my dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frightened, we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's

an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

*Miss.* O the brazen faced varlet, it's well we are married, or may-be we might never have been so,

*Y. Fas. (aside)* Egad, like enough. Prithee, nurse, run to sir Tunbely, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

*Nurse.* An't please your honor, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

*Y. Fas.* Do so, if you please.

*Miss.* Not so fast—I wont be locked up any more, now I'm married.

*Y. Fas.* Yes, pray my dear, do, till we have seized this rascal.

*Miss.* Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do any thing.

*[Exit miss and nurse]*

*Y. Fas. (to Lory)* Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

*Lory. (aside)* The devil it is, sir!

*Y. Fas.* Not a word,—all's safe—but sir Tunbely dont know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

*enter sir TUNBELLY, and servants, armed with clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

*Y. Fas.* Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

*Sir Tun.* Never, by the mass—but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

*Y. Fas.* They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

*Sir Tun.* Ay, ay, rogues enow—but we have master'd them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scoured in an instant.—Here, l'omme, bring in your prisoner.

*Y. Fas.* If you please, sir Tunbelly, it will be best for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

*Sir Tun.* Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

*Lory. (aside)* 'Fore heaven I applaud my master's modesty. *[exunt Y. Fashion and Lory]*

*enter servants, with lord FOPPINGTON, disarmed.*

*Sir. Tun.* Come—bring him along, bring him along.

*L. Fop.* What the pax do you mean, gentlemen? is it fair time that you are all drunk before supper?

*Sir Tun.* Drunk, sirrah! here's an impudent rogue for you. Drunk, or sober, bully, I'm a justice of the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

*L. Fop* Strollers!

*Sir Tun.* Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder?

*L. Fop.* And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

*Sir Tun.* Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you rascal you.

*L. Fop.* Before Gad, all the answers I can make to 'em, is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals!

*Sir Tun.* Nay, if thou are for joking with deputy lieutenants, we know how to deal with you.—Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

*L. Fop.* A warrant! what the devil is't thou woud'st be at, old gentleman?

*Sir Tun.* I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate) and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat you dog you

*L. Fop.* And why would'st thou spoil my face at that rate?

*Sir Tun.* For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

**L. Fop.** Rab thee of your daughter! now do I begin to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Prithce, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

**Sir Tun.** I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

**L. Fop.** Why then it is, whether thou didst ~~not~~ write to my lord Foppington to come down and marry thy daughter?

**Sir Tun.** Yes, marry did I, and my lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

**L. Fop.** Now give me thy hand, old dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

**Sir Tun.** This fellow's mad—here, bind him hand and foot. *(they bind him)*

**L. Fop.** Nay, prithee knight, leave fooling, thy jest begins to grow dull.

**Sir Tun.** Bind him, I say—he's mad—bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

**L. Fop.** Prithce, sir Tuppenny, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address, as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit? egad, if I dont waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life. *(aside)*

*enter miss HAYDEN and NURSE.*

**Miss.** *(going up to him)* Is this he that would have ran away with me? fough! how he stinks of sweets! pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

**L. Fop.** *(aside)* This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

**Miss.** Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—hang him?

**Sir Tun.** I had at least, child.

**Nurse.** Ay, and it's ten too good for him too.



*L. Pop. (aside)* Madame la Governante, I presume ; hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality match'd into.

*Sir Tun.* What's become of my lord, daughter ?

*Miss.* He's just coming, sir.

*L. Pop. (aside)* My lord ! what does he mean by that now ?

*enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.*

*L. Pop.* Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

*Y. Fas.* Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter ?

*Sir Tun.* This is he, my lord ; how do you like him ? is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune ?

*Y. Fas.* I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

*Miss.* O gemini ! is this a beau ? let me see him again. Ha, I find a beau is no such ugly thing neither.

*Y. Fas.* Egad, she'll be in love with him presently.

I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol. (*to lord Foppington*) Sir, though your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha'n't confidence enough to expect much favor from me,

*L. Pop.* Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

*Nurse.* Look ; if the varlot has not the frontery to call his Lordship, plain Thomas.

*Sir Tun.* Come, is the warrant writ ?

*Chapl.* Yes, Sir.

*L. Pop.* Hold, one moment.—Pray, gentlemen—my lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship ?

*Nurse.* O, ho, it's my lord, with him now ; see how afflictions will humble folks.

*Miss.* Pray, my lord, dont let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off

*L. Pop.* I am not altogether so hungry as your lady, ship is pleased to imagine. (*to Y. Fashion*) Look you,

Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer. Thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it, stap my vitals!

*Y. Fas.* It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much wont redeem her. *(leaving him)*

*Sir Tun.* Well, what says he?

*Y. Fas.* Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

*Sir Tun.* Ay, he shall go, with a halter to him—lead on, constable.

*enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Sir, here is muster Loveless, and muster colonel Townly, and some ladies, to wait on you.

*Lory. (aside)* So, sir, what will you do now?

*Y. Fas.* Be quiet—they are in the plot. *(to sir Tunbelly)* Only a few friends, sir Tunbelly, whom I wish'd to introduce to you.

*L. Pop.* Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world. Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and my guests, and they will soon inform thee, whether I am the true lord Foppington or not.

*enter LOVELESS, TOWNLY, AMANDA, and BERTHIA.*

*Y. Fas.* So, gentlemen, this is friendly, I rejoice to see you.

*Town.* My lord, we are fortunate in being the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

*Love.* But your lordship will do us the honor to introduce us to sir Tunbelly Clumsey?

*Aman.* And us to your lady.

*L. Fop.* God take me, but they are all in a story.

*Sir Tun.* Gentlemen, you do me great honor; my lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

*T. Fas.* My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

*Miss.* By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I am almost ashamed to come nigh em.

*Aman.* A most engaging lady, indeed!

*Miss.* Thank ye, ma'am!

*Ber.* And I doubt not, will soon distinguish herself in the beau monde.

*Miss.* Where is that?

*T. Fas.* You'll soon learn, my dear.

*Love.* But, lord Foppington—

*L. Fop.* Sir!

*Love.* Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir; pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament.

*Sir Tun.* Ha, ha, ha!—So these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

*L. Fop.* I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

*Sir Tun.* Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me for lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

*Love.* A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha, ha!

*L. Fop.* As god shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee; come, prithee confess the joke; tell sir Tunbelly that I am the real lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honor'd by her with a slap on the face, and afterward pink'd through the body by thee.

*Sir Tun.* A likely story, truly, that a peer would behave thus!

*Love.* A curious fellow indeed! that wou'd scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, sir Tunbelly.

*Sir Tun.* Commit him certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

*L. Fop.* Bride and bridegroom! for Gad's sake, sir Tunbelly, tis tarture to me to hear you call 'em so.

*Miss.* Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us? dog and cat!

*L. Fop.* By no means, miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife, than t'other.

*Sir Tun.* A precious rogue this, to come a wooing!

*enter SERVANT,*

*Ser.* There are some more gentle folks below, to wait upon lord Foppington.

*Town.* S'death, I'om, what will you do now?

*L. Fop.* Now, sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses, who I believe are not corrupted

*Sir Tun.* Peace, fellow! would your lordship choc to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till e come to 'em?

*Y. Fas.* I believe, sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet; (*aside*) 'gad, all must out!

*Love.* Confess, confess, we'll stand by you.

*L. Fop.* Nay, sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides, and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor——

*Y. Fas.* Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing, that I am not what I have passed myself for; —sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but tis with great pride I assure, I am not lord Foppington.

*Sir Tun.* Oun's! what's this!—an impostor!—a cheat! —fire and faggots, sir!—if you are not lord Foppington, who the devil are you?

*Y. Fas.* Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law, and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

*L. Fop.* Impudent to the last!

*Sir Tun.* My son-in-law! not yet I hope?

*Y. Fas.* Pardon me, sir, thanks to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this o'd gentlewoman,

*Lory.* Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and mrs Nurse, here, was clerk.

*Sir Tun.* Knock that rascal down—but speak, Jezebel, how's this?

*Nurse.* Alas, your honor, forgive me—I have been over-reached in this business as well as you; your worship knows, if the wedding dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

*Sir Tun.* But how durst you do this without acquainting me?

*Nurse.* Alas, if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung and twined about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I, who had nursed it and reared it, must have had a heart of stone to refuse it.

*Sir Tun.* Ouns, I shall go mad! unloose my lord there you scoundrels!

*L. Fop.* Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

*Miss.* Egad, though—I dont see which is to be my husband, after all.

*Love.* Come, come, sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

*Town.* Take my word for it, sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of; my friend, Tom Fashion, is as honest a fellow as ever breathed.

*Love.* That he is, depend on't, and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them.

*Sir Tun.* Never—the bussey!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

*L. Fop.* Now, sir Tunbelly, that I am untrussed, give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damned, execrable mansion, and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and blockheads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

**Sir Tun.** What's this!—ouns, I believe you are both rogues alike!

**L. Fop.** No, sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast matched thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title deeds might be contained in thy tobacco-box.

**Sir Tun.** Puppy, puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars if I choose it;—for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

**Town.** Well said, sir Tunbelly.

**L. Fop.** Ay, old fellow, but you will not do it; for that would be acting like a christian, and thou art a thorough barbarian, stap my vitals.

**Sir Tun.** Udzookers! now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

**Love.** 'Slife, sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself; ladies what say you?

**Aman.** Good sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

**Bor.** Come, you have been young yourself, sir Tunbelly.

**Sir Tun.** Well then, if I must, I must;—but turn that sneering lord out, however; and let me be revenged on somebody: but first, look whether I am a barbarian, or not; there, children, I join your hands, and when I'm in a better humor, I'll give you my blessing.

**Love.** Nobly done, sir Tunbelly; and we shall see you dance at a grandson's wedding, yet.

**Miss.** By goles though, I dont understand this; what, an't I to be a lady after all? only plain mrs.—what's my husband's name, nurse?

**Nurse.** Squire Fashion.

**Miss.** Squire, is he?—well, that's better than nothing.

**L. Fop.** Now will I put on a philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance. Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prythee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it *de bon coeur*, strike me dumb! you have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners; and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her

sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe.

*Miss.* By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names.

*Y. Fas.* Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please, I shall support mine by sir Tunbelly's favor, with this lady, and three thousand pounds a-year.

*L. Fop.* Well, adieu, Tam ; ladies, I kiss your hands ; sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit thy den, but while I retain my arms, I shall remember thou art a savage, stap my vitals ! [*exit*]

*Sir Tun.* By the mass, tis well he's gone, for I should ha' been provoked by-and by, to ha' dun'un a mischief :—well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o' her side, in troth.

*Town.* She has, indeed, sir Tunbelly, but I hear the fiddles ; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

*Love.* O, adance and a bottle, sir Tunbelly, by all means

*Sir Tun.* I had forgot the company below ; well, what—we must be merry then, ha ?—and dance and drink, ha ?—well, fore George, you shant say I do things by halves ; son-in-law there looks like a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night of it ; and which of these gay ladies will be the old man's partner, ha ?—ecod, I dont know how I came to be in so good a humor.

*Ber.* Well, sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavor to keep you so ; you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention ; and if you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage, and his lordship's deserved mortification, a subject which, perhaps, may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

*Sir Tun.* Ecod, with all my heart ; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

*Ber.* Never fear, we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated ; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, british auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance.

# WHISTLE FOR IT;

A Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

---

BY THE HON. G. LAMB.

---

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,  
COVENT GARDEN.

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH;

At the Dramatic Repository,  
Shakspeare Gallery.

1807.



---

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Harlowitz . . . . .	MR. INCLEDON.
Osbert . . . . .	MR. C. KEMBLE.
Lieutenant . . . . .	MR. JEFFERIES.
Rupert . . . . .	MR. TAYLOR.
Wolstan . . . . .	MR. KING.
Ludolf . . . . .	MR. TREBY.
Conrad . . . . .	MR. STREET.
Otho . . . . .	MR. DLNMAN.
Mark . . . . .	MR. TETT.
Schwartz . . . . .	MR. THOMAS.
Andrew . . . . .	MR. FAWCETT.
Carola . . . . .	MISS BOLTON.
Phillida . . . . .	MISS TYRER.

---

---

---

# WHISTLE FOR IT.

---

## ACT I.

**SCENE**—*Discovers RUPERT, CAROLA, and PHILLIDA. Lamp in the centre, table and two stools—a vaulted apartment in a cavern, which is the retreat of a troop of banditti, Carola and Rupert seated at a table Phillida knitting by them.*

*(they rise)*

**TRIO**—CAROLA, RUPERT, PHILLIDA.

Afar the vesper torches gleam,  
And stud the gloom with starry light;  
The bat awakes, and owlets scream,  
Their hideous welcome to the night.

Now moping fancy raises round  
The visions that inspire her fear,  
And wakes herself the mutter'd sound,  
The sound she panting shrinks to hear.

Silent is the forest sleeping,  
All is husht—no branches shake,  
Save where robbers homewards creeping  
Sullen rustle thro' the brake.

*(Carola sits down)*

*Phil.* What an ungallant man you are, Rupert: here you are all day in the company of two ladies, and are as dull and sulky as a bear in warm weather. Well, why dont you speak to me?

*Rup.* Because I've nothing to say.

*Phil.* Nothing to say! as if that was any reason. I'm sure that never stops me from talking.

But you ought to have plenty to say, when you are with a lady ;—and a lady whose accomplishments, let me tell you, are thought very highly of.

*Ruf.* Do you mean yourself, or our fair captive there that was seized in the forest last week ?

*Car. (aside)* O, my Harlowitz, where art thou now ? what am I doomed to undergo !

*(retires into a side cave)*

*Phil.* You're an uncivil brute to ask the question. But which ever it was you ought to talk, and pay compliments to her, and find something pretty to—

*Ruf.* Find something pretty ! I can't, when there's only you in company. But dont go on chattering to me. Keep what you have to say for your love, Andrew ! He'll be at home shortly—loaded with provisions, I hope.

*And. (without)* There—take care of 'em, Rachel.

*Ruf.* O ! here comes your sweet swain, Andrew, at last.

*enter Andrew (from the forest)*

How now, knave ?

*And.* How now ? why, I'm very tired now. I've had a hard day's work.

*Ruf.* Have you brought home plenty of provisions ?

*And.* What ! I warrant your craving stomach has grumbled out the minutes of my absence, as regular as the old convent clock ticks them, Yes, I have. My springes were all successful at last. I've left plenty in the kitchen with old Rachel.

*Ruf.* Very well.

*And.* Very well !—I think you might give me thanks at least.

*Phil.* So you take no notice of me, Andrew.

*And.* Troth, but I will, Phillida—*(aside)* Though, I think I like our beautiful prisoner best, I'd fain keep Phillida as a resource, in case I can't bring the captive lady to like *me*. Nay dont look so cross, Phillida! faith, I love you dearly.

*Phil.* Love me indeed! where are all the promises you made me.

*And.* How should I know where they are? I never *kept* any of them—now recollect, Phillida—when first I gave my affections to you,—speak truth,—how many lovers had you?

*Phil.* In all, perhaps about twenty.—You *were* at the head of the twenty; and that's a situation, I'm sure, any body might aspire to.

*And.* Ay: any body *might* I believe.

*Phil.* But you are scratched out now, and a memorandum put in the place, that if ever you come to be hanged, which heaven grant you may! I'll see you on the way, and oh love and passion you traitor! how I will laugh at you!

#### SONG—PHILLIDA.

Oh! who could prize the heart of clay,  
Where prudence always reigns;  
Which ne'er has felt a wish to stray,  
Or burst its rigid chains?  
For me—I ne'er with careless eyes  
Could manly beauty view,  
Nor heard a lover's vows and sighs  
And did not think them true.

It must be so—heighho!

Yet were you constant, were you kind,  
No longer wild and free,  
This fervent heart in chains I'd bind,  
And give it all to thee.

**Dastard**—~~don't~~ think my breast will turn  
 To rage, or grief forlorn;  
 For, warm as it could love return,  
 It now returns your scorn.

It must be so—**Neighbour!**

[*Exit Philinda*]

**And.** There's a kind, tender-hearted soul to her head lover! But where are all my masters? all out on the old trade, I suppose, "*Your purse or your life*;" or both, rather than neither. Where's our gruff captain?

**Rup.** Call him our great captain.

**And.** Great! Yes, he is great; greater than any of his gang, by an overplus of five skulls fractured, and sixteen throats cut. *That* placed him at the head of the band.

**Rup.** 'Twas his courage in the conspiracy against the prince, that made him an outlaw, and procured him that honor: besides our captain is noble by blood.

**And.** Ay: by the blood of those he has slain; that's the way men are made great now a-days. Well, I only hope it may all end prosperously, and particularly, that no harm may happen to me from being found in company so much above me.

**Rup.** Dastard! still thinking of yourself?

**And.** I must, as none of you will think of me: you, great men, have not the least regard for a fellow, who never cut any throat but a deer's. It's true, when I come home, sometimes, welcomes are showered upon me from every side; but there's not one meant for me; they're all for the provisions I bring on my back. I wish I was out of such

glorious society. Why did I ever leave the happy and unambitious gypsies ?

*Rup.* Chicken-hearted wretch ! you're raised in the scale of society, by your association with us ; you're elevated by us to a nobler height.

*And.* Elevated ! ay, from the whipping-post to the gallows. For now, if ever *I should* stand to answer to my name in your company, ten to one, the judge would not be persuaded, that I wasn't as great a man as any of you , and you'd all be dishonored by my swinging on the same beam with you.

*Rup.* These words betray a discontented spirit. You wish to escape from us, I suppose ; but, let me catch you—

*And.* I wont, I wont, I wont indeed.

*Rup.* You wont do what ?

*And.* I wont—I wont run away—I have no such thoughts. (*Rupert retires*) Because I dont see how it's possible to be done. (*asside*) A pepper-brain'd beast ! ah, there she sits, poor lady ! I do feel a warm kindness for this pretty captive, that I never felt before. I feel as if I should like to set her free ; and yet, as if I should not ; for then she'd go home to her friends, and I shou'd never see her again, perhaps—I'll speak to her. She sometimes will forget her grief, and talk a little. I'll try whether I can tempt her now. Madam !—my lady !

*enter CAROLA,*

*Car.* What would you have ?

*Rup.* How now, fool ; what do you speak to her for. She's pleased to be melancholy, so dont interrupt her silence. Have you no manners ? I've sat with her all day, and never said a word.

*And.* That's a pity too, considering what a pretty spoken gentleman you are.

*Car. (advancing)* Nay, let him speak to me. He, though despised by you, is far superior to you all : for he's unstained by blood ; he is, in short, what you can scarce be called, a man.

*And.* Yes, ma'am, I am a man ; not a *great* man. But come, cheerily, lady : let these old rocks once more know there's something human within them. Pray now, sing the song, you say, reminds you of your friends.

*Car.* I will ; for a dungeon of despair, like this, is fitted to rouse the recollection of former woes, and make us blame ourselves for having repined *then*, since they would be bliss, compared to what we suffer now.

#### SONG—CAROLA.

Dear the home, my youth's protection,  
 Dear was every vale and grove ;  
 But how cold seem'd all affection,  
 Soon as Adolf taught me love.

When from home at length I parted,  
 All that childhood thought its own,  
 As I went, one tear-drop started,  
 For the scenes so fondly known.

" Soon my parent's blessings over,  
 " Weeping on her breast I fell,  
 " Mute I fainted, when my lover,  
 " Bade his fond, his sad farewell."

*And.* Thank you, lady ; bless your pipes : you make this old crazy vault as merry as an oratorio. What a mind I have to tell her the good will I bear her. She looks very good-natured just now—but, somehow or other, I don't know how to do it, I hav'nt the face to own it plump—besides, our

captain casts an eye at her, and if he should find me out ! I'll go round about, as I would to a hare on her form. She said I was a man, and that's a bit of a compliment--so, madam, hem ! so, madam, you think, I am a man.

*Rup.* (*advancing a little, then retiring again*) He a man ; mere useless clay. A poltroon, who never was allowed to ride out with us, but once, and then ran away the moment the first pistol was fired.

*And.* No, I didn't : I only rode away to bring up the reserve. Well, ma'am,--pray now, what kind of a man do you think me ?

*Car.* What kind of a man ?

*And.* You know, you must like some kind of men better than others, and I wish to know how you like me ; for--it won't come out--will you ask me what kind of woman you are ?

*Car.* What do you mean ?

*And.* Why, I mean that--hem ! you've heard of Cupid, ma'am. That little god is in my breast, and he--

*Car.* Leave me,--hence. (*Andrew retires a little*) Carola is fallen indeed, when such a wretch presumes--come to my rescue, Harlowitz !

(*Andrew advances*)

robber, away,

*And.* Robber ! please you, madam, I am mere useless clay ; and, as that gentleman has given you to understand, never robbed any body in all my life. (*she retires*) Things don't look as if she liked me much at present--however, I've made my proposals fairly ; so, let her have time to consider of them. How now, Rupert ? none of our friends return'd yet ?



*Rup.* 'Tis past the usual hour. (*a bugle sounds at a distance*)

*And.* Hist ! I think I hear their horn.  
(*exit Andrew*)

*enter PHILLIDA.*

*Phil.* The signal of the band.

TRIO—CAROLA, RUPERT, PHILLIDA,

Hush ! hush ! for distant footsteps come ;  
Or is it but the stilly hum,  
Which, muttering former sounds again,  
Usurps from silence half her reign ?  
The list'ning screech-owl stops her cry,  
To mark the passers whispering by.

(*without*)—What ho !

(*within*)—Who calls ?

(*without*)—A friend—What ho !

(*within*)—Whence come you ? Whither do you go ?

(*within*)

From the cavern, from the brake,  
From the dell, and from the lake,  
Where each separate ambush lay,  
Home we plod our nightly way.

*enter ANDREW, WOLSTAN, LUDOLF, CONRAD,*

*OTHO, RUPERT and PHILLIDA, and all the Banditti.*

Welcome friends ! the gate's unbarr'd ;—  
Plenty be your toils reward.

*Band.* Thanks, good friends ! the gate's unbarr'd,  
Plenty be our toils reward !

*Ruf.* Well, lads, what sport to-day? a good cargo of booty.

*Wols.* All small wares, the plunder of a few foot passengers, and pilgrimage making friars: nothing glorious or valuable.

*Ruf.* No quietus found necessary for noisy game?

*Wols.* No; some troublesome monks got off with a broken limb or two.

*And.* Got off, did they, with broken limbs? lucky fellows!

*Wols.* Our captain took the best beat, on the east quarter of the forest.

*And.* Did he? then we shall hear of something good from thence—he has an eye like a hawk, and can see a prey at any distance: then he darts through the forest, like an elk; and when he comes up with his man, the thing's done in an instant: he doesn't like to stand talking.

*Ruf.* Tis strange he's not returned. Have none of you seen, or heard of him? can none of you tell where he is?

*enter OSBERT, appearing in the middle of them suddenly.*

*Os.* Here I am.

*All.* Ha, captain! noble captain, welcome!

*Os.* Silence all! tell me,—what have you done?

*Wols.* Nothing fit to be mentioned. I've brought home a leathern purse or two.

*Lud.* I've seiz'd a horse, to replace the one killed in our last engagement.

*Os.* Enough! and now listen to me; for I have labor'd hard. But, first, you,—obdurate beauty-

to your pallet—the business we're upon is only fit for men.

*Car.* For devils rather.

*Osb.* Hence, in silence. See her to her cell.

[*exunt* Carola, Phillida and Rupert.

Now, slaves, no doubt you think yourselves in safety. You think this pathless quarter of the forest, and these lurking caverns are a sure cover and defence. Remember, it is I that speak; your leader. Then, should you shudder, slaves,

*re-enter* RUPERT

when I—yes, I—inform you that, even now, destruction hovers over us.

*All.* Destruction, captain,

*Ruh.* How, speak.

*Osb.* Even now, five hundred horse and foot, dispatched for our ruin, beset the forest round, and scour every path and thicket,

*Wols.* Let's out and fight them!

*Lud.* Let's lurk in the forest, and shoot them one by one!

*And.* Oh dear! let's run away directly!

*Lud.* Save us, captain! you alone can do it.

*Osb.* Oh, valiant men! what, you fly to me for protection?—concealment here is vain; they'll hunt thro' every dell and covert of the forest;—and, soon, either discovery will give us up, or famine grasp us in our lurking places.

*And.* Then we are in a dilemma indeed. When a man can neither stay in a place nor get away from it, I don't very well see what he can do.

*Lud.* Nay then, it's all over with us.

*Osb.* Over with you! know, poor drivellers, this

single arm has vanquished all your host of enemies, and has delivered you.

*All.* Noble captain ! brave captain ! huzza !

*Ruf.* How, captain, how ?

*And.* He alone vanquish five hundred men ! if I didn't firmly believe he dealt with the devil, I should think *that* somewhat romancing.

*Osb.* First let me ask you,—you all have heard of count Harlowitz ?

*Ruf.* Ay, ay ; he has employed his whole life in the persecution of our fraternity.

*Osb.* Listen !—in the habit of a monk, whom I had plundered, I lured him from his followers, by a show of giving him information ; then seized him by the throat ; with the assistance of our friend, Anselm, bound him ; threw him across my saddle, —my horse flew like the wind, and he is in my power.

*All.* Bravo, captain ! bravo, noble captain !

*Ruf.* Well, captain,—and his followers ?——

*Osb.* Are wandering, like vagrants, on the outskirts of the forest, disheartened, scattered, and dismayed, as ye would be, if *I* was lost to *you*.

*Ruf.* Where is this count Harlowitz ?

*Osb.* Safe in the outer cave. Go, some of you, unbjnd, and bring him hither.

[*excunt Wolstan and Ludolf*

*And.* Ay, bring him ! I should like just to see him.

*Ruf.* Captain, may I cut his throat ?

*Osb.* Attempt it, and you meet your death. No ! we must now work by policy. This count is of high value to the state—they will not lose him. He shall be our guide to liberty ; we'll link our fate with *his*.

*Enter* WOLSTAN, count HARLOWITZ, and LUDOLF.

*C. Har.* Whither do you lead me?—why am I brought hither?—is it for booty I am seized?—here—I offer all I have; (*offering his purse*) take it, and give me freedom.

*Osb.* (*takes the purse*) What, think you this will purchase it? I'll be more liberal: I'll treble it to you for our freedom. (*returns the purse*)

*C. Har.* What mean you? let me know, who are you? what is this place?

*And.* What, dont you know? I'll tell you—you're prisoner to the banditti, whom you came to *take* prisoners; and if *they* hang *you*, as *you* would *them*, it will be all fair; you can't in justice complain.

*Osb.* Count, you know me, I am count Osbert. You are count Harlowitz; you are our keenest persecutor, and can expect nothing from us, but the bitterest vengeance. Many, many are the spirits breathed forth on the rack, that now call on us, and upbraid us for delaying the retributive blow: but we have other views.—If you agree to my proposals, fear nothing; but if not——

*C. Har.* Name your proposal.

*Osb.* Briefly thus:—the government have knowledge of us, and will soon attack us: we wish, by you, to offer terms to them.

*C. Har.* What! terms from out-laws? from a conspirator to his injured prince?

*Osb.* The unsubdued may always offer terms; and without insult. I ask full restoration to my former state; indemnity to all, and liberty to leave these caverns—whence, let me tell you, tis very doubtful whether force can drive us.

*C. Har.* Insolence ! and would you have me carry these terms ?

*Osbert.* Ay ; and must have your honor pledged on the performance of them.

*C. Har.* How can I pledge it ? I have no power to perform.

*Osbert.* I'll teach you how we will insure performance. One of our band shall carry our proposals to the state, informing them that you are in our hands ; and that, should the articles be in one tittle broken or they attempt to conquer us by force, our poniards will not be turned against their bosoms till we have first sheathed them in the breast of Harlowitz. We know the consideration the prince holds you in.—Your fate is now linked with that of your greatest enemy : we both are free or fall together.

*C. Har.* Such terms as these I never can consent to.

*Osbert.* You have heard my proposal. Think on't for to-night. At dawn I must have your final answer. But, if you then refuse, expect, on the instant, the most bitter vengeance that desperation can inflict on a detested foe. Farewel ! Rupert, look to him ;—Wolstan, Ludolf, Andrew,—watch with him. Count, good night. Think well upon it.—Away with him. (*some of the banditti seize and carry off the count*) Bring me some wine there, ho !

[*exit Osbert*]

*And.* Ay, we are all thirsty.—Ho, Rachel ! some pitchers of wine here ! they'll take care of the prisoner for us.

(*some of the banditti exeunt, and return with wine, cups, &c.*)

*Wols.* Come, Rupert, let's have the old song and chorus that our comrade, Rodolf, composed in his

prison, the night before he was executed. He was a brave heart, and a clever fellow.

*And.* And a true-bred poet, I'll be sworn ; though he never rhymed before. He was the swan, he did not find his musical powers, till it was almost too late to make use of them. 'Twas a pity to stop his wind-pipe, just as it became so melodious.

SONG—RUPERT.

Now the muzzy toper dozes,  
Round their table gamesters frowns,  
Mute the rural plain reposes,  
Mirth and noise awake the town.

CHORUS—Now the muzzy toper, &c,

'Tis the time for feasting, brother,  
Fill the cans with liquor high ;  
As we drain them,—“ bring another,”  
Still shall be our cheerful cry.

CHORUS—'Tis the time for feasting, &c.

Craft in knaves, in fools their folly,  
Can by floods of wine be drown'd,  
Wine, while waking, makes us jolly,—  
Sleeping,—makes our slumbers sound.

CHORUS—Craft in knaves, &c.

[*exunt*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT

## ACT II.

SCENE I—*the interior of the cavern—various dungeons—aperture above—stair-cases, &c.*

*enter count HARLOWITZ, ANDREW, RUPERT, WOLSTAN, LUDOLF—and PHILLIDA behind, observing them. Ludolf and Wolstan throw themselves on a stone-seat, very much fatigued.*

*Rup.* Well, count, make yourself comfortable ; we've prepared a nice lodging within. But I suppose you'll not want to sleep much—you've enough to think of, to keep you awake all night.

*And.* I wonder he finds it necessary to think a moment about it. I should decide directly, in such a case.

*(the count retires to a chair by a table, on which stand a lamp and an hour-glass)*

*Phil. (advances)* Really, he's a handsome man—handsomer than Andrew.—I wonder what he'll think of me—I'll present myself to him with a modest mein, and downcast look. *(goes up curtesying to count Harlowitz)* Sir, if you please——

*And. (pulling her back)* Phillida, what do you want here ? dont—dont be so uncivil as to disturb the gentleman.

*Phil.* A-done, Andrew !—If you please, sir—  
*(to the count)*

*And. (pulling her back)* Phillida, my dear !

*Phil.* I'm not your dear.

*And.* But, my love !



*Phil.* I'm not your love—you dont love *me*, nor I *you*.

*And.* Well, but Phillida, what are you going to do? you dont wish to put the count down in the list with me, and your other twenty lovers, do you?

*Phil.* I do, villain! heaven has certainly sent this great man to fall in love with me, and give me my revenge on you.

*And.* But you needn't revenge yourself on me; I assure you there's nothing between me and madam Carola: I can explain all that—I'll swear——

*Phil.* I know you will, and most wickedly too: the greater the lie, the greater the oath it stands in need of, you think. You never speak a word of truth. But I overheard your declaration of love to her.

*And.* Well, what does that signify, when I never speak a word of truth, you know? but come, let's make it up. Dont you go curtesying to the count: and as for Carola—zooks! I should not mind turning her out of doors.

*Phil.* If you can convince me of that, perhaps I may condescend to love you again: but if you cannot——

*And.* My gentle Phillida, how can you doubt it?

*Phil.* I can't help liking the false creature after all. (*aside*)

DUET—ANDREW and PHILLIDA:

*Phil.* Chloe one day, with downcast eyes,  
To Cupid said, young Lycon's sighs  
Have made me false to thee.  
Hush, Cupid cried, be't false, I pray,  
Or if it's really as you say,  
Be't still unknown to me.

Ah, Andrew, since you prove untrue,  
Thus kind do I behave to you.

**And.** Old Clinkumbell, the parish clerk,  
Found out his wife had got a spark,  
For pardon she implores ;  
Hush ! hush ! he cried, the thing you see,  
Is neither false, nor hid from me,  
Then turn'd her out of doors.  
Oh, Philly, if you prove untrue,  
Tis thus that I'll behave to you.

**Phil.** My tongue will ever din your ear,

**And.** As long as I will stay to hear.

**Phil.** I'll take my walks at will :

**And.** But I'll walk too, through fields or shades,

**Phil.** I'll walk with men,

**And.** I'll walk with maids.

**Both.** But I'll be with you still.

Come, walks and din, and clack and strife,  
And happy be our marriage life.

*[Exit Phillida]*

**Rup.** Come, count, I must be your chamber-  
maid, and show you the way to your bed-room.

*(examines the doors, &c)*

**C. Har.** *(advancing)* It is resolved ; for, what is  
life to me, having lost thee, my Carola ? I'll meet  
the blow, without a trait of melancholy, and teach  
these miscreants, that virtue smiles in misfortune,  
calm as in prosperity.

SONG—COUNT HARLOWITZ.

By fraud beset, by fortune crost,  
Unmoved these bonds I see ;  
For, more than liberty I've lost,  
My love, in losing thee.

Thy image fortitude imparts,  
 And warns me not to yield ;  
 And ever present thou, my heart's  
 Invulnerable shield.

No danger can the soul molest,  
 That no dishonor stains ;  
 No abject fears assail the breast  
 Where faithful passion reigns.

To me, the proffered life they'd give,  
 No source of joy could prove ;  
 For, sooner would I die, than live  
 Unworthy of thy love.

*Rup.* Well, count, if you mean to give us the trouble of doing what our captain hinted at, you may as well rest a little, and try to compose your spirits to bear the operation. Depend upon't twill be no child's play.

*C. Har.* My spirits, ruffian, are not to be depressed by any thing that man can threaten or inflict. I want no rest—I will remain here, here wait my destiny.

*Wols.* It's wearing late, Rupert, you've been porter, and had a quiet day :—we've been on hard duty in the forest—and need repose ; so you'll watch by the count, he'll be safe enough under your care.

*Lud.* Ay, ay, do you watch by the count. We'll to our mattress. Good night.

[*exeunt* Ludolf and Wolstan

*Rup.* Watch by the count ! I dont like such duty. I've been watching all day with the lady. However, since it must be so, let's see—the bolts are all fast. (*yawns*) If the count were a monkey, I dont think he could clamber over these crags—

(yawns) Or squeeze through any chink, if he were a serpent. (*pulls off his jerkin and lies down on it*) Make no noise, d'ye hear, Andrew? I'm going to sleep.

And. Thanks, good wine! now, do thy duty. He has taken a double dose to-night.

Ruf. Good night, count:—you may go to bed too, if you like. I'll wake you when you're wanted. (*composes himself to sleep*)

And. How lucky it is they're gone! our muzzly bear here will soon be fast.—Now, Andrew, if ever you mean to set up a new trade, and turn honest, now is your time. I've often looked at those rocks, and thought I could have got over them, only there was no chance of clearing the forest, before some of the ruffians would overtake me. The count, though he talks of welcoming death with smiles, I dare say, would have no objection to postpone the meeting. Now, if I could but take him with me, we might find his troops, and be safe. The first thing is to inform the count of—I hope that drunken ruffian sleeps sound. I say,—sir,—count Harlowitz,—I wish——

C. Har. Leave me, fellow;—I would rest.

And. Wouldn't you rather run away?

C. Har. What say you, my good fellow? can you——

Ruf. (*muttering half asleep and half awake*) Leave the count alone! he doesn't want to be disturbed by you. Leave him alone, and——(*yawns*)

And. (*aside*) I wish, when people slept, they closed their ears as well as their eyes. Why, Rupert, I was only——

Ruf. Your talking won't let me sleep.—Hold your tongue, or——

*And.* Surely, Rupert, you'll let me talk a little comfort to the count,

*Rup. (rises)* If the count and you will talk, the devil fetch me if I stay here. I've watched all day with the lady, and I'll not lose my night's sleep. The bars are all fast—a spirit could not get out. So, hark'ee, knave! the count's unarm'd, and there's my sword. If he is at all troublesome, poltroon as you are, you can easily run him through, or call me; I lie close by. I'll not stay I'll go to bed—I'll——

*[exit Rupert, grumbling and yawning, leaving his jerkin behind him.]*

*And.* O, amiable sulkiness! you see, my lord, we've got rid of our weary sentinels, *(sees the jerkin)* and the genius of honesty and running away, certainly watches over us; for, by his inspiration, Rupert has left his jerkin;—he was porter to-day, and ten to one the keys are in it, which will save us a great deal of trouble. *(goes to search the pockets)* Stop—let's see whether he is safe. *(listens)* Fast, snoring like a rhinoceros.—Now then. *(takes the keys out of the pocket)* Here are the keys; here's the key of the cellar; here's the key of the armoury; here's the key of the larder; here's the key of the stables; here's the key of the fair captive's cell; and here's—not the key we want. Pshaw! I forgot, that's always carried to the captain at night.

*C. Har.* Then all our hopes are vain.

*And.* Yes, if we had nothing but hopes to work with. But, come, I think there is a place, where, if we help one another:—but, first take this sword—there may be a necessity for you to fight a little.

*C. Har.* But you've no weapon.

*And.* No, no, I can do without. I'm not very expert at using one—you'll wield it to more advantage. Now then, come along—softly ! softly !

*(as they are going, Carola sings in her cell)*

*C. Har.* What sound is that ?

*And.* Only the lady we have confined here.

*G. Har.* A woman in captivity ! inhuman villains ! she'll raise the band.

*And.* O, no, no ; she warbles thus every night ; and they are used to it ; it only makes 'em snore louder, to drown it, that it mayn't wake 'em.

*C. Har.* Who is she ?

AIR—CAROLA.

Oh ! why should I invoke repose ?

Will sleep awhile my grief dispel ?

No, slumber but in vision shows

The woes I, waking, know too well.

Yet, slumber, lull my sorrows now ;

And, gentle slumber, welcome thou.

He in whose sight with scorn I viewed,

All else that nature could display ;

Whose sight would make these dungeons rude

A heaven, to me is far away.

Then, slumber, raise his vision now ;

And, gentle slumber, welcome thou.

Then be my dream of fell despair,

Of every evil that can be,

Feign but my Adolf present there,

And all must still be bliss to me.

Thus, slumber, lull my sorrows now ;

And, gentle slumber, welcome thou.

*C. Har.* Tis Carola ! tis her voice.

*And.* Her voice ! to be sure it is : I told you so—what, did you think it was mine ?

*C. Har.* O joy ! to find her even here. Hark you, my friend, we must take her with us.

*And.* Why, I should like it ; and I dare say she'd like to go. Rupert has left that key : so, if we could but contrive to get her over the rock,—we can but try and fail : so—(*unlocks the door*) Hist ! lady ! hist !

*enter CAROLA.*

*Car.* What now ? who calls ?

*C. Har.* Carola ! do I see you again ?

*Car.* Harlowitz oh, bliss unhop'd for ! (*runs to him*)

*And.* Carola ! Harlowitz ! madam Carola can love then, I find.

*Car.* Now, then my good fellow—

*And.* Hush, hush ! what are you about ? in your transports you don't mind what noise you make. To be sure, *you* can't be worse off than you are ; but it will do you no good, to have me hanged with you, which you seem to be driving for. Didn't I hear a noise ? I must e'en save my neck, by giving the alarm first—so, holla !

*C. Har.* (*seizes him*) Silence, villain !—take your choice—(*takes out his purse*) receive this purse or this sword.

*And.* Don't—don't be so hasty—I don't value either much : but as receiving the sword, would be taking back what I gave you myself, and that's ungenerous, I'll receive the purse, if you please.

*C. Har.* Now then, deliver us from this place ; life, liberty and wealth are yours ; but I shall follow you with my sword prepared and—

*And.* Oh, don't trouble yourself, don't trouble yourself.

*C. Har.* Recollect too, you are completely in my power. Should I inform your captain, that you had but hinted an escape to me—

*And.* Gad, I forgot that, I understand, I understand thoroughly what you mean.

*C. Har.* Come, come,—be quick.

*And.* Quick? yes; but our difficulties increase on every side; for, unless that lady has been used to hunt baboons, I don't see how she's to get, or be got over, that cliff.

*C. Har.* Let us, at least attempt it.

*Car.* Oh, Harlowitz! (*falling on his arm*)

*C. Har.* How now, Carola? how is with you?

*Car.* I am exhausted with continual woe, and sink with apprehension.

*And.* Nay, then, all's over; we are at a dead lock. How far off are your troops?

*C. Har.* I left them close at hand, near the old cottage, by the dell of oaks.

*And.* I knew it well.

*C. Har.* Away, then, over the rock, and rouse 'em.

*And.* Give me your ring as a sign to e'm. (*the count gives Andrew his ring—he is going, stops*) But even then, when I've brought 'em here, you can't get out.

*C. Har.* They have implements, that will force the strongest barrier.

*And.* Good. (*going, stops*) But, if I'm lucky enough to get out, and meet with them, how shall I let you know when we are come?

*C. Har.* You'll come over the rock again, and return to us.

*And.* Will I? when once I'm out here, nothing but force shall ever bring me back again; and I hope that never may.

C



*C. Har.* Then whistle to me as a signal.

*And.* Whistle? that will alarm the banditti too soon. No, stay! it must be by some method, that will make no noise. I have it! here, mark that chasm at the top of the vault—I will creep up to it, and drop in—let me see—oh, this purse—you'll know that—I'll take care it shall be empty; so, it will make no noise. That shall be your token, that I have found them. But as you stay here, give me the sword again. Be still, be still,—and I'll be speedy. [*exit Andrew*]

*C. Har.* Oh, Carola! even here, your presence drives every mournful image from my breast, and fills it solely with thoughts of love and joy.

DUET—COUNT HARLOWITZ—CAROLA:

While my beloved possessing,  
I smile the hours away;  
Each woe, each other blessing,  
From sense, from thought decay.

Why need we other pleasures?  
Love unrestrained, excels  
All those that memory treasures,  
And all that hope fortels.

*(towards the close of the duet*

*enter OSBERT behind)*

*C. Har.* But say, how came you hither? ah, little did I think that my commission to destroy these robbers would lead me to the sight of all I prize on earth.

*Osbert. (behind)* Ha! what is that?

*Car.* We were attacked in the forest, after I left

you at Brannau, on my journey to meet my guardian. My attendants were all slain—hopeless of succor, I was hurried to these caves, as if they were my grave. Why they have spared my life, I know not. The captain of the band sometimes pretends concern for me; but tenderness has no influence in his breast.

*C. Har.* He would have me engage myself for his full pardon, at the expense of honor and allegiance; but, I trust we soon shall be in safety. My life, my Carola, my love!—nay, droop not.

*Osb. (behind)* Ha, ha! he loves her, does he? Now, noble-minded count! I have you doubly in my power.

*C. Har.* Curse on that dilatory—

*Car.* Nay, silence! we are imprudent: if we again alarm the banditti—the captain, too, is vigilant, and should he hear us—

*Osb. (advancing in the middle)* He does hear you. What ho! awake, ye sluggish slaves! awake! we are betrayed!

*enter RUPERT, WOLSTAN, LUDOLF, and the banditti.*

*Car.* Oh, heaven protect us!

*Osb.* Seize them! yes, count, you are in safety. How happened this? whose charge was it to watch?

*Rup.* Mine.

*Osb.* Well, slave, what caused?—

*Rup.* Wine, and weariness—I left the prisoner, and went to bed: and the devil himself, I believe, put it into my head, to leave my jerkin, with most of the keys in it.

*Osb.* Villain! you shall—

*Rup.* Well, well; I suppose you must punish me. Be it so.

*Osb.* Had not your carelessness, which almost led to the escape, now only placed him more fully in my power, and laid my chains upon his heart, you had dearly rued it—as it is, let it warn you.

*Ruf.* Well, it shall, it shall. (*retiring*) But, were I captain, I would preserve discipline better.

*Osb.* Now, count,—what think you now of my proposal? I'm glad you've found your mistress here—I yield her to you. The gift will make that life you talked so lightly of, more valued. And will it not make death more terrible? speak count! how think you now of my proposal?

*C. Har.* As of a thing impossible. Insult me then no more, but let me die.

*Car.* Thou shalt not leave me, Harlowitz. Let us both fall together.

*Osb.* Both! oh, no—ye are heroic souls, no doubt. Clapsed in each other's arms, you'd meet your fate with pleasure, and enthusiasm. It shall not be! I will be less bloody. Count, life is yours; nay you are free—but when you leave us, our departing present shall be—her heart.

*C. Har.* Savage, monster!

*Osb.* Nay, do not rail at me! tis you yourself are savage to her. Your Carola was mine—I have, in pity to her, controled my wishes, and restored her to you. Must she find me kinder to her than her Harlowitz? lady, speak to him, I beseech you! your supplication will avail more than my threats. I do not wish your death; but should he not agree to my proposal, he seals your fate.

*Car.* O, think again! Harlowitz will pray to his sovereign for your pardon: he cannot promise it.

## SONG—CAROLA.

Mid guilt thy heart oppressing,  
 It sure were bliss to thee  
 To hear one grateful blessing,  
 Then pity, pity me!

E'en ~~now~~ if life denying,  
 Your sternness nought allays,  
 Set Adolf free, and dying,  
 Your mercy I will praise.

*C. Har.* Tis useless all. Nought will avail.

*Car.* O yes! it must avail. He must, he will,  
 have pity.

*Osb.* Pity! mark, lady! look on this hand, and think how often it has been dyed in blood. You have heard of the conflagration of Lichstenau. I was the first, who bore a torch into the town. I was the last, who left the work, by which perished two thousand souls. Now talk to me of pity!

*Car.* Never again,—never will I deign to kneel to such a monster!

*Osb.* Hence with all further parley! count, look here—one moment more of hesitation, and, by my hopes, this dagger—(*seizes Carola and points the dagger to her breast. At that instant, the purse, dropped through the chasm by Andrew, falls at his feet*) how now? what's this? a purse! (*Rupert picks it up*) ha, count, tis yours, the same you offered me for liberty. Saw you who dropp'd it?

*Rup.* I saw a hand drop it in at the chasm above.

*Osb.* Out, some of you, and seize whomever you shall find.

[*exeunt Wolstan and Ludolf through the cavern*  
 What can this mean?

*Rup.* Oh, it means, that there is some plot on foot.

*Osb.* We hold, however, in our power, the head—the soul that must animate all the plots we fear.

*Wols. Lud.* (*without*) Come along—come along,

*And.* (*without*) oh dear, oh dear! what is the matter? what have I done?

*C. Har.* Ha, taken? then he has not found my troops, and farewell to hope.

*Car.* All's lost; all's lost!

*enter WOLSTAN and LUDOLF, bringing in ANDREW.*

*Wols.* We caught him, just sliding down from the rock.

*Osb.* For to-night, bind him to yonder ring. I have no leisure now to waste on him (*Wolston, Rupert, and Ludolf, chain Andrew to the ring*) count, take your last leave! mark me: I turn this glass once more, (*turning the hour-glass*) and when its sand is run, unless your stubborn heart relent, you will behold this dagger reeking with her blood. Remember, too, tis you that strike the blow. No more. Bear her to the iron vault. Rupert, watch now—farewel—when next we meet all will be decided. Bear her in. {*exit Osbert*

*Car.* Farewel, farewell!

### CHORUS.

Heuce, to the cell, our victim tear!  
Death and torture wait her there!

DUET—CAROLA and COUNT HARLOWITZ.

Farewel, but not for ever,  
My hopes, aspiring, tell;

Yet, 'ere our hearts they sever,  
Receive this fond farewell.

## CHORUS.

Yes, heave the frantic, parting sigh!  
Mercy we know not—you must die.

[*exeunt Wolstan, Ludolf, and banditti, with Carola.*]

*Phil.* So, then the count is really her sweetheart, after all. O, my poor Andrew, I was always afraid you'd bring yourself to the gallows.

*And.* Bring myself! no, they'll take me there.

*Ruf.* Come, come,—away with you, wench. When a man is going to die, I'll not suffer the few moments he has to live, to be made uncomfortable by a wife, or a sweetheart. I have too much humanity for that.

*Phil.* I'm sure if I was going to die, I should like you to come, and talk to me; for it would be a great satisfaction to think it was the last time I should ever see such a hard hearted brute.

*Ruf.* No more chattering. Away with you.

[*exit Phillida*]

*C. Har.* My own death I could have smiled at,—but my Carola! (*sits down in despair at a table*)

*Ruf.* Now, knave, in return for relieving you from your sweetheart, I'll be obliged to you to be silent, and orderly. You shall not bring my life in jeopardy again. So, if you say a single word to the count, I shall put you out of your pain directly.

*And.* The lieutenant and all the scattered troops are, by this time in the thickets close by, I dare say. I told them not to stir, till they heard a whistle; but, then to rush forward like devils. Now, if I could but contrive to whistle. Here hangs my whistle at my breast; but my hands are fast behind

me, and my mouth could never get down to it, unless my neck was like a pelican's. (*aside*)

*C. Har.* O Carola, Carola! to lose thee thus, when so nearly rescued from your hard fate.

*Rup.* Rescue, rescue, indeed. Ah, you may whistle for that.

*And.* (*aside*) Whistle—I wish I was able. Could I but soften this bearish fellow, Rupert, so as to get but one hand loose. I say, Rupert, I suppose I shall not live till to-morrow night.

*Rup.* I think not.

*And.* Thank you for your sincerity, however. You have always been a good friend to me, Rupert.

*Rup.* Have I?

*And.* Yes—you are a kind, plain spoken creature, and always told me what you thought, without the least reserve. So I have some few worldly possessions, and those I bequeath entirely to you.

*Rup.* Worldly possessions! what are they?

*And.* Why, there are a good many nets for rabbits, and poison for fish, and snares for hares: and there is some little linen, a muckinger, and a left leg stocking, besides what I have on. And there are my lurchers, and my whip for them, and my whistle, which is a particular good one, I assure you. Would you just try it?

*Rup.* Pshaw, not I. However, I'll take your things.

*And.* Thank you, for being so kind.

*enter LUDOLF.*

*Rup.* Where have you been, Ludolf?

*Lud.* Sharpening the captain's dagger: whoever falls by it, will be honored with the same instrument, that has slain many a great man.

*And.* That would not make it a whit the more acceptable to me.

*C. Har.* Alas, my Carola! [exit Ludolf]

*And.* Ay, poor soul. The dagger is for her, sure enough.

*enter WOLSTAN.*

*Rup.* Ha! Wolstan, what have you been about?

*Wols.* Propping up, and strengthening the old gallows.

*And.* Ah, poor Andrew!—The gallows is for you, as surely— [exit Wolstan.]

I say, Rupert, it must be very dull for you to sit here with nothing to do. What do you say to a throw or two of the dice? just bring the table here, and let one of my hands loose. It will be worth your while, for I have plenty of money in my pocket.

*Rup.* Have you? oh, then, that's mine, without the trouble of playing for it.

*And.* Every stratagem fails. I am at my wit's end. I see the count has a whistle—could I but tell him to use it!—If I speak plainly at once, Rupert will instantly whisk his rapier across my throat. Can't I make him understand me some by-way!—Rupert, if you please,—to amuse you, I will tell you a story.

*Rup.* Well, let it be a merry one.

*And.* It shall. At least, the end of it, I hope. When I was a boy, Rupert, I went out with my father, after some deer in a forest.

*Rup.* You keep up that practice now you're a man.

*And.* Good, very good, Rupert! you're a bit



of a wag. This is a story, which will teach any man how to get out of a difficulty.—It is a story, which——

*Rup.* Well, tell the story, and leave it to us to say, what kind of a one it is

*And.* Well, I'm going to tell you.—mark me, sir,—well, Rupert, I was placed on the outside, to watch for the deer, when, looking about, I saw a great bear behind me, fast asleep.

*Rup.* And you shot him?

*And.* No! no! I did not; for I had just discharged my gun at a hind, that had come out.

*Rup.* How came that not to wake the bear?

*And.* Egad! I cannot tell how. However, I immediately thought of running away. But as I moved, he opened his eyes, and growled.

*Rup.* Then you were confoundedly frightened.

*And.* Yes, I was a little; but my companion whispered to me—

*Rup.* Companion! who was he? you said you were alone.

*And.* Ay! alone with him—So, says he to me—I hope, you mark me.

*Rup.* Zounds! go on.

*And.* I will.—Says he to me, stand still! if you attempt to escape, he will seize you—our friends are very near in the forest, and will soon be with us, if you only whistle!—Whistle, I say, he said—you have a whistle at your breast—so, whistle! I say, whistle!—it is your only chance—If you whistle, your friends in the forest will—

*Car* (*shrieks within*) Oh! mercy! mercy! save me, Harlowitz!

*C. Har.* Ha! tis her voice! (*starting up*)

*Rup.* (*opposing him with his sword*) It is, Count!

but you will please to sit still, for all that.

*And.* Oh ! could not that woman hold her tongue a little longer ! women will be always talking at improper times.

*Car.* (*within*) O spare me ! spare me !

*G. Har.* Her voice again !

*CAROLA rushes in.*

*Car.* Oh save me, save me, Harlowitz ! (*runs to him*)

*enter OSBERT, with a dagger.*

*Os.* The hour's elapsed.—Not fate itself shall save her now.

*C. Har.* Yes ! my death shall. (*rushes upon him—they struggle*)

*Carola struggles with Rupert.*

*Os.* Do they resist ? summon our comrades, Rupert ! call our friends ! give 'em the quickest signal.

*And.* Do, Rupert ! whistle, Rupert, whistle ! (*Rupert whistles*) Now then !

*enter WOLSTAN, LUDOLF, and seize HARLOWITZ. and CAROLA.*

What ! no answer from our troops ? then, all is over with us. (*a loud whistle from without*) There they are—there they are—I've done it ! I've done it

(*a crash within*)

*Os.* Sdeath ! the gate forc'd—comrades, defend yourselves.

(*the banditti rush out*)

*Car.* Oh, save me, Harlowitz.

*And.* Fear nothing now !—We may be as bold as dragons now, because there is no danger.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT *with the* TROOPS—RUPERT, WOLSTAN, LUDOLF, and the BANDITTI *prisoners—enter* PHILIDA.

*Lieut.* Health to you, noble count ! the miscreants are in our power.

*C. Har.* And life, and honor, and Carola are mine.

*And.* Will somebody be pleased to loose me from my disagreeable situation, on this joyful occasion ?

*Phil.* Come, I will release you, Andrew ; but, on condition, that you keep your promise, and allow me to lay other bonds upon you.

*And.* Agreed, agreed ! any thing, only set me free.

*C. Har.* Have we their captain in our power ?

*Lieut.* He rushed upon our thickest ranks, and perished. He made a brave defence.

*And.* (*loosed*) Yes ; and we fought like lions.

*C. Har.* My honest fellow !

### FINALE.—CHORUS.

Huzza, huzza, huzza !

Huzza, the foe

Is now laid low ;

Huzza, huzza, huzza !

Huzza we at the onset shout,

Huzza amid the battle's rout ;

Huzza, since with her laurel boughs,

Victory now has bound his brows ;

Huzza, huzza, huzza !

END OF WHISTLE FOR IT.

THE  
**FARM HOUSE :**

**A Farce.**

**IN THREE ACTS.**

---

*Altered from Charles Johnson's "Country Lasses,"*  
**BY C. KEMBLE.**

---

**MARKED AS PERFORMED**  
**IN THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.**

---

**NEW-YORK :**  
**PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,**  
**at the dramatic repository,**  
***Shakspeare-Gallery.***

---

**1807**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

---

<i>Sir John English,</i>	.	.	.	.	:
<i>Modely,</i>	.	.	.	.	.
<i>Heartwell,</i>	.	.	.	.	.
<i>Farmer Freehold,</i>	.	.	.	.	.
<i>Shacklefigure,</i>	.	.	.	.	.

Constables, Countrymen, &c.

<i>Aura,</i>	.	.	.	.	.
<i>Flora,</i>	.	.	.	.	.

Countrywomen, &c.

---

THE  
FARM HOUSE.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I—*a country village.*

*enter AURA and FLORA.*

*Aura.* Cousin, I'll go to London.

*Flora.* What new lure has satan employed to tempt you thither ?

*Aura.* Only to see some of my own species ; a few men and women ; for I cannot look on the things we talkt to just now, but as beings between men and beasts, and of an inferior nature to the people who grow in cities. If I stay longer among the savages, I shall not have vanity enough to keep myself clean. I must go to London to recover my pride.

*Flora.* And yet how often have I heard thee rail at London, and call it an infectious congregation of vapors ; an assemblage of falsehood and hypocrisy !

*Aura.* Tis true ; but my affections have taken another turn. The heart of a woman, girl, like a bowt down a hill, continually changes as it rolls. I declare seriously, I never knew my own mind two hours together in my own life.

*Flora.* Cousin, thou art a very wild fop.

*Aura.* We are all so in our hearts. O' my conscience here they are.

*Flora.* What ?

*Aura.* Men, my dear, men ! human creatures ! look, here they come.

*enter MODELY and HEARTWELL.*

*Mode.* Pretty maidens, stay a moment ; turn again and give your assistance to two honest fellows in distress. Our carriage is broke down, our horses are lame, tis late, and we have lost our way.

*Heart.* And we would know where——she's intolerably handsome !

*Mode.* We shall lie to-night——she is a sweet girl.

*Flora.* Sir, we buy, we dont sell fortune ; two gypsies just now offered us a penny-worth ; they pass'd by those elms ; I believe you may o'ertake 'em.

*Aura.* Yes, sir, they will tell you what will happen to you exactly. Good evening. (*going*)

*Mode.* Why you would not leave me in a strange place, child ?

*Aura.* We have no title at all to you. If you are a couple of stray cattle, all we can do is to bring you to the constable.

*Mode.* And what then ?

*Aura.* Why then he must cry you three market-days, and if nobody owns you, why you must be pounded till somebody does.

*Heart.* Stay one moment, dear creature ; vanish not immediately, if you would not have me believe myself in a vision.

*Flora.* Pray, sir, come down to my understanding : mine, you see, is as plain as my dress.

*Heart.* In one word then, who is the inhabitant of that farm-house in the valley ? our horses fell lame, and we have sent our carriage round there.

*Flora.* A souf old man, sir, who, when he is in a very good humor, vouchsafes to call me niece.

*Aura.* And me, daughter. There we live, gentlemen, and are like to live ; fretting one another like silk and worsted wove together, till we quite wear out.

*Heart.* You have none of the rust of the country upon you : neither your words, your manners, nor any thing, but your habits, speak what you would appear.

*Aura.* My father, and the vicar of our parish, taught us to read and write. But indeed, sir, my father was born a gentleman, and is by accident only a clown for having in his youth profusely squander'd a great estate in London, he took an aversion to the town, and turn'd his sword into a ploughshare.

*Heart.* Is it impossible to see this old cynic? I persuade myself we might revive those seeds of humanity that once liv'd within him, and get entertainment in his farm, for one night only ; especially if you would be so good to use your power too, and intercede for a stranger.

*Flora.* Sir, tis impossible!—If you wore any form but what you do——

*Heart.* Ask him only—try a little—use the influence of your eyes—ask him, with a look of pity, and tis impossible he should deny you.

*Flora.* Shall we ask?

*Aura.* Will you venture?

*Flora.* I'm half afraid——If you would second me——

*Aura.* Never fear, my girl, I'll stand bravely by thee. Gentlemen, we'll endeavor to prevail, and you shall have an answer in the turn of a second.

[*exit* Flora and Aura.]

*Heart.* What a couple of jewels are here in rustic work?

*Mod.* I never beheld any thing so charming!

*Heart.* What a shape.—What——

*Mod.* An air, a mein, an instep, a foot !

*Heart.* Why you don't mean my girl?

*Mod.* Nor you mine, I hope?

*Heart.* Ah ! rogue ! rogue ! what a lucky night is this.

*Mod.* If we get in——

*Heart.* Hold ! here they come, and old Crabtree with 'em.



*enter* FREEHOLD, FLORA, and AURA.

*Free.* Oh ! hoh ! perhaps these are some of my Covent Garden acquaintance.

*Flora.* I can't tell ; but they have waited a great while for an answer.

*Free.* Let 'em wait, with a murrain.

*Aura.* Please, sir, to say ay. or no.

*Free.* No, then, no ! burn my house and barns, send the murrain among my cattle, the mildew in my corn, and the blight in my fruit, but let no London plagues come within my doors. What has bewitched you to ask such a question ?

*Flora.* They desire in common humanity, as they are gentlemen.

*Free.* Gentlemen ! hah ! They are the bane of your sex. The devil did less mischief in the form of the serpent to Eve, than in that to her daughters. Well, I'll talk with 'em to oblige you.

*Mod.* Sir, the unexpected occasion of this trouble—

*Free.* Oons, sir, speak truth ; I know what you are pumping for ; a pretty excuse for an unseasonable visit. I have not told one lie in compliment these thirty years.

*Heart.* Nor heard one neither ?

*Free.* No, sir, nor heard one. Here we only make up a few necessary lies for a market day, or so.

*Mod.* But we would only say in plain words—

*Free.* I'll tell you what honorable designs you two have clubb'd for, in plain words : Your horses were to fall lame ; you were to be benighted ; and making use of my humanity for entrance into my house, you very honestly hope for an opportunity to ruin my family. Ask your consciences, is it not so ? hah !

*Heart.* We confess the charge is too generally true ; but we beg leave to be excepted.

*Free.* Whence came you ?

*Heart.* From London.

*Free.* From London ; so I thought again : the mart of iniquity ; satan's chief residence. He picks up a

vagabond soul or two now and then with us; but he monopolizes there.

*Mod.* But, sir, to our purpose: Is there no security to be taken for one night only?

*Free.* There is, if you'll accept the terms. Look ye, gentlemen; I have one faithful friend in the world—tis honest Towzer, a true bred mastiff; one who never scrapes or kisses my hand but in honest truth, who will stand by me with his best blood. Now he does me the favor to lie every night at my bed's-foot. I am likewise master of a brace of large-boned threshers—and these three have been the guardians of my farm these ten years. They have no more respect than I for a laced coat: you know the rest. I'll ha' no poaching.

*Heart.* Sir, we accept your terms. He that intends no wrong, fears none.

*Free.* There then lies your way.

[*excunt* Freehold, Modely, and Heartwell.

*Flora.* Laud, cousin, he has taken 'em both in.

*Aura.* I tremble so I don't know what to do.

*Flora.* It was your fault.

*Aura.* You were bewitched to ask him.

*Flora.* Why did not you advise me to the contrary?

*Aura.* O dear, my heart beats.

*Flora.* Ay; it beats to arms, child.—The garrison is besieged!

*Aura.* Come let's in—Courage, and the day's our own.  
[*excunt.*

---

SCENE II—a hall in the farm.

*enter* FREEHOLD, MODELY, and HEARTWELL.

*Free.* Forget you have been within the walls of a city, and we shall agree well enough.

*Heart.* But, sir, do you never, never intend to see London again?

*Free.* Never, never, I tell you.

*Heart.* Why so, sir?

*Free.* I am unqualified for conversation there, The few virtues you have you hide ; and affect crimes to be agreeable In a word, you are all false, double-fac'd execrable hypocrites Come, will you drink a cup of brown ale before you eat ?

*Heart.* I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty now.

*Free.* Do you never drink but when you are dry ? We have none of your French wines—we live upon english beef and beer, the staple of our own country.

*Heart.* And every honest briton ought to encourage it.

*Free.* Right, boy : come, will you smoke a pipe before supper A pipe is the best whet in the world.

*Mod.* No, by no means. Pray, sir, who is the lord of your manor, here ?

*Free.* We have no lord, sir ; we have a lady.

*Mod.* A lady ?

*Free.* Ay, sir ; she lives at the great house on the hill above with an old knight, her kinsman, whose estate joins to her's ; one sir John English. But come into this room and drink a cup of ale before supper ; nay I will have it so.

*Mod.* We'll follow you.

*Free.* What, you see the wenches coming ; remember our articles, or Towzer's the word. [exit,

*enter AURA and FLORA.*

*Mod.* Hah !—my mademoiselle once again !—I'll kill thee my dear little thief, with kisses.

*Aura.* Then I shall be the first maid that ever died that death, and deserve to be buried with my face downwards.

*Mod.* Whither do you run ? —what, must I follow you ?

*Aura.* If you have courage ; the old dragon is in the next room.

*Mod.* Hang the dragon ;—I am a knight errant, and tis my business to conquer dragons.

*Aura.* Come on, then—Hercules the second.

[*exeunt Modely and Aura.*

*Heart.* Hear me—let me swear to you, fair maid.—

*Flora.* What is it you would swear?—that you love me?

*Heart.* Really, I never liked a woman better in my life.

*Flora.* I think you are something more than tolerable:—I was going to say agreeable.

*Heart.* Do you like me?

*Flora.* As I might a picture.

*Heart.* Do you take me only for the shadow of a man?

*Flora.* To me no more; for I look on this accident only as the idle delusion of a morning dream.

*Heart.* Then let me wake thee into real happiness: the little god of love shall wanton in thy heart, as he now plays and revels in thy eyes.

*Flora.* Hold, hold!—you are running back into metaphor;—why this is downright poetry. Pray come to common sense again.

*Heart.* That is very true;—to be short, then, whereabouts is your bedchamber?

*Flora.* What then, it seems, you do certainly assure yourself, that having squeez'd my hand, and sigh'd out a few unnecessary fine things, I shall fall plump into your arms, as cats get birds by gazing at 'em?

*Heart.* Come, my love, this dialect is as affected as t'other. Take this jewel, accept it as a token of the most pure affection; you shall live with me, command me and my fortune. I'll take you from this cottage, and this cross old man; and you shall live, as your beauty and your wit demand you should, in all the various pleasures this gay world can give you.

*Flora.* Here, sir; take your toy again.—I thank you humbly for the mighty favor.—What, would you barter with me for myself? bribe me out of my person?—'Tis poorly done.—But know, sir, I have a heart within, that proudly tells me, no price shall ever buy it. But is it honest in you to tempt that innocence you should protect?—Reason distinguishes men from beasts; and virtue, men from men. Think—reflect:—are your intentions agreeable to justice, honor, gratitude?

—You wrong yourself, as well as me. Farewell!

[*exit.*

*Heart.* She has stung me to the soul with her too just reproaches. I am conscious and ashamed of my crime. My heart burns within me—she sinks into my mind—I must have her though at the price of liberty. I'll ask her uncle's consent immediately. But what will the world say?—I renounce it—I abjure it,

I'll give her all my future life; and prove,  
Like Antony;—the world well lost for love. [*exit.*

## A C T II.

SCENE I—*a rural prospect, with the Farm-House.*

*enter MODELY and HEARTWELL from the house.*

*Mod.* Was ever any thing so agreeable?

*Heart.* What palace could have entertained you like this cottage?

*Mod.* The blunt old man gave us a meal, plain and undisguised.

*Heart.* Artless and honest like himself.—Did you observe the sweetness and purity of this little dwelling?—The honey suckles hid the light of our small casement—

*Mod.* And mixed their odors with the sharp morning air, and waked me early.

*Heart.* Why, did you sleep?

*Mod.* Like a whipt top—Did not you?

*Heart.* Ah, no! my heart was dancing the galloping nag—My spirits were in arms; and all the mobility of my blood roared out incessantly—Flora! Flora! Flora!

*Mod.* What then you are really in love, that is a *laromanski*.

*Heart.* So much in love, I could fight for her; I could die for her; and will marry her.

*Mod.* What you have a mind to put your passion to a violent death—Marry her—do so—do so—tis a certain cure.

*Heart.* Be not severe ; her beauty, George, will make my joys immortal.

*Mod.* I can't believe either in the immortality of her beauty, or your passion.

*Heart.* May be so ; but I shall put them to the trial.

*Mod.* Fly ! fly, begone ; for here comes my temptation. [*exit Heartwell.*]

*enter AURA.*

*Aura.* Gentlemen, the tea's ready.

*Modely.* Tea ! why you live within doors as elegantly as the people of our world. This cottage is like a diamond in the quarry—all rough without ; within, all light and beauty, my lovely, charming——

*Aura.* Nay, no more love, I entreat, I petition. Come, leave this whimsical dumb cant of sighing and ogling ; and tell me, in plain english, what you'd have.

*Modely.* Could you not help one to a little ready beauty ?

*Aura.* What would you give for a small purchase that way ?

*Modely.* Heart for heart, my dear.

*Aura.* That was the old way they say ; before money was in fashion, they used to barter in kind.

*Modely.* Let us renew that honest custom in the age of innocence and love.

*Aura.* Have you a clear title to the thing you would sell ? that heart of yours, I warrant, has been mortgaged over and over.

*Modely.* Humph ! it has been a little dipped, but I have always honorably redeemed it, and was as free as air till I beheld those eyes.

*Aura.* Ah, that humble killing bow. Go on. Now I know you are to talk of chains, and daggers, and loves, and hearts, and flames, and darts.

*Modely.* Is it possible to hide a passion, which though

my tongue is silent, breaks out in every look and motion?

*Aura.* Wonderful pretty this! but, sir, I know the natural whirl of the mind of man; tis as inconstant as a turnstile; his heart's a tennis-ball; his inclination's the racket; and his passions drive it round the world.

*Modely.* Dare only to try me, and if you like me not, discharge me

*Aura.* She deserves to be robb'd, who takes a servant that brings a certificate of his being a thief.

*Modely.* Tis not engraven here, I hope.

*Aura.* Yes, truly, there is a sort of a faithless, loving, London, lying air, that hangs upon your features, and frightens me terribly.

*Modely.* Then propose your own security; bind me as you please.

*Aura.* Agreed. Suppose then I liked you well enough to make a husband of you; would you marry me? look ye there—confounded—astonished at once; mentioning the word only has put the man into a cold sweat, I protest.

*Modely.* No, no, but I would have you leave this sour old man, and this rustic cot, and take your flight with me and love. Love shall conduct us with his purple wings; joys shall meet joys, and in circles and new pleasures chase the swift hours away. Thou shalt be dearer to me than any wife can be.

*Aura.* So tis out at last. What then am I to be your mistress only; have every inconvenience of a wife, with the scandal of a wench; and perhaps be forced to cluck a brood of illegal chickens after me, and peck about the parish for my subsistence?

*Modely.* No, my dear, it shall not be within my power to wrong you; I will settle—

*Aura.* The lord knows what with a sham-lawyer.

*Modely.* Choose your own lawyer, take your own security, make your own trustees; you shall have an inheritance in my heart and my land, as firm as if you were born to it.

*Aura.* To be serious then, since you are so. I'll tell you all the inheritance I boast, or wish for, is this low,

humble cottage; and a mind, I hope a virtuous mind, that cannot, even in this situation, bear dishonor. Take back your worthless trifle of a heart, and your more worthless promises; and know I scorn as much to yield to the mean bargain of your hireling passion, as you do to submit to honorable love. You say the laws of honor, when they are broken, ask life for recompense; yet you would falsify your trust to my father—defraud him of his treasure in his child; inhospitably murder your good host, whose house you entered with a promise that would to two common thieves, under such circumstances, be sacred and inviolable.

*Modely.* Do you know now what you have lost by this canting? I was to have made love to you in soft nonsense. You were to have been very angry, and very kind; and so I was to have made you the happiest woman in the world with your own consent, that's all. You see what a fool you have been.

*Aura.* How came this unworthy imagination into your head?

*Modely.* In a dream, deary. It's a pity it was not real.

*Aura.* Go; you are a devil.

*Modely.* Come; you are an angel.

*Aura.* Keep your distance.

*(sings)* Young I am, and sore afraid,  
Would you hurt a harmless maid;  
Lead an innocent astray?

Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

*Modely.* I'll follow thee to the world's end,

*[exit*

*exit*

SCENE II—a village—bells at a distance.

*enter* HEARTWELL, FLORA, and several countrymen and women,

*Heart.* My good neighbors, I thank you all. I beg you'll excuse me now; here is something to drink this lady's health. *[excunt all but Heartwell and Flora]*  
My wife! my dear! I am now richer than the sea; I have a treasure in thee, more valuable than what the earth contains,



*enter SHACKLEFIGURE.*

How now! what solemn piece of formality, what man of wires is this that moves towards us? he stirs by clock-work, like st. Dunstan's giants: he prepares to open his mouth, as if he could not speak without an order of court.

*Shack* Save you, right worshipful sir.

*Heart.* And you eke also?

*Shack.* Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame——

*Heart.* Common fame, is a common liar, friend; you have your news from the worst hands——

*Shack.* Sir you break the thread of my discourse.

*Heart.* Well, join it again, and go on.

*Shack.* Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame, that you were joined in holy wedlock to the niece of his good tenant, Solomon Freehold, sends his wishes ambassadors, by me, the humblest of his vassals, that you and your fair bride will be pleased to dine on this day of your marriage at his house.

*Heart.* Verily thou hast well unfolded thy message. Now plait it up carefully again, friend, and give my service to thy master, sir John, and say that my wishes are to be private.

*Shack.* Sir, I shall report—or carry back your answer accordingly.

*Flora.* Stay friend! stay a moment. (*to Heartwell*) If I could prevail upon you, you should grant sir John's request. He has always been to me the most obliging, kindest, best natured man. At this time it would look like ingratitude to refuse him. I'll go before, and prepare the old gentleman to receive you; and prevent all ceremonious trouble.

*Heart.* I can deny thee nothing. Tell your master I'll wait on him. *[exeunt Shack. and Flora]*

*enter MODELLY.*

Ha, George! I was looking for you. What shall I do?

you shall advise me. Shall I marry my dear little girl or no?

*Modely.* To marry for love, my friend, is confining your whole body for the error of your eyes only.

*Heart.* Ay; but where one loves, one would keep a woman to one's self.

*Modely.* Ha, ha, ha! keep a woman to one's self. He that purchases an estate where all the world takes a right of common, may build churches for atheists, and alms-houses for misers.

*Heart.* But a little legal inclosure is for the comfort of our lives, when the land has been properly cultivated.

*Modely.* Why you dont really intend to marry this girl?

*Heart.* Really I believe I shall.

*Mod.* Indeed!—ah pretty!—Do, do; fling two thousand pounds a year away upon a cottage Marian; take the refuse of a bumpkin to your marriage-bed; and after that be the cuckold of the ploughman.

*Heart.* Sir, I bore your base reflections with temper, while I believed your meaning was friendly; but now I find you indulge your ill-nature at the expense of a virtuous woman.

*Mod.* Oh, oh! you are very grave; that is, you are growing mad indeed, and begin to rattle your matrimonial chains.

*Heart.* I am talking of religion to a heretic; of morals to a libertine.

*Mod.* Well, well then, it shall have its toy. Did it cry for a wife? it shall be tied to it, if nothing else will do, like an idiot with an horn-book at his girdle. It shall have a gingerbread wife too, but without any gilding.

*Heart.* Prithee, George, dont make me angry with thee in earnest.

*Modely.* What is the matter with the man? art thou mad? thou art as uneasy as if thou wert married already.

*Heart.* Why then, to confess the honest truth, I am married

*Modely.* Married! when?

*Heart.* Just now.

*Modely.* To whom?

*Heart.* To Flora.

*Modely.* Very good; and so you come to know, it seems, whether you shall give bond for the debt, when there's an execution upon the goods.

*Heart.* Well, George, but now you know my case, tell me as a friend, only your opinion of what I have done.

*Modely.* Done!—you have done a very silly thing; sold yourself for a waxen baby; a painted moppet; a gay, prating, party-colored paraquito, which little master will play with till he is sick of it, and then in a gloom be ready to twist his neck off. Ha, ha! a very pretty fellow, to make a vow always to be in the same mind.

*Heart.* Thou art so loose, there is no talking with thee. Come, go with me to sir John's to dinner, and be as much a wag there as you please.

*Modely.* No, I have other game in view. Farewel. (*exit Heartwell*) Yonder she starts. Ay, there's a mademoiselle I'll have cheaper, in spite of the high price she holds herself at.

*enter AURA.*

My life, my soul!

*Aura.* I desire you'll let me go.

*Modely.* What, wont you trust me with a kiss!  
(*kisses her*)

*Aura.* You're impudent.

*Modely.* You're idle.

*Aura.* I swear I'll cry out.

*Modely.* You'll expose yourself.

*Aura.* Lud sir, what do you mean?

*Modely.* To wrestle for a fall only. This way, my dear—(*struggling*) nay, now you're a little fool.

*Aura.* I'll tear your eyes out. Help! help for heaven's sake! murder, murder!

*enter FREEHOLD and two threshers, who run up to  
MODELY and seize him.*

*Free.* Ah, ware haunches, ware haunches !—there—so so, the hunt is safe—what vicious cur is this, poaching by himself? what, my good friend, mr. Modely? why thou art a very impudent fellow—what canst thou say for thyself, now?

*Modely.* Say! why I say, that young gentlewoman is very uncivil, and all that.

*Free.* You would have been too civil, and all that. Come bring him along; he shall have a fair race for it. Our moat, sir, is somewhat wide, but not very clear. Now, unless you can outrun and outswim Towzer, I believe you'll not make a hunting seat of my house in haste.

*Modely.* Sir, I am a gentleman, and expect to be so used.

*Free.* How!

*Modely.* Take off your bull-dogs—let me speak one word with you alone, and I'll tell you.

*Free.* Come on, sir, I'll trust you. I'll give you more credit than you deserve. Do you hear, be ready when I call. [*excunt countrymen*] Well, sir, what have you to say now why sentence should not pass—

*Modely.* Say! why I say, sir, that what I did was according to the common law; that the common law is custom; and that it has been the custom, time out of mind, for us young fellows, whose blood flows briskly, to use no ceremony with a wholesome cherry cheek, whether in hay-cock, meadow, barn, or bed.

*Free.* Ay; and so having robb'd the poor girl of all that could be dear to her, you could have humm'd a tune, taken a pinch of snuff, sat down perfectly satisfied in the legality of the action, and have reconciled yourself to your own reflections, with as much ease as you drink a dish of tea. What provokes you to this injustice?

*Modely.* Love, love, and joy, old Wormwood; I have made a league with my youth, to get the better of time;

I have fast hold of his forelock, and wont let a moment pass without enjoyment.

Impatient sense and nature dies,  
And love a second life supplies ;  
Gentle boy, then fill my cup,  
A bumper, Cupid ; fill it up.  
With youth and wit and noble fires,  
Vigorous health, and young desires.

*Free.* This fellow's in a blaze ; his blood has set him all on fire.

*Modely* I love the whole sex, sir. The beautiful I adore as angels ; the ugly as indians do the devil, for fear ; the witty persuade me ; the innocent allure me ; the proud raise my ambition ; and the humble my charity. Say what you will, I am in love, old boy, from head to foot—I am Cupid's butt, and stand ready to receive his whole quiver.

*Free.* I'll tell thee what thou art—thou art a romance, finely bound and gilt ; and thy inside is full of silly love and lies, senseless, and showish.

*Modely* I think thou art the sourest old fellow that ever I met with ; prithee, polish thyself, my dear rough diamond—you invite a man to your house here, and then deny him the only tit bit he has a mind to.

*Free.* You have broke every social virtue ; and yet impudently imagine you are in the character of a gentleman.

*Modely.* How, sir, you grow scurrilous. (*going*)

*Free.* Nay, you shall hear me, or I'll recal my myrmidons ; a gentleman should not dare to think of doing wrong to any. His love, his friendship, his courage, his generosity, his word, and his honor should be inviolably bound to the strict laws of virtue.

*Modely.* This may be the picture of a saint ; but for the character of a fine gentleman, tis as unlike it, my dear——

*Free.* As you are. Your love, is appetite—your friendship, interest—your courage, brutal butchery—your word a lie—and your honor, a jest.

*Modely.* Ha, ha ! very concise and smart ; but I take

nothing ill of thee. Thou art like a frosty morning, sharp and wholesome. Dear sir, your most obedient servant. You see I have stood your jobation very patiently, and so, compliments being passed on both sides, humbly take my leave

*Free.* Hold, sir, I demand satisfaction for the wrong you have done my family.

*Modely.* With all my heart, old boy; your time, place, and weapons. Will you use seconds?

*Free.* Ay, and thirds too, if you provoke me. Look'ye friend, according to the justest sentiments I can form of this affair, you ought to be knocked o' the head. But custom, that invades the rights of nature, and makes us act by senseless example, says, that you have a right to justify one wrong, by committing another.

*Modely.* Plague to your preamble! come to the point, sir.

*Free.* The young woman you have wronged has a lover sir. A young officer who at present lives with his kinsman, sir John, above. He shall meet you, and bleed you for this fever. I know the young fellow loves her, and has spirit to do himself justice. I think that is the cant you have for it. He shall meet you half an hour hence in the rookery behind sir John English's house.

*Mod.* Odso! your bullies about you too. Well, sir, I'll meet him.

*Free.* If you fail, I'll stick your name upon every tree in the parish for a coward; a poltroon, that dares not fight in a wrong cause; and that is a greater reproach to a man of modern honor, than to be called a thief, or a murderer. *[Exit]*

*Mod.* An ill-natured old puppy, to engage a man in a quarrel too. However, I think I am pretty well off. This is much better than the discipline of Towzer and the ditch, or than my friend's matrimonial comfort; though tis very ugly, methinks too, to fight upon an idle business here. But tis the fashion, the mode, and as old Crabtree says, right or wrong, we are obliged to obey it.

Thus fashionable folly makes us stake  
The loss of virtue for our honor's sake;  
Stronger than nature, tyrant custom grows,  
For what we venture life to keep, we lose.

[exit]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

SCENE I—*a grove.**enter* MODELY.

*Mod.* A fine evening, really, for a cool thrust or two. Where is the warrior that is to entertain me here? egad, I wish twas over; I don't like it; it sits but qualmishly upon my stomach. Oh! yonder he comes across the stile. Ho, that's a boy, I think; I suppose he has sent some formal excuse: the women have locked him up; the country is raised; and the justices have sent their warrants forth to stop all military proceedings, and make up the matter over a cup of October.

*enter* AURA, in boy's clothes.

*Aura.* Your servant, sir.

*Mod.* Your's, sir.

*Aura.* I am invited hither, sir, to do justice to an injured beauty, whom I have the honor to be well with; and I suppose you are my man.

*Mod.* Thy man, lovey! and what then?

*Aura.* Why then, sir, on the behalf of that fair one, I demand the honorable amends, sir. To use violence to a lady, is an affront not to be put up with. To tear the boughs, and offer to haul down the fruit before it

was consenting kindly ripe. If you had climbed up the ladder of her affections, and gathered it regularly with the consent of the owner, there had been no harm done.

*Mod.* Hah! thou art a very pretty metaphorical prigster. Hark ye, child, go home presently, or I'll gather a handful of nettles under that hedge, and whip thee most unmercifully.

*Aura.* I shall whip you through the guts, or make a pair of bellows of your lungs, for this arrogance. What are your weapons?

*Mod.* Nettletops, infant; nettletops.

*Aura.* What, are you for your country diversions of this sort—flails, cudgels, scythes, back-swords, oaken towels, or wrestling?

*Mod.* Would'st thou have me wrestle with a bull-rush?

*Aura.* Ah! I have brought a stouter man than you down, before now. Or are you for the town gallantries, single rapier, sword and dagger, sword and pistol, single pistol, blunderbuss, demi-cannon, culverin, mortar-piece, or a barrel of gun powder. I am ready at any of these weapons to wait your commands.

*Mod.* Look thee, thou impertinent insect; thou may'st be troublesome, though thou can'st not be hurtful; therefore, if thou flyest about my face thus, I shall be forced to pat thee down with my hand, and tread thee out.

*Aura.* Humph! you are very pert.

*Mod.* I am so. Pray tell me, though, what interest have you in this lady, that she has engaged your haughty littleness in her affairs?

*Aura.* Who, I, sir? oh, I have been her first minister a great while. She is a fine woman, really, considering she has been rusticated from her birth too. Her only fault is, poor creature, she is doatingly fond of me.

*Mod.* Indeed! and so thou art her play-fellow; her gentle refreshment; her pretty pillow-boy; her afternoon's cordial, and her tea at breakfast; her evening's slumber, and her morning's indolence.



*Aura.* Sir, the reputation of a lady is not thus impudently to be sported with. Oons! eat your words; up with 'em again this moment, or I'll ram 'em down your throat with the hilt of my sword.

*Mod.* Cool thyself, Narcissus; cool thyself, child; relieve thy reason with a dram of reflection. 'Tis the town talk; the whole village, and all the parishes round ring of it. I am sure thou would'st not die a martyr to falsehood. Why thy engagements there are known to every body; tis no secret, my prettiness.

*Aura.* Ay, sir, tis true; but tis not so gallant to enter into particulars of that sort. Though, as you say, indeed, I am sensible tis no secret. The affair has made a noise; the fury of the poor creature's passion did now and then blind her discretion—I think this is the seventh duel I have engaged in for her sake already—the seventh—no, the eighth. There were three justices, two excisemen, a parson, the apothecary, and yourself.

*Mod.* Thou art the most impudent, wicked, little, bragging, lying son of a whore that ever I met with.

*Aura.* Demme, sir, son of a whore in your teeth! what, because I have reprieved you, suffered you to breathe a minute or two longer, while I diverted you with my gallantries, you grow insolent.

*Mod.* Thou art a very popgun charged with air.

*Aura.* And thou art a wooden blunderbuss without any charge at all.

*Mod.* Thou most insignificant teasing terrier; by heaven! if thou dost provoke me, I will cut thee into minced meat, and have thee dished up for thy mistress' wedding dinner. (*draws his sword*)

*Aura.* (*presenting a pistol*) Put up your sword; put it up, I say—sdeath, sir, this instant, or you die.

(*Modely sheathes his sword*)

So, so.

*Mod.* Ha! what, have you these tricks too, my little bully?

*Aura.* Very well: now you have obeyed me, I'll use you like a gentleman. You have a longer reach than

I, and therefore it may not be so reasonable to engage with single sword. Here, take one of these ; this, or this, or this. (*offering pistols*) You may change it, or draw it and recharge it, if you suspect my honor.

*Mod.* (*taking a pistol*) How are they loaded?

*Aura.* Equally, sir, with a brace of balls.

*Mod.* (*aside*) What can be the meaning of all this? sure the young dog is not in earnest.

*enter FREEHOLD*

*Free.* Hey ! my brave boy ! my lad of mettle ! my Cupid in arms ! there ! he stands his ground to an inch. I told you he would find you sport, my Covent-garden friend. All I can say is, he shoots flying finely.

*Mod.* Hah!—I am glad you are come, farmer ; we were just going to be serious here. This little huff-bluff hector will let nobody lie with your family but himself, it seems :—so, egad, if you like it, why—

*Free.* Oh, sir, he is a perfect spaniard, with an english heart. I know him—nothing will satisfy him but your blood.

*Aura.* No, sir—nothing but your blood—your blood, sir.

*Mod.* Say you so : why, then, if nothing else will do, have at you, my boy.

*Aura.* Look at your flint and your prime ; are they in right order?

*Mod.* I warrant you.

*Aura.* Please to stand wide a little, sir : a ball may graze. (*to Freehold*) Now come on, sir Let us retreat from each other five yards, then turn round upon our heels at one motion, and let fly Are you ready ? (*they retire and turn round ; Modely fires, and Aura drops*)

*Free.* Oh, he is shot ! he is kill'd !

*Modely.* Curse on my steady hand !

*Free.* Help ! murder ! murder ! help.

*enter countrymen, crying.*

This way, this way.

*Modely.* Say you so? nay then tis time to save one ; by your leave, as fast as my feet or my fears can carry me.

*[exunt all but Freehold and Aura*

*Free.* This was admirably performed ; I was afraid you durst not have stood the powder.

*Aura.* No, no, I put in half a charge, and no wadding — I had really much ado to provoke him to fight ; so, so, we'll show him a little country play now.

*Free.* I must wait upon his companion, honest Heartwell. He expects me to attend him to sir John's according to his wife's request.

*Aura.* Do so ; while I slip the back way through the orchard, into the hall house, that I may be with you time enough to finish my part : this is a day of business, i' faith.

*[exit Aura*

*enter HEARTWELL.*

*Heart.* How could you use a lover so roughly ? I saw it all ; the little girl stood his fire gallantly.

*Free.* O most heroically ' o' my conscience I believe she would have fought him in earnest.

*Heart.* Is he taken ?

*Free.* Ay, ay, we have him fast by this time I warrant.

*Heart.* Well, then let his fears pay the price of his sin : I think his punishment very just But see where old steady muscles comes, in form to introduce us.

*Free.* Ay, come on now ; you shall see a worthy piece of antiquity, a right bred old english country gentleman ; one who keeps open house the whole year round, and yet never took or paid a penny for a vote in his life.

*enter SHACKLEFIGURE.*

*Shack.* Sir, with the greatest submission, if it shall be your worship's good pleasure, I will wait on the compa-

ny at the hall, and know if it shall be their pleasure to receive you. *[Exit Shacklefigure]*

*Free.* Do so, old stiff rump, do—this fellow keeps himself as regular as his day-book.

*Heart.* Company? what company?

*Free.* A friend or two only, perhaps, that sir John has invited to a dance, or so.

*Heart.* A dance—a friend—'s death, you distract me. Excuse me to him, I beg you.

*Free.* No, no;—what, you must bear with a little noise at first. *[Exeunt]*

---

SCENE II—*a hall in sir John English's house.*

*Enter HEARTWELL and FREEHOLD, meeting FLORA and countrymen and women.*

*Heart.* My love, my dear! I am surprised! why hast thou changed thyself from what thou wert?

*Flora.* To tell you, sir, the truth, then, I was obliged to change my dress; my landlord has obliged me to it; and you know we country folks must obey our landlords.

*Heart.* Well, I am satisfied—you have obeyed him then.

*Free.* Yes, sir—but he is a very obstinate, self-willed and, I think, a little too barbarously insists—

*Heart.* Insists! upon what?

*Free.* Why, sir, I'll tell you, in short, tis this, the lord of our manor has claimed by prescription, time out of mind, and still does claim, the first favor from every tenant's daughter married here; and has sent for you to let you know his claim.

*Heart.* Furies! damnation! what do you mean? madam, what does all this tend to?

*Flora.* Why tis even so, husband.

*Heart.* Oh! very well, very well; tell me, thou devil in angel's form,—wherefore was I chosen out to be thus abused?

*Free.* Because you are a man of fortune, sir ; because she hopes in a little time to break your heart, and enjoy the full third of two thousand pounds a year.

*Heart.* Pray, madam, favor me—you see I bear this affair very calmly—pray tell me, though I suppose tis no unreasonable request—what particular obligations you have to this landlord ?

*Flora.* Such sir, of such a nature—as nothing can dissolve—I love him passionately, and I believe his affection for me is mutual ; nay, I hope it will endure to the last moment of my life.

*Heart.* (*singing*) Tol, lol, lol, lol—pray me'm,—what's o'clock ? I have been married but four hours, and I am breeding already. Get my horses ready ; I'll ride post to Japan, but I'll be rid of this affair ; but first I'll cut this toll-taking rascal's throat. What his name ? where is he ? who is the landlord ?

*Flora.* You are this landlord, sir ; the sole lord of this demesne and me. This morning I was mistress of this house, these servants, and all the country within three miles round us : now they are yours ; you are their master now.

*Free.* What say you, sir ? shal! the landlord have his due or no ?

*Heart.* My heart, my tongue, my eyes, my soul, o'erflow with joy.

*Flora.* I was resolved, fully resolved, never to venture on a husband, till I was certainly convinced, my person, and not my fortune, was his aim ; that proof you have most generously given me ; and I hope you will pardon the little deceits I have used to procure these assurances.

*Heart.* Give me thy hand, thy heart ; there let me dwell for ever.

*Free.* But see your friend in bonds. Mr. Modely !  
(*Modely brought in by two countrymen and a constable*)

*Heart.* What ! in captivity, George ?

*Consta.* An it please your worship we have catch'd a vagrom man here, who has committed a murder, as I

may say, in neighbour Freehold's five acres; and so, sir, an like you, we bring him hither, to take his exhibition upon the said burglary afore sir Jaun.

*Heart.* Murdered ' who has he murdered !

*Consta.* Nea, nea, I know not—the young fellow and he beliken had some words abouten their sweethearts—and so he shot 'en—that's aw.

*Heart.* I always told you, George, what these wild ways would bring you to; but you would still run riot upon every thing. What could you expect?

*Mod.* Yes faith, we have made a very pretty expedition; one of us is married, and t'other is going to be hanged. My comfort is, I shall be out of my pain first. However, I don't doubt, as this was a gentleman's duel, I shall have gentleman's play for my life. Keep my chamber a month or two, touch cold iron, and come out as free as liberty. While you, having beat your poor wings in vain against the bar of your conjugal cage, sit sullenly molting the remainder of your feathers, and sick-en to death o'the pip.

*Free.* I believe I shall secure that affair. I can prove premeditated malice; I can prove the challenge; and you know very well I saw you shoot him before his pistol was cocked.

*Mod.* So, so; nay then my business is done! thou devil, what have I done to thee, that thou tormentest me thus? if I could come at thee, I'd pawn my credit for one sin more, and send thee down to the father of falsehood, with a lie in thy mouth.

*Flora.* Don't vex the poor man so, all his time will be little enough; dont put him into a passion now.

*Mod.* Insulting devil.

*Free.* Have you no feeling.—No sent'e of your condition?

*Mod.* What, mr. Constable, am I to be set up here like a Shrove-tide cock, to be pelted by every clown in the hundred.

*enter sir JOHN.*

*Sir John.* Give you joy, cousin; give you joy. God,

so, you prog very well for yourself. I did not know you went a husband hunting all this while. Give you joy, sir, give you joy.

*Heart.* Sir, here's an angry person, an acquaintance of mine, who has committed a gentleman's murder, and is in great haste for his mittimus: pray dispatch him.

*enter another constable and two countrymen, with AURA prisoner, still in boys' dress.*

*2d Consta.* An it please your worship, here's another vagrom that we have taken upon deposition of his concerns in the said murder.

*Sir John.* Bring him nearer; show me his face. Cod-so, a pretty young fellow! let me look!—what? how! madam Aura! as I live!

*Mod.* Ha! Aura! harkee, my little reprobate bully. I am surprizingly rejoiced to see thee; faith I am. Gad I never was so much in love with thee in my life. *Heart* well, how dost? Madam Flora, your most obedient. Joy, madam; joy, Freehold! faith thou art a very clever old gentleman. Sir John, I rejoice to see you.—I am prodigiously pleased, in troth; I was in a horrible cold sweat just now, though my proud heart would not own it.

*Flora.* Ah! if they could frighten you into sobriety once.

*Mod.* I should sink into a husband; though faith, I find a strange stir within me about that whimsical girl there. Hark ye, madam, dare ye venture upon a rake in full assurance (as some ladies have) that your charms will reduce him?

*Aura.* And so fall a martyr to my pride instead of my virtue.

*Free.* Hold, sir, I have some interest here, and I don't think you tame enough yet to be married. But if the girl is foolish enough to venture, why let her own inclination lead her.

*Aura.* Thank you, sir, I think I would reclaim

the wildest hawk that ever flew. What say you ? dare you venture on me ?

*Mod.* I'd marry thee though I wrought with my hands for your daily support ; my whole soul, all my wishes, are centered in thee.

*Aura.* Ay ; but when we are married, they'll perhaps move eccentrically again. Marriage is a tedious journey in a heavy road. Many an honest fellow, who set out briskly at first, has been horribly tired before he reached his inn at night.

*Mod.* Try me—trust me.

*Aura.* I tell you, before I try and trust you, you must serve me faithfully at least two whole months together ; and then if we like one another as well as we do now—why we'll settle our fortunes and our inclinations.

*Mod.* And jog on in the road of our fathers.

*Aura.* Amen.

*Mod.* So be it.

*Heart.* Well, George, let these accidents make you remember, that there is no real lasting good but in virtue ; and that the greatest happiness below consists in honorable love.

When heaven, conspicuous merit would regard,  
A virtuous woman is the great reward.  
This blessing gives a taste of joys above,  
Beauty and virtue, harmony and love.

END OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

B



LIST OF  
PLAYS,

PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH, AT THE  
*Dramatic Repository, near the Theatre.*

N. B. Longworth's edition of Plays, which is continually increasing, is of uniform size, and to those who may choose to have them bound, titles will be given gratis.

BLUE BEARD, M. D. R.	Colman, jun.	25
Abellino, G. D. R. 2d edition (trans.)	Dunlap	37
Feudal Baron, T.	Dunlap	25
Tournament, T.	Starke	25
Tale of Mystery, M. D.	Holcroft	18
Maid of Bristol, C.	Boaden	25
Chains of the heart, C. O.	Hoare	31
House to be sold, C. O.	Cobb	18
Wag of Windsor, C. O.	Colman, jr.	18
Mrs Wiggins, F.	Allingham	12
Marriage promise, C.	Allingham	25
Wife of two husbands, D.	Dunlap	31
Soldier's daughter, C.	Cherry	31
Raising the wind, F.	Kenney	18
Guilty or not Guilty, C.	Dibdin	31
Adelmorn, R. D.	Lewis	31
Poor Soldier, C. O.	O'Keeffe	12
Hunter of the Alps, C. O.	Diddnd, jr.	12
Shipwreck, C. O.	Arnold	18
Honey Moon, C. 2d edition	Tobin	31
Richard III. T. (from Shakspeare)	Cibber	31
Sprigs of laurel, C. O.	O'Keeffe	18
Padlock, C. O.	Bickerstaffe	12
Children in the wood, C. O.	Morton	12
Hamlet, T.	Shakspeare	31
Venice Preserved, T.	Otway	25
Who wants a guinea, C.	Colman, jr.	31
Hotel, F.	Jephson	12
Fair Penitent, T.	Rowe	25
Blind Bargain, C.	Reynolds	25
Family quarrels, C. O.	Dibdin	25
many cooks, C. O.	Kenney	12

84 9 4

# LIST OF PLAYS.

Il Bondocani, c. o	<i>Dibdin</i>	12
Venetian Outlaw, D. ( <i>trans.</i> )	<i>Elliston</i>	25
Duenna, c. o.	<i>Sheridan</i>	31
Cheap Living, c.	<i>Reynolds</i>	25
Spoil'd Child, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Valentine and Orson, M R. D.	<i>Dibdin</i>	12
Piccolomini, H. D. ( <i>from Schiller</i> )	<i>Coleridge</i>	56
Sailor's Daughter, c.	<i>Cumberland</i>	23
Tempest, R. D.	<i>Shakspeare</i>	31
Wanderer, c. a gentleman of New-York		37
John Bull, c.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	31
Cabinet, c. o.	<i>Dibdin</i>	25
My grandmother, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Ways and means, c.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
Delinquent, c.	<i>Reynolds</i>	25
School for friends, c.	<i>Chambers</i>	31
Blue Beard M. D. R. 2d edition	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	18
Child of Nature, c.	<i>Inchbald</i>	19
Antonio, T.	<i>Godwin</i>	25
School for arrogance, c.	<i>Holcroft</i>	31
Caravan, R. D.	<i>Reynolds</i>	12
Lock and key, c. o.	<i>Hoare</i>	18
Mountaineers, c. o.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
Inkle and Yarico, c. o.	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	25
First Floor, F.	<i>Cobb</i>	18
Will for the deed, c.	<i>Dibdin</i>	18
Quaker, c. o.	<i>Dibdin, sen.</i>	12
Road to ruin, c.	<i>Holcroft</i>	25
Wild Oats, c.	<i>O'Keeffe</i>	31
Matrimony, c. o.	<i>Kenney</i>	12
Paul and Virginia, M. R.	<i>Cobb</i>	12
Romp, c. o.	<i>Bi-kerstaffe</i>	12
Country Girl, c. ( <i>altered from Wycherly by Garrick</i> )	<i>Young</i>	25
Revenge, T.		25
Rule a wife & have a wife, c. Beaum & Fletcher		31
Love laughs at locksmiths, c. o	<i>Colman, jr.</i>	18
Weathercock, c. o.	<i>Allingham</i>	12
Songs in Glory of Columbia	<i>Dunlap</i>	6
More ways than one, c.	<i>Cowley</i>	25
Douglas	<i>Home</i>	25

# LIST OF PLAYS.

Deserted Daughter, c;	<i>Holcroft</i>	31
Five Miles Off, f.	<i>Dibdin</i>	18
Honest Thieves, f.	<i>Knight</i>	12
Cato, t.	<i>Addison</i>	25
Gamester, t.	<i>Moore</i>	25
George Barnwell, t.	<i>Lillo</i>	25
Of Age to-morrow, m. e.	<i>Anon.</i>	18
Prize, or 2, 5, 3, 8, m. f.	<i>Hoare</i>	12
Cinderella,	<i>Anon.</i>	6
Othello, t.	<i>altered by Kemble</i>	31
She Stoops to Conquer, c.	<i>Goldsmith</i>	31
Curfew, d	<i>Tobin</i>	25
Lady of the Rock, m. d.	<i>Holcroft</i>	12
Voice of Nature, f.	<i>Dunlap</i>	25
False Alarms, c. o.	<i>Kenney</i>	31
Tekeli, m. d.	<i>Hook</i>	12
Adrian & Orilla, p.	<i>Dimond</i>	31
Town & Country c.	<i>Morton</i>	37
Man of Fortitude, d.	<i>Hodgkinson</i>	18
Rivals,	<i>Sheridan</i>	31
Critic,	<i>do.</i>	25
Trip to Scarborough,	<i>do.</i>	31



10/10  
e 10  
e 10

Grantville  
NOV - DEC  
Water Quality

